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P O E M S

PASTORAL, SATIRICAL,
TRAGIC, AND COMIC,

BY
JOHN LEARMONT.

Carefully corrected by the AUTHOR.

My Muse is a queer wayward wight,
And cramm'd with many a quirky flight,
She soaring whiles mounts out of fight,
Beyond the moon;
Next dizzy 'mong the shades of night
Comes donart down,

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TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
CHARLES EARL of DALKEITH,

AND

*Heir Apparent to his Grace HENRY Duke
of BUCCLEUGH.*

O NOBLE LORD, a bard of low degree,
Now ardent claims a shelt'ring shade from
thee.
My Muse has long in fullen caverns stray'd,
Remote from sympathy and social aid.
If thou hold'st out protection to these lays,
In vain may Critics fulminating phrase.
What tho' to distant shores you are con-
sign'd *,
For more expansion to a generous mind ;
Where British youths oft inconsiderate roam,
And bring for Virtue flagrant Vices home :
Tho' Knowledge fair presents where'er they
range,
Yet Vice accumulates each diurnal change.

* His Lordship is now abroad on his travels.

Like wasps, which buzzing, fly from bower
to bower,

Extracting poison from each balmy flower.

But you, my Lord, the latent ill wilt shun,

And Britain, happy, hail her patriot son :

Give energy unto her councils, when

You fraught with wisdom measure back the
main.

O potent Power ! Lord of eternal day !

Who holds o'er worlds the sempiternal sway,

Direct his steps, and shield his youthful brow,

While his wand'ring distant nations through;

That he may happy hail his wide domain,

With every gift that harmonises man.

'Tis customary with the venal throng,

T' enhance their patron with the powers of
song.

Oft Vice, we see, is so bedeck'd with flowers,

You'd think her Virtue with her smiling
powers ;

But draw aside the art-enwoven veil,

And nought but dark deformities assail.

Mean's the patron, tho' high in thrones of
state,

That can be caught with adulation's bait.

And

But you, my Lord, whom manlier powers
refine,

Would me despise, if I should so incline.
Suffice to say, that you have virtues fair,
As honour give the lov'd illustrious pair
From whom you sprung ;—how happy is the
land

That owns their mild, benevolent command!
Keep to the copy fair,—the pattern set,
And you will be as good as you are great.

A guilty life is by itself reprov'd,
And tyranny is fear'd, but never lov'd.
If Vice seductive, tries to conquer you,
You've Montague's illustrious life in view.

O! gentle reader, give allowance here,
To his lov'd memory, to drop a tear.

The godlike man, who still with Honour ran,
And sacred kept to Nature's social plan :

Tho' strict to Virtue—ne'er morose, severe,
Whom all did love without forbidding fear.
He knew that highest birth can ne'er excel,
But when it acteth right, and thinketh well.

His manners, native as the pristine times,
When mankind wiser, spurn'd at modern
crimes :

Averse to the stiff grandeur of the great,
 To chican'ry, and supercilious state.
 Fair to his view, the path which most avoid,
 The path to Honour, Virtue, and to God.
 Heaven saw a full, conspicuous life divine,
 And gave command that he should brighter
 shine
 More near his God; 'neath an immortal sway,
 And bask in fragrance of eternal day.

O! may you come, my young illustrious
 Lord,
 From foreign climes with every virtue stor'd.
 Britannia's cause demandeth such a son,
 To make her counsels in right channels run;
 To plead her cause,—or lead her armies on
 Against the foe—and to support her throne.
 Oft have we seen a wild prepos't'rous band
 Of faction scatter Discord o'er the land;
 Give the advantage to a rival foe,
 And stain the laurels on Britannia's brow.

O, shame! her sons for precedence and
 power,
 To leave her languid in the evil hour!

But

But may you e'er be proof against the stain,
And all the tortuous snares of factious men;
Till high in honour you sublimely stand,
A firm, unshaken patriot of the land.

Mean time, my Lord, I lowly bend as
yours,
While heaven shall actuate my little powers.

And am,

With dutiful regard most fervent,

Your most devoted,

And obedient Servant,

DALKEITH, }
May 23, 1791. }

JOHN LEARMONT.

PREFARATORY ADDRESS

to the PUBLIC.

THESE sheets were not designed for public inspection, but merely regarded by the Author as the result of a lax hour; till Mr. P—r Sl—ght (a gentleman whose literary taste and critical abilities are inferior to few, and whose modesty and good sense are surpassed by none), accidentally gave them a review, and advised the Author to send them to the world in their original rusticity of dress. That they are destitute of deep thought, or poetical decoration, is obvious; but that they also have some natural beauties, the ingenious reader will readily allow.

The pieces were not selected, but wrote as the subject casually started to his mind. And that way of amusement only chosen by
him

him about four years ago, as a nobler substitute for a foible that, alas ! is but too prevalent in northern regions. The Author is a gardener by profession, and a poet, (if he deserves that appellation), by propensity ; and labours under the disadvantage of a stinted education. Often has he pined, in secret, for the want of that polish, without which, the gentleman of fortune is a mere dunce. But such as the pieces are, he gives them to the candid world, who will best judge of their merit. He says the candid world ; for to it he will always obsequiously bend : but will pay very little deference or regard to cavilling and dogmatical critics, who generally fasten on a work in order to have the honour of pointing out faults. It is an easy matter to find fault ; but to criticize judiciously requires not only a profundity of erudition, but an impartial liberality of heart.

When the Grecians had lost that fine taste for elegant composition, which has rendered them so famous in latter ages, Jupiter, in order to reform their declining and spurious taste, and to settle a standard to regulate
com-

composition, called an assembly of the most learned men amongst them, that he might select the most worthy to examine and criticise the productions of the press. Numbers appeared on the appointed day, at the foot of Olympus, all emulous for the prize; well knowing that it would enwreath the selected one with eternal renown, as being the best fitted to dictate laws and taste in the world of letters. But the god, knowing that many of them came there through a vain and assuming presumption, with a severe reprehension dismissed the whole, save four. The first of the four, whose name was Petulance, wore in his mien the visible traits of a pert flippancy and a coxcomical air, the usual concomitants of a pedant. The second was named Virulence; and grown wrinkled and hoary through an implacable animosity he had ever borne to those who excelled in letters. The third was Libertine, a licentious wretch, who adjudged merit to no composition, unless it reflected on the partiality of the gods, and tended to disseminate irreligion among mankind. The fourth, though blooming with all the radiance of inherent virtues,

virtues, dared not to lift up his head to the
 sacred hill ; so diffident and inconfiscious was
 he of that superior worth he so eminently
 possessed. His name was Candour ; and
 stood beneath the shade of a poplar, reveren-
 tially impressed with his near vicinity to that
 deity to whom all Greece solemnly preferred
 their adorations ; while the god's minister-
 ing agent thus accosted the candidates : " I
 " know," said he to the first, " that thou
 " thinkest thy talents adequate to the most
 " arduous task ; but the gods, who see and
 " judge the innate abilities of the human
 " heart, know that a vain and empty self-
 " sufficiency is the extent of thy knowledge ;
 " and preclude thee ever either from excel-
 " ling in erudition, or being a judge of taste
 " in the literary world, and therefore doom
 " thee to obscurity." To the second :
 " Though the schools of Egypt and Greece
 " have been open to thy researches, yet the
 " radical malevolence of thy heart, which
 " makes thee overlook beauties with avidity,
 " that thou mayest find a blemish, so mili-
 " tates against thee, as to incur the highest
 " displeasure from the gods ; and their award
 " is,

“ is, That thou shalt go through Greece, to
 “ the day of thy death, with this inscription
 “ on thy breast, in legible characters: *The*
 “ *infamous, petulant Defamer.*” To the third :
 “ Wert thou not an impious wretch, thou
 “ wouldest not have had the temerity to ap-
 “ pear here ! How canst thou be a judge
 “ of true merit, who delightest in no senti-
 “ ment but what derogates from the honour
 “ of the gods, and distorts the pleasing and
 “ efficacious hopes of religion ? ’Tis Can-
 “ dour alone, with his distinguished abili-
 “ ties, that is the only competent judge of
 “ true merit and dignity of sentiment, or to
 “ condemn insignificance to oblivion. He
 “ has that modesty which precludes him
 “ from condemning partially ; and that
 “ genuine sublimity of knowledge, and in-
 “ tegrity of heart, that directs him to give
 “ the preference to whom it is due.” And
 immediately the agent waved his hand to
 the elements, and Libertine sunk blasted
 beneath a thunder-bolt on the plains of
 Thessaly.

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ERRATA.

- Page 21. line 10, for doth, read do.
28. — 13, for strung, read strunge.
36. — 2, from bottom, for loud, read rude.
46. — 1, from top, for laie, read laic.
50. — 14, from top, for lip, read life.
57. — 6, from top, for lent, read tent.
60. — 5, from bottom, for wred, read wild.
70. — 3, from top, for clank, read dank.
76. — 5, from top, for flagnate, read stagnate.
251. — 10, from top, for best, read blest.
312. — 6, from top, for diucontentit, read discon-
tented.

PASTORAL, SATIRICAL, TRAGIC,
AND COMIC.

POOR crawlin' bodies, fair neglectit,
Trampl'd on, an' disrespeckit,
Seem born for greater fock to geck at,
To toil an' slave,
An' rest o' body hae nae feck o't
Till i' the grave.

Your raggit claes an' ghaftly features,
Mak ye be lookit on by betters,
As some outlandish half'lin creatures
Nae o' God's mak;
An' born to thole their buffs an' blatters
Upo' your back.
B Tho'

Tho' Liberty may shaw her face,
 An' a' ye're betters roun' embrace,
 Ye still maun bend wi' hum'le face
 Beneath her wand;
 An' scarcely get an hour's solace
 In ony land.

There maun subordination be;
 But, O! it maks ane wae to see
 The grit fock jamph an' jeer at ye,
 Wha bake their bread;
 An' scarce 'll lat ye taste their brie
 Whan ye're i' need.

They gang by ye wi' sic a huff,
 An' pridfu' caper, snirt an' snuff,
 As gif Death ne'er meant them a cuff
 Upo' the head,
 To let them ken they're the same stuff
 O' which ye're made.

Ye're fair the wyte, ye stupid bodies!
 Ye hae nae mair sense i' your nodies
 Than serves to work amang the clodies,
 An' do na see
 Man's dignity, whilk his ain God has
 Him buskit wi'.

Ye still micht delve i' kail-yards green,
 Or maw down grafs upo' the fen,
 Yet mak your reason shaw ye men
 Fu bauld an' flee;
 An' lat them see ye brawlie ken
 Man's dignity.

An' now I maun your failin's tell,
 Tho' a' your squad 'gainst me rebel,
 An' ca' black curses up frae hell
 Upo' my head;
 I'fe tak the way I like mysel
 An' fear nae dread.

Ye hae a hotch-potch o' devotion;
 O' richt or wrang hae little notion;
 But unto meanest fel' your motion
 By instinct crawls;
 Or feed wi' envy's cankart potion
 Your little fauls.

Tho' Nature has afore your ein
 A' things for your impruivement gi'en,
 Yet on her caritch few are seen
 To tak a lesson;
 But mak dull ignorance morn an' e'en
 Your grand profession.

The grittest hypocrites or fools
 Can ay mak you their subject tools;
 An' gar your fauls maist quat their hools
 Whane'er they nod;
 An' lead ye on, like arrant snools,
 'Lang error's road.

It maks a body wae to see
 How easily ye're led alee,
 To a religious drumlie sea,
 Or mirky shore,
 Till dan'rin donart down coup ye
 To rise no more.

A king cries war! but for what end
 Ye never speer, but to it stend,
 An' at the cannon's mou' ye bend
 I' mony a thrave,
 Syne laurels dipp'd wi' bluid do send
 Ye to the grave.

Yet ye're the sceptre o' the land,
 Wha put kings, lairds, unto a stand;
 Gif ye but gather on the strand
 Unto a head,

Ye'll

Ye'll either hae yeu're boon i' hand,
Or ding them dead.

An' some o' you are nae that ill,
An' hae enough o' ruth at will,
For ony ane wham Fortune's wheel
Has crusht wi' wae:
An' will gie pity, or him fill
Wi' what ye hae.

Arouse ye up then ane an' a',
An' busk yourfels wi' wisdom braw;
An' tho' ye wade ower hills o' snaw,
Or plew the field,
Mak ay true honesty your law
An' safest shield.

*The GHOST of RENTON-HALL; or,
A Tale of other Times.*

I.

"WEEP, Ellen, till your eyes run dry,
You valiant lover's slain,
From tilt and tournament he'll ne'er
A conqu'ror come again."

B 3

"Ah!

" Ah ! is he gone, the flower of youths ?
And did you see him fall ?"

" Yes ; and around his grave doth fleet
The Ghost of Renton-hall."

II.

" When Percy with his hostile bands
Did sack fair Tweeda's dale,
Young Renton fought, till all his foes
In heaps around him fell.

Now he is dead, and many a swain
Lamenteth for his fall.

Dim are his eyes, and o'er him screams
The Ghost of Renton-hall.

III.

" His face was like the noon-day sun
In majesty so fair ;
And as fine burnish'd threads of gold
Did hang his yellow hair.

His shape was like the mountain pine,
So graceful and so tall,

I'll go and mourn o'er him, nor fear.
The Ghost of Renton-hall.

IV.

IV.

“ His rising fame inflam’d the court,
 That base and venal train,
 And they did vow, with one consent,
 To have him sudden slain.
 ’Tis tortuous Envy that has made
 My valiant lover fall,
 And laid him in the shade, where stalks
 The Ghost of Renton-hall.”

V.

Dark was the hour—the midnight moon
 Had hid her silver beam,
 And through the woods, as Ellen went,
 The birds of prey did scream ;
 ’Till sweet as e’er a fyren lay
 On passengers did call,
 Fair Ellen’s name was echoed by
 The Ghost of Renton-hall.

VI.

Sweet Ellen shook in every limb,
 She reeled to and fro ;
 So shakes the lily’s slender stem
 When risen breezes blow :

Light grew her head, her breast did beat,
 She totter'd to her fall,
 But found herself supported by
 The Ghost of Renton-hall.

VII.

"O gentle Ellen! know the voice
 To which you listen'd have,
 No phantom I, nor sheeted ghost
 Come from a mid-night grave.
 I chose this method to elude
 Malicious en'mies all,
 My bands are arm'd, nor longer I'm
 The Ghost of Renton-hall."

VIII.

He hied unto King Robert's court*,
 Who punished with pain
 The guileful band, who had contriv'd
 To have the hero slain.
 He shone an ornament to kings,
 In fight or splendid ball,
 And Ellen long and happy blest'd
 The Ghost of Renton-hall.

* Robert II. of Scotland.

On rescuing a Mavis from being shot.

O SWEETEST cheary bird o' spring,
I' bower or rural grove;
Delightfu it's to hear ye sing
Your little sang o' love.

But may the man tyne a' his skill,
An' dowie be his days,
Wha ettles thy sweet life to kill
An' mar thy sweeter lays.

Sent by the Head o' Heaven's peers
To chear the ways o' man,
An' blyther mak the rollin' years
Compleat his motley span,

For he wha strang the seraph's heart
Wi' melodie an' praise,
Did to thee dulcet notes impart
The fons o' yird to please.

Come,

Come, sweet diverter o' my toil,
 Eat fruit o' ilka tree,
 Th' Almighty God wha gae them all,
 Did gie a part for thee.

I'll plant for thee the scentit thorn,
 Whare thou thy callow young
 Shalt teach aneath the star o' morn,
 The cadence o' thy tongue.

Sin' man wha scatters moral ill,
 An' bluidy maks the strand,
 Doth also break thy peacefu pale,
 Wi' ruthless heart an' hand.

Gang, savage tirrants o' the field,
 An burn your balefu arms;
 Lat nobler sportin's pleasure yield,
 An' birds enjoy their charms.

The GOTHIC TALE.—A Fragment.

THE sun was set, an' fummits green
 Had tint his latest ray,
 An' dewie draps began to weep
 The los o' blythsome day.

An' gloamin' dark athort the lift
 Her droufy mantle spread,
 An' gae unto the pilgrim's e'e
 A wildertnefs o' fhade.

The blinkin' luftres frae aboon
 Shane through the cloudy air,
 An' set the mirk an' stentit time
 For fpirits to appear.

When Merfa left her father's ha',
 And frae her mither's arms
 She wends her folitary way,
 To meet a lover's charms.

The

The howlet screamt, the liche fowle's hoarse,
 Did fairly deave her ear ;
 She durst nae thraw her e'e a hint,
 She durst nae flap for fear.

A wrath did glent afore her ein,
 Swift as the lichtens fly,
 Whan thunners crash the clouds aboon
 An' vex the nether sky.

"A wae," it cryt, "that e'er ye gae
 To ane your maiden vow,
 Whase fickle as a winter morn,
 An' faithless unto you.

"But fear ye noucht, ye maiden fair,
 A sp'rit o' puissant micht,
 Fu carefu' tents your mornin' sleep
 An' dewie steps at night."

Syne swift as flees the fleecie cloud
 Afore the breezy air,
 It fleetin' past, an' fearfu' left
 The wildert Merfa there.

* * * * *

Now wistfu' leukt, an' langin' e'ed
 The little paths she trod,
 But the first cock had loudly crawn
 'Ere ony came that road.

* * * * *

Her fause lief hebber owre the ling
 Did wale his nichtly way;
 His glentin' brand adown his side
 Defied the fellest fae.

The chief o' mony dales was he,
 An' rult wi' haughty air
 His vassals a'; an' valiant was,
 But fause as he was fair.

A peer-mate chief had heard his plot,
 An' fraught wi' keen intent
 To Merfa fair, concealt some men
 Among the brakie bent.

An'

An' now the dinless glens aroun'
 Resoundit wi' the clang
 O' arms ; an' through the floppin' dale
 Like wakent thunner rang.

The fause brave chief was killed there,
 Wi' mony a gashy wound :
 Yet fax, an' mair, o' fiercest faes
 Did fill his burial ground.

The maiden's shrill and 'dismal cry
 Nae feelin' fwain did hear ;
 For 'droufy sleep had steekt the steeds
 O' neighbours far an' near.

While thus she wrang her lily hands
 Strait answerin' to her mane,
 A page wi' sharpen't pike and spade,
 Drew near wi' mony a grane.

" Alak !" he crun'd, " this horrid nicht,
 What does my master mean ?
 We're sure frae ghaists to get a fright
 Gif the foul deed was dune.

" This

" This is the spot he tauld me whare
Fair Merfa's grave to dig,
But gif it was the will aboon
I wifs he here may lig.

" How can I houk a graff for her,
Ane o' sic comely mead?
I'll fling awa' the curfit tuil
Althof he ding me dead.

" Did but her valiant brither ken
The plight that she is in,
He wadna thole, but tak revenge
For a' her maiden fin.

" Tho' unacquaintit she has wooet
Wi' ane that is his fae,
He wadna fear, tho' a' his bands
Forfend him i' the fray."

The lady heard the guiltfou tale
Wi' mickle dole an' dread;
Sair beat her breast, her gentle faul
Maist frae her bodie fled.

* * * * *

Then

Then lat this little lesson, youth,
Teach ye nae vows to brave;
For he wha braks love's faith by guile,
Sal fill an earlie grave.

An' a' ye maidens fair an' dear,
Wha hae a mate to wale,
Tent weel a parent's winsome voice,
As weel's a lover's tale.

On the Approach of WINTER.

—— Be these my theme,
These, that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing.——

THOMSON'S WINTER.

SEE, Winter comes in grim attire,
The pine-wood groans beneath his breeze,
The foliage flies along the air,
The prospect's fled that wont to please.

The

The flowers that deck't the lover's vale,
 Have laid their radiant glories down ;
 The hours that heard the lovers tale,
 By bind-wood bowers away are flown.

Enthron'd now o'er the vault of heaven
 The mighty tempest fable flies ;
 The sweet and peerless star of even
 Doth wander 'mid furcharged skies.

December's crown of hoary white,
 His baleful blast, his leafless woods,
 His long and dreary winter night,
 His chilling cold, and frozen floods,

Are indication of that tide,
 Whose stream doth all resistance brave,
 And lays our schemes, our glories, pride,
 All undistinguish'd in the grave.

Nature's flowery garments fade,
 What time the Winter's mad career
 Doth penetrate her fairest shade,
 With Devastation's steps severe.

Yet Nature's vitals still remain ;
 And her intrinsic springs so true,
 Shall operate in bower and plain,
 And give them back their charms anew.

Not so, O ! mortal Man, thy fate ;
 What time life's functions do grow cold,
 No vernal breeze can renovate,
 Or lustre give the human mold.

If Virtue shall with thee remain,
 When Death thee wraps in wintry gloom
 She'll raise thee up without a stain,
 From the dark carments of the tomb.

'Tis she who tunes the soul sublime,
 To join yon vast ethereal choir ;
 When day eternal cancels Time,
 And sin and mis'ry vex no more.

A few weeks dry the mourner's tear,
 And we're forgot beneath the clod ;
 But Virtue thou hast nought to fear,
 Forgot thou never art of God !

The MUTABILITY of MAN.

Sole judge of Truth, in endless error hurl'd ;
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.

I'VE seen that Man, (creation's head,)
Outstrips the tyger's guile ;
That rapine, murder, take the lead,
And good gives place to ill.

Tho' Reason lurks within the man,
'Tis but a sleepy guide,
When loose Ambition is the fane
And pointer to his pride.

To-day he's courteously kind,
And jovial in the hall ;
To-morrow Discord rules his mind,
And plots an empire's fall.

This hour you'd think him some fair shade,
New left Elysium vale,
Anon a Fury, in the glade
'Scap'd Pandemonia's pale.

Now he is social ; ev'ry word
 Depicts the feeling friend ;
 Till Caprice stalks across the board,
 And better paints the Fiend.

Versatileness attends him still ;
 A deep inwoven art
 Conceals the villainy, the guile,
 And rancour of his heart.

Dull, stern, severe, and rude, by turns,
 Obsequiously low ;
 Now rears the tyrants Gorgon horns
 And batters at his foe.

And thus, thro' life he random goes,
 'Mid shifting Hope and Faith,
 Till accident or weakness shows
 The gloomy gate of Death.

That Tyrant stares him in the face,
 Wakes Conscience with her stings,
 And makes him late bewail, alas !
 The nothingness of Things.

He

He findeth pleasure here below
Is but a mixed dose,
Of sweet, of bitter, and of woe,
Still festering repose.

That phantom, Pleasure, which he views
So eager with his eyes,
The faster that he it pursues,
The faster still it flies,

The phantom flies—his golden schemes
Doth vanish into air;
And changing Nature loud proclaims,
Man's portion is not here.

This hour he's flush'd with ev'ry joy
The earth holds out to man;
The next disastrous strokes annoy,
Or finish out his span.

To good, to bad, alike the death;
And this the heavens allow:
In sorrow good men close their breath,
And fall as villains do.

[illegible]

BRITAIN.

numberly inscribed,

YE maids wha want a coward breed

Whare aft we had braw laurels won,

Mirk'e

Mirk't Britain's glory ; luive o' gain
Sair maim't her spauls,

Court-marshals try't each faithless wight,
Yet, queer to tell, a' was foun' richt ;
Tho' mony a superficial ficht

On lan' an' fea,
I' Lon'on Gazette hurt the ficht
An' breast a wee.

The lowns fand it far safer game,
To get a spail dung frae their name
I' courts, an' thole a little shame,
Than wi' rude Mars
To reel, an' get themfels made lame
Wi' his d—n'd jars.

They're ay guid bairns wha do like peace
An' puddin's, 'fore a broken face,
An' ken it is nae mowes to pace

Amang leed ba's ;
Whilk aften gie a snell embrace,
An' stunnin' fa's.

Ignoble K—ple, warst o' men !
Whom Death's ta'en to his silent den,

I' hour o' fate ye flackt the han',
 Amid the fray;
 Gae Britain's honour, guilty man!
 A stab that day.

Come, failors, read his epitaph,—
 "Here lies the man beneath this graff,
 Wha faithless brak his kintry's staff
 I' hour o' need:
 Death fired at the guiltfu ca',
 Swith fell'd him dead.

The de'il made match-sticks o' his bains,
 But cou'd nae fin' nor heart nor brains;
 A hag sailt i' his toom hairn-pans
 Awa' to France,
 An' gae them to Lewie's *royal* bairns,
 Their arms to mence."

An' now my f——n R—y—l Lord,
 A bardie ablins can affuird
 A better counsel than a laird,
 Wi' a' his nash,
 Whase aften leagu'd wi' mirk Discord,
 To gie ye fash.

For

For heaven's sake leuk about ye'resel !
 For chieks that are baith leel an' fell,
 There's mony yet to bear the bell

Whan ye're i' need ;
 Wha 'll face the vera de'ils i' hell
 Withouten dread,

An' dinna lat Administration
 Paum on ye chaps at their devotion,
 Wha hae nae fense, or ony notion
 To be lead-master,
 Owr lads wha fear na ony nation
 A single tester.

The lads on baith bracs o' the Tweed,
 Wi' Irish chapies brave an' wude,
 Gie them, embodied, but a head
 Fu true an' fierce,
 An' I'll indent through Europe's pride
 They'll bauldly pierce,

But when bit young sapplins are plac'd
 Aboon a chiel wi' courage brac'd,
 Nae wonder that we are disgrac'd
 On lan' an' seas ;

An'

An' shown the constitution's chas'd
Wi' some disease.

Gif interest tak the lead o' merit,
An' callan's wantin' skill preferrit,
The best laid planies may be buriet
Aneath mistaks;
An' kinty's guid entirely marrit
Wi' los' o' stakes.

Owr weel it's kent, the recent war,
Was ae continued botch an' scar
O' pride, distraction, feud, and jar,
Hich carried on,
'Twixt lan'warts an' ilk top-mast tar,
Wi' tinkler din,

But had ye *Byng'd* some wylart bairns,
It wad hae gien the laive mair harns
An' savit bluid shed on your plains,
An' mither's wae;
An' brawer laurels menc'd ye're reign
Than do this day.

O a' ye hirdum-dirdum chiels,
Your kintry's shame, an' faes' best shield!
De'il

“Gang tell,” quoth she, “to king an’ peers,
 The unco ills a poet fears;
 An’ sees i’ train o’ future years
 To crush the state;
 Gif nae kin’ patriot interferes,
 An’ bridles Fate.

“I’ auld lang fyne the British youth,
 Despis’d ilk faeman, north or south,
 An’ gaur’t their enemies wi’ ruth
 To bare their bosom;
 An’ rue the day wi’ wailin’s rowth
 They did oppose ’em.

“Wi’ strung, unfurrl’d, oozy sail,
 They fought awa wi’ floatin’ gale,
 Some thrawn, obstreperous chief to quail,
 Or help the weak;
 An’ made their faes their angry tale
 Richt willin’ take,

“Now a licentious disposition
 Pervadeth ilka rank an’ station,
 An’ a presumptuous contention
 Does scatter feud;

An’

An' social virtues i' the nation
To neuks are fled.

" 'Twas nae the Goth nor Vandal chore
That desolate the Roman shore ;
The brawnie en'mie to their power
Was fell Discord :

Whilk drownt i' kintry's kindred gore
Baith clown an' lord.

" A' kens they bangster chields o' yore
Tint Amity, an' Lux'rie tore ;
An' strunge intestine brangles bore
Them to decay ;
An' fank their name an' pristine glore
I' Gothic sway.

" The surest tokens o' declension,
Hingin' ovr a state or nation,
Are base, foul branglin's, an' contention,
An' greedy feuds ;
Whan state fock 'bout a post or pension
Brak ithers heads.

" The luive o' kintry then is gone ;
Nae Cincinnatus on the plain,

To

To leave the pleugh in fur alane,
An' untill'd braes ;
An' feek for nowther gowd nor gain.
To quell the faes.

“Gane are the days whan Albion strode,
Triumphant as a harnest god,
An’ gart submission tent her nod
Hame an’ i’ field;
An’ made her faes to dye the clod,
Or cringin’ yield.

"Your parliamenters lang may bawl,
An' shaw an eloquence of faul;
But gif a stive adhesive whole
 They dinna form,
They'll be o'erta'en, for a' their brawl,
 Wi' a mirk storm.

“ Their unco speaks o’ fax hours lang,
Ne’er mak their kintry stiff an’ strang;
’Tis deeds, nae words, that fell down wrang
Upo’ the strand;
An’ lilt the prosp’rous cantie sang
Athort the land.

“ Demost-

“ Demosthenes, whan Greece declin’d,
 Shaw’d mickle eloquence o’ mind;
 But when wi’ Philip’s men he join’d
 I’ bluidy fray,
 He kuist his rhetoric behind,
 An’ ran awa.

“ Sic whiles may charm the judgin’ ear,
 An’ smoor a wee the public fear,
 But whan that faes to gates draw near,
 Oration’s trumps
 Can nae time bear the least compare
 Wi’ manly thumps.

“ The men wha think, but feenil speak,
 An’ raise nae rhetrocian’s reek,
 But weel the cany time can cleek
 For kintry’s guid,
 Thae ay their kintry weel foud fleek,
 An’ clap their head.

“ Whylst Greece an’ Rome kept their auld
 An’ gae nae scoup to lowse desire, (fire,
 An’ Trowth an’ Justice held i’ fear,
 Fu bang they stood;
 The’

Tho' faes upo' them, far an' near,
Came like a flood.

Rome's youth at length, affeird o' arms,
Tint a' their skill i' lethal charms ;
Their breastie Glory nae mair warms,
An' lurdane sloth

O'ercoups them a' 'mang savage swarms
O' Hun an' Goth.

" An' sic is Britain's present state,
A sweigh will coup her ony gate,
Either on hichts aboon faes hate,
Or mak her lie

A mirk ensample o' dread Fate
Beneath envier.

" Then cry to patriots to be kind,
An' this sweet landie yet refin'd
Frae immorality o' mind,

Fu slow, but sure,
That scarce she'd ken, till she did find
A balmy cure.

" I ken fu' weel few nations think
That e'er they're on declension's brink,
Till

Till ower the precipice they sink
 An' find their wae;
 An' the strung chains they greetin' clink
 O' some strang fae.

"Then rouse up Britons! brak the bane
 O' Discord wi' disdainfu' mien,
 Shak aff dull Ease an' botherin' Spleen,
 Woo Valour's blaze;
 An' mak Britannia craw bedeen
 Aboon a' faes."

Syne like a pulchrie cloud at night,
 That fleets ower azure flowin' bricht,
 She tript awa i' robes o' licht;—
 I stood astunn'd;
 Whan sae majestic 'fore my sight,
 She skipt the ground.

D

HELEN,

HELEN, *an ODE.*

Virtue almost her heavenly form belies,
 When by a villain's hand her hero dies:
 Beside his corse she stands in doubtful mood;
 And goodness almost trembles to be good.

KENRICK.

WHERE Weeburn rolleth down the dale
 Her solitary flood,
 And in the arbor of a vale,
 Where fragrance floats along the gale,
 Sir Malduin's villa stood.
 He awed the wicked with a nod;
 He broke the vile oppressor's rod;
 And he this appellation had,
 The "Guardian of the Good!"

No dull, inanimated sport
 E'er saddened his hearth:
 No vicious produce of a court
 He ever wished to import,
 Or mix among his mirth.

A flow

A flow of goodness from his soul
 Ran as a stream, without controul;
 And no dull, fullen, college-rule
 Did estimate his worth.

A daughter, (Hellen), blest'd his bed,
 And merited his care:
 The hawthorn-blossom in the wood,
 The dew-drop on the lily's bud,
 Were never half so fair.
 Where'er she shew'd her comely head,
 Fine sense and innocence display'd
 Their charms, and gave to all she did
 Inimitable air.

The music of the vernal day
 Hung trembling on her lip:
 She wak'd the ear-enchancing lay,
 She made the soul dissolve away
 In tendernefs to weep.
 The cadence of her social tale
 Did insipidity assail,
 And made the bad their vices wail,
 And stricter guard to keep.

Young Woodburn, pride of ev'ry swain,
 And greatest of the great ;
 Had virtues equal to her own,
 Consenting parties made them one,
 Their wedding-day was set.
 But jealous Fate stood by and lour'd,
 And Ronald's flighted love was fir'd,
 And base malevolence conspir'd
 Their nuptials to defeat.

The night was cold and wondrous wet,
 And dreary was the scene
 That o'erhied Helen on the height,
 What time the feeble rays of light
 Retreated off the plain :
 Her devious steps weak, weary, fail'd,
 The storm with double rage assail'd,
 And owls from ruin'd turrets wail'd
 Their solitary strain.

The Weeburn rapid roll'd its wave
 All o'er the bordering land ;
 The winds with repercussion rave,
 The rocks with loud resistance brave
 The dashing of the strand.

In vain the moon's nocturnal beam;
 In vain the starry winking gleam;
 The storm held o'er earth, air, and stream,
 An absolute command,

At length a taper thro' the vale
 Diffus'd a glimm'ring light;
 To it crawl'd Helen, cold and pale,
 And sought her lovely head to veil
 From horrors of that night.

" Say, may a stranger faint, forlorn,
 " Find shelter till the light of morn;
 " The tempest has me hither borne,
 " And stunn'd me with affright?"

" O Lady! sure humanity

" From off the earth was fled,

" Did harsh inhospitality,

" Now shut the door with cruelty,

" Against that lovely head.

" The fare around my little floor,

" Is very humble, mean, and poor;

" But you are welcome to the store

" And shelter of this shed,

" I'll watch your slumber by the fire,
 " All sleep from me is fled.
 " Woodburn, the youth with yellow hair,
 " With comely mien, and features fair,
 " Lies slaughter'd in the wood.
 " I saw him musing by the strand,
 " Anon, the sword shone in his hand ;
 " He made a brave, unequal stand,
 " In front of ruffians rude.

" I hied to him with bounding haste,
 " But nothing could avail ;
 " Three barbed shafts had pierc'd his breast,
 " His cheek lay on the clay ; his last
 " He throbb'd to the gale.
 " I tried to bear him home with me
 " Sore shook my body, fore my knee ;
 " 'Till in beneath the shadow tree
 " I trembling, frighted, fell."

" Go give to him a winding sheet
 " And shelter from the rain ;
 " For heavy, heavy, falls the wet,
 " The wind with hollow sound doth beat,
 " And addeth to his pain.

" I'll

" I'll penetrate the dim-wood deep,
 " I'll go and o'er his pillow weep,
 " And from him every ruffian keep
 " Till he's in life again.

" The shaft that offers him a blow
 " Shall first on me descend;
 " And lay me on the green swaird low,
 " And pleasant then will be the woe
 " When I am with him join'd.
 " I'll guard him from the fateful hour,
 " I'll seek the balm of ev'ry flower,
 " And all their healing virtues pour
 " Into his deadly wound."

She view'd his body o'er and o'er,
 But never dropt a tear :
 Her cries re-echoed to the shore,
 " Alas ! my Woodburn knows no more
 " His Helen seeks him here.
 " Who will sit with me on the plain
 " To mourn my love so vilely slain,
 " We'll make the echoes send again
 " The burden of my fear.

" We'll make the echoes fend again

" The burden of my fear ;

" We'll make each ruffian feel his pain,

" And every echoing hill complain,

" And every shepherd hear.

" Till shifting wide, yon mirky sky,

" Shall introduce my mourning cry,

" And seal the sorrow in my eye,

" And on my cheek the tear."

Soon as the morning's ruddy star

Had hid its little head

In azure blue, loud from afar

These accents struck on Malduin's ear:

" Thy lovely Helen's dead.

" She flisked past me down the dale,

" And, ah ! her cheek was painted pale

" And wild, as is the wintry gale

" That whistles thro' the glade.

" Three times I wander'd round the height,

" My little flock to find,

" I saw her *wrath* with wild affright ;

" It past pale as the brow of night,

" And swifter than the wind.

" Fear

“ Fear led my wand’ring steps aside,
 “ Unto a solitary tide,
 “ Where many officious horrors shed
 “ Distraction to my mind.

“ I wished for the morning air
 “ To send its ruddy beam ;
 “ Which did display thy Helen there,
 “ Her lovely breast dishevell’d, bare,
 “ And bleaching in the stream.
 “ She’s by the water-willows laid,
 “ The heron stalketh by her side,
 “ And owlet, fullen bird of shade,
 “ Her deadly knell doth scream.”

Malduin, distracted, to the place
 Did run where Helen lay ;
 Her cold, cold cheek, to his did press,
 With many a strait and wild embrace,
 He bore her corse away.

Three morns he languish’d o’er the dead,
 But life’s exertions now were fled,
 The fourth arose, with blushing head,
 And wrapt him in the clay!

On seeing a DEIST in the KIRK,

Now fish may spawn upo' the lee,
 An' maukins kittle i' the sea,
 An' fock may fune conversion see
 Bring in the Turk;
 Sin' Deism, wi' irreverent e'e,
 Is i' the kirk,

But priest, ye need nae quote sa fair,
 An' nae enjoin the use o' prayer,
 Tent weel! he's e'ein' ye wi' a jeer
 Ironie mirk;
 An' baith devoid o' faith an' fear
 Tho' i' the kirk,

I'fe wad a groat that he is plannin'
 What trees to fell o' owr lang stan'in',
 Or markin' out some dyke, or drainin'
 Wi' mony a quirk,
 To clear his bogs o' weitie rainin'
 Tho' i' the kirk.

Now

Now tent how aft the watch he leuks,
How ill he the confinement bruiks,
An' wad far rather dern i' neuks

Wi' lasses smirk,
Tho' fiends foud glam him i' their cleeks
Gaen frae the kirk.

Now, now, he thinks the sermon dune,
An' inferences nae begun;

Mefoy! he'd pawn a pair o' shoon
Did Satan quirk,
Stick baith the sermon an' the tune,
An' skale the kirk.

But have a care! Heaven's Writ is haly,
An' disnae fleech ane's pride or folly,
But shaws whilk road is best to follow,

Fu sweet an' smirk
An' fiends may mak ye this truth halloo
Far frae the kirk.

An' dinna mak fae mickle din,
'Bout Hume, Voltaire, and Middleton;
Heaven better than sic fock does ken,
For a' their wark;

An'

An' fays 'tis richt devout to 'spen'
Time i' God's kirk,

I ken 'tis cuffin' wind to wrangle
Wi' ane wham pride maks ay to jangle;
I' your ain band ye're sure to strangle
Some day fu mirk,
Gif heaven disnae mak ye bang ill
Some time i' kirk,

Sae dinnae quat the chearin' hopes
Religion gies, for ony naps
Ye get frae cavilin' chappies' draps,
Lethal an' mirk:
Tremble gouk! they're Satan's traps
To thin the kirk,

An EPISTLE to the PUBLIC on the TRIAL of
W——N H———GS, *Esq.*

O a' ye bonny Lassies nine,
Whase skill gars bardies gang their lane !—
Come frae your hicht an' touch my pen,
 Sae's I may tell
How jarrin' accusation's din
 Disturbs our isle.

Sir Thomas R——d was accus'd,
An' for a whyle fu fair abus'd;
But how he came to be excus'd
I cannae tell;
Unless some flidd'ry means he us'd
To lay the de'il

Neist came a Nabob ower the sea,
Frae foreign fields recall'd was he,
To gie account, or else to dree
A penance fair,
For a' the bluid fae wantonlie
He spilled there.

He's

He's fair lyed on by laie and priest,
 Gif his deeds can be ca'd the best,
 Or has nae made some crimes a jest
 Whilk papp'ry beats,
 Or e'er to Auld Nick were address'd,
 For a' his feats.

He's been an ill-gi'en chiel indeed,
 As e'er stept ower a bog or reed;
 The tricks he's done maist want a creed;
 But fock can tell,
 Wha lang and weary bruikt his feid,
 And doucht nae bell.

Some say great geer by stouth and rief,
 He's filcht frae mony Indian chief,
 And straid like ony murderin' thief
 Where posses lay;
 Nor auld nor young gat nae relief
 That came in's way.

He spulzied fock, and did them hang,
 Mair sure for to conceal their wrang,
 For dead birds cannae chant a sang.
 But wait a bit;

Thae

Thae deeds, if true, 'll wi' a bang
O'ertake him yet.

But whether they are true, or no,
Time 'll us tell, wi' loud hollo ;
But Lord wear aff the featour's blow
Frae honest fock !
And may they ne'er ken dole or woe
Wha tirran's shock.

A' mankind are by nature free ;
Then why foud tirrants, sic as we,
Send our scrimp ell-wand ovr the sea,
To measure laws ;
Syne stab thae wha 'll nae agree
To bear our tawse.

What de'il's our business far abroad,
In quest o' the delusive god ?
Ghastly to shake destruction's rod,
'Mang as gude men
As we, and gars them cauldrie nod
Through poortith's glen.

There is enough i' our ain isle
To glut the maist insatiate faul ;

And

And disnae need to rief and steal,
 Frae Indian Beys ;
 And may their kail-pat ay hing caul'
 That tak sic ways.

The Orient bodies were posses'd
 O' blis, and by their wealth carefs'd,
 Till we on them like tygers pres'd,
 Red-wud for prey :
 And a' their sweets wi' bitter dres'd,
 And spoilt their play.

Wrapt i' sweet peace, they didna ken,
 That guile lurkt i' the heart o' men,
 Until the rogues frae Europe's en'
 Them fairly bit ;
 And shaw'd them our hale heaven is gain,
 And naught but it.

They get ha'f value for their gudes,
 And gif they frown, fair broken heads
 Is gi'en them, to mak up the odds ;
 Syn e ovr the sea
 Their riefers fail, wi' mony loads
 O' half stealt tea.

O in-

O injur'd, simple, Indian race!
 Thou'lt get agen thy day o' grace;
 And you European chiefs shall face
 On equal terms;
 When commerce gies you her solace,
 And well known charms.

Whan lear and sciences are spread
 Around your shores, and sapience shed
 Her glowin' light, then free fra dread
 You'll face the foe,
 And on ilk peculator's head
 Retort your woe.

Your dainties, fou, o' balefu' lees,
 Will breed effeminate disease;
 And a' the sweets whilk temp'rance gies
 In time we'll lose;
 And mak us reel wi' feeble knees
 A prey to foes.

Our sail rife birlins bring our bane,
 Smee kin' wi' peculation's gain;
 An' threats to stowe thae northern plains
 Wi' sic a race,

E

As

As black clad Neddy* wadna haen
To rank wi' mice,

I' auld lang fyne, our queghs o' brose
An' spartan kail, made hurds o' foes
Coup heels ower head wi' ghaistly throes
Now foreign fal-als,
Cram ilk ane's, amery or mawes
Wi' fick' nin shil-shals.

O quegh o brose! wi' milk, or fat,
An' leek-rife kail, wi' guid sheep's pate,
Waes-zucks! that ever tea-chit-chat,
Or ghaists o' meat
Soud ever fill your halefome plate
An' fock's lip cheat.

Slip-flaps raise vapours i' the head,
An' bring frae heroes cowarts breed;
Syne springs up accusations feid,
Amang state focks,
An' martial courts get wark indeed,
Wi' arrant jokes.

Gif wee things *sellie* disnae lurk,
Or pers'nal pique, that rustit dirk,

* Edward the Black Prince of Wales.

Aneath the din o' E—d B—ke,
 We wifs him speed,
 Till he unravel ilka quirk,
 An' mal verfe deed.

Wow! but B—ke's an auld farrand carl!
 When he begins to carp an' quarrel,
 The tricks o' ilka ill gi'en churle,
 He brawlie tells,
 An' a' their deeds winds to a swirl
 Wi' logic spells.

Gif there's a hole i' ony's coat
 O' arms, he blin lin's marks the spot;
 Yet de'il ane has he mendit yet
 For a' his din,
 Aroun' him mony a rogue does fit
 Wi' scornfu chin.

St-te knaves are unco ill to catch;
 They some way do the judge debauch;
 An' shun the tricks o' jocky-ketch
 Wi' wylie art,
 Or warm wi' a bit gowden patch
 The hardest heart.

To them's nae bugbear rope or axe ;
 Tho' periods an' tropes perplex ;
 Justice an' red-locks whyles rin snacks,
 That is weel kent,
 An' lat impeachers fret an' vex
 With discontent.

The least o' a' their sinfu' deeds,
 Wad twine a poor priest o' his head,
 Gif he foud gie a wee wrang screed,
 Law disnae care,
 And has nae grace or pity's aid
 To pouches bare.

Now honest B—ke my pow to thine,—
 Tho' you an' Sh—d—n combine,
 Yon Nabob o' his span to twine,
 He'll bang ye yet ;
 An' mak your fulmination's din
 Turn idle chat.

We are nae bent on dolefu' strife ;
 An' disnae wifs the spunk o' life
 Ta'en fra the ill gi'en chield or wife ;
 We dinna see
 The warl grown guid, tho' unco rise
 The gibbets be.

For

For a' the censurin' an' hangin',
Crimes ilka day are faster thrangin',
I ilka town an' public lawnin',

Rogues darin' are;
An' ower the fear o' death loup bangin'
An' hell's hot fear.

'Tis nae i' pagans moral rules,
'Tis nae i' power o' Sunday Schools,
'Tis nae i' priests wi' heats an' cools,
That lies the art,
To fleg vice out o' her strang holes,
Or brak her heart.

'Tis nae the fear o' punishment,
'Tis nae harsh conscience wi' her taunt,
'Tis nae the dread o' ghait to haunt,
Can murd'ers fear;
Or mak the riefer quat his rant
An' vices mar.

Gif Britain means to shine a nation,
And lead the van o' virtue's fashion,
She at the root o' dissipation
Maun level hard;

An' to the frown o' rank or station
Hae nae regard.

What does avail routs, drums or plays,
Nocturnal masks, an' sic like ways?
When death comes wi' his snell nay-fays,
The mask fa's aff,
An' his grim hydra form displays
Them vague as c'aff.

'Tis dissipation, blastit wight!
Whilk craps a kintry o' its height,
An' bringeth on declension's night;
Syne health an' power
To sober kintries tak their flight
And blossom there.

The grit, Britannia, hae the power,
To bask ye braw or mak ye lowr,
An' gif they'll nae thy fences wear,
What can poor fock?
Wha has nae skill nor kens nae where
Thy guid to seek.

What plague's the sense o' makin' laws!
Syne layin' them up on hallan wa's,

Like

Like some bit clatt'rin' mither's tawse,
 Whilk tiny brats
 Despise, or burn, wi' kuitlin, maws,
 To save their batts,

Thy sons whafe dune thee ony ill
 O Britain! maun fair torment thole,
 Gif conscience has nae quat the hool
 for good and an' a',
 An' gi'en them up to Nickie's rule
 An' fiery law.

But may some foul fiend ding them o'er,
 Whae'er gars thee glunch or glow'r;
 Thy sonfy maik's nae ilka whare
 That is weel kend;
 I wad, they that despoil thy air,
 Meet a mirk end.

De'il nor they were a' horned nowte,
 Whae'er through sin'sters elritch glout,
 Attempts to gar thee meanly lout
 Among the nations,
 They're fure some time to get a clout
 Will cool bad notions.

He must be doubtless a black fiend
 Wha is to that dear spat unkind,
 That gae him birth, an' nurs'd his mind,
 To manhood's path ;
 I hae nae ruth whan sic's consign'd
 To tragic death.

JOCK *an'* TAM.

Ae day twa lads fou eident crackin,
 War gaen at pleugh their forenoon yokin ;
 At length baith tir'd wi' heat o' noon,
 They loos'd an' on the lee lay down.
 Tam, hadnae skill i' beuks nor men ;
 But just to work an' eat did ken.
 Jock had won wi' parson punstock ;
 An' fer'd three tomans wi' laird Dunstock ;
 An' pickl'd up some scrapes o' lair,
 Frae preachments an' life debonair.
 Besides, whane'er he was at leisure,
 A beuk to him was rowth o' treasure :

Frae

Frae gloamin he wad read till mornin ;
 An' aft forgot his beasts their cornin.
 He was a chield at kirk or fair
 Was ne'er dung doil'd wi' warls care :
 Gif good or ill the warl bodid,
 He ne'er took lent, but onward nodded.
 A crack an' chapen wi' a neighbour,
 Whan gloamin doupit he was eager.
 He never mickle spake himsel ;
 But fidg'd at ilka clever tale.
 Some thought him dour, some ca'd him mad,
 Some thought him a right sonsie lad.
 Some said he kept tryft wi' the witches,
 An' raid wi' them ower bogs and ditches ;
 Because at morn he was fae thowlie,
 An' yokit to his darg but dowlie.
 He carednae whate'er fock said o' him,
 For clifh-ma-claver was below him.

" Wow Jock ! " quoth Tam, " I've aften
 thought

What way we are fae dourly wraught ;
 Whyle gentry chaps wi' unfyft shoon,
 Gang to their bed an' sleep till noon ;
 Syne rise wi' mony a girming yawn,
 Whyle beengin' fervan's roun' them fawn ;
 An

An' at a four leuk, or correction,
 Maun nouthre frein nor mint objection,
 We poor dogs toil 'mang frost an' sna',
 An' face the cauldest win's that blaw :
 Syne fundit, whan our yokin's dune,
 I' a ha'f theekit Spence sit down ;
 Unto a dinner ha'flins dicht ;
 An' maun nae grudge but cae it right :
 For gif we foud mak ony obstic
 Our dams wad clank us wi' the kail-stick."

" 'Tis true," quoth Jock, " We toil fu
 For scrapes o' meat an' warl's geer. (fair
 But gif we're wi' our lot contentit,
 An' rise at morn wi' god's bethankit,
 We're just as happy as the gentry,
 Wha 'joy their weel cram'd kist an' pantry,
 Envy nae man his happy life :
 Ye dinnae ken his private grief.
 There's mony ane thought happy, bein,
 Hag-rid wi' conscience, gout, an' spleen.
 For guid is roovit to nae state :
 It comes to us an' lea'es the great.
 An' whyles capricious gangs away
 Frae gentle virtue's comelie fway."

" De'il

“De’il speed ye! Jock, ye’d ding me donnor”
 Quoth Tam, “there is his Lordships honour,
 Has nane o’ warl’s ill to fash him:
 But coaches ovr the dubs to plash him,
 He steghs on fat, fynds’t down wi’ wine,
 An’ gangs i’ claes o’ superfine,
 He sits on cushions, sleeps on down,
 Fares weel i’ kintry an’ i’ town:
 An’ gif sic are nae pleas’d wi’ that,
 I kennae what de’il they’d be at.”

Quoth Jock, “Did walth true pleasure gie,
 “Tam you an’ me wad fune agree.
 But lad, I can you eithly tell,
 How walth to sic’s a very h-ll.
 They’re a’ maist stane-blind wi’ delusion,
 An’ unfain’d ’mid a vast profusion.
 Their wit is i’ sic whimsies steepit,
 Tho’ they hae gear they cannae keepit.
 Their masks, assemblies, routs, ridottos,
 Are ’neath a rati’nal bein’s notice:
 They gang to thae fu triglie braided,
 An’ come hame like tir’d ponnies laded.
 Grane a’ nieft day dull, wearie, languid,
 Like malefactors ’fore their hanged:

Wreak

Wreak their spleen on maiks an fervan',
 An' keep their hames i' constant fermen';
 Till pleas'd again wi' drinkin' roarin'
 An' then slid to their beds, fick snorin'.
 It's an ill win' that blaws nae guid;
 It's a weak rain that brings nae fluid;
 Sae'ts guid for merchandize an' trade,
 That the grit fock are ha'flin's mad.

I am nae foe to social meetin',
 Whare temperance fitteth sweet invitin',
 To taste the sweet, avoid the fours;
 An' leads fock hame at decent hours.
 But they, whenever they begin
 The de'ils nae fit to had them in:
 They loup ovr Heaven's holy laws;
 An' mock at Satan's elric paws.
 An' a' our christian's tenets guid
 They tent nae mare than pagan's creed.
 What hae they for them substitutit?
 But wred opinions self refutit:
 That clash against a' sense an' reason,
 An' deem'd by Heaven's laws high treason.
 Their mirth degenerates to sadness;
 Their sociality turns madness.

Their

Their promises profuse o' kin'ness
 O' mornin' mist or reek remin' us.
 Their converse vague unmeanin' chat ;
 Nae frae the heart, but gabb'd by rat.
 An' ceremony in their ha'
 Stalks like a statue made o' sna'.
 The couthie word, the frien'lie grip,
 Ne'er raise their hands nor move their lip.

Whan sic as us chance to fa' out,
 At nieves we tak a bangin' bout ;
 An' a black e'e, or bluidy nose,
 Does ay the poor fock's drama close ;
 Syné 'gree out ower a pint o' yill,
 An' min'nae grudge nor farther ill.
 But gentry whan they'r once affronted,
 Are wild as tigers fiercely hunted :
 Their prudence, reason's thrawn aside,
 Or knockit down by brutal pride :
 Death nor d—mn—n does nae budge 'em ;
 Nor Heavens head aboon to judge 'em.
 The least untentit, lowse spoke word,
 Gars them draw the duellin' sword ;
 An' syne infuriate murder teems,
 As tragic as i' Gothic times.

Whan

Whan that the warl 'gainst us gang,
 It gaur's us yoke to wark mair thrang;
 To woo the graces o' dame fortune,
 Till she comes to our hames gay sportin'.
 But whan to them she wrys her face,
 It does their hopes o' guid deface:
 Syne lea'es the post their God does give them,
 'Fore He by Special Writ relieve them;
 An' gloomy, glunchin, senseless, fowr,
 A dagger or hemp rope's their cure!
 Thus down the stream o' dissipation,
 They en' their raid i' mirk ruination.

An' for their pastime——doiled sport!
 Either i' kintry, town, or court:
 Intriguin' gamin' an' horse racin',
 Murd'rin' hares, deer, an' dogs chacin',
 Owr bogs, killin' hen an' muir cock;
 An' frae a share o't 'barin' poor fock.
 For foud we catch a salmon trout,
 Or mint on muirs to fell a pout,
 Our lot is prosecution, law,
 An' plagu'd wi' jails an' lawwer's jaw.

But tent them by themselves deluded,
 Wi' lack o' wit haf blinkand hooded,
 For gif a poor man tell them truth,
 They'le swear't a lie straught frae his mouth:
A rich

A rich man tells them stupid nonsense,
Yet complimentit for his strong sense.

That insolence intail'd an rank,
Their gowden dross i' pouch or bank,
A wheen lowse maxims lair'd at college,
An' flung at us for kittle knowledge,
The glare o' drefs, the strut of pride,
An' flatterers sappin' their weak side,
Their guffy meal, an' canty ingle,
Sport rousin' wine to smoor a' pingle,
Do hichten them i' poor fock's sense;
An' gie to guilt a consequence.
"Tis only money makes the odds,
An' that to avarice makes them gods."
"Lard Jock," quoth Tam, "whan ye're dis-
Ye gang ayont a focks believin'. (crievin'
I'm sure whan am before his honor
Am just as gif shot stiff wi' thun'ner.
An' gif he was nae something great,
I ne'er wad leuk sae unco blate.

"Tam, it's your fear an' want o' sense
That mak to you the difference.
Tho' they may brag o' purer bluid,
True grandeur lies i' bein' guid.

I hald

I hald it guid—the Tattler says
 They're dead the maist feck o' their days :
 Whene'er they reach the eild o' nine,
 Then they their lives do maisly tyne.
 There's mony ane throuch a' their life
 Lives just by gi'en to ithers grief.
 There is Lard Moorfield whan he's flurried
 Brags he's sax thoufand maukins worried,
 Besides three thoufand cocks an' hens
 He's shot upo' the uplan' fens.
 He only lives upo' the heath :
 His only pleasure's gi'en death.
 There's Sir John Du'list west the way
 Throuch honor's murd'red ten an' mae.
 To him's the hicht o' warls joy,
 Whan frien'ships ban's he does distroy.
 Hear Willy Watwame ovr his bowl,
 Ca' a' man but himsel a fool ;
 He had a fortune bein an' braw,
 But p—t it aff anenst a wa'.
 Lord Canker five score maids debauch'd ;
 Wha're now in stews all p-x't an' wretch'd :
 'Twal o' their mithers died fu sad ;
 Sax fathers to the hills ran mad.
 Duke Puerile thinks it nae disgrace,
 Far a' his gartens, starns, an' lace ;
 To rid wi' jockies a horse race.

 }
 The

The only twa things he ca's guid
 'S a startin' stupe—a horse o' bluid.
 Lord Griblib is weel kent to ony ;
 He wastes a poun, an' hains a penny :
 Wad fain be thought a witty wicht,
 An' does nane guid but through some flicht.
 Earl Cribbage fin' he was cock able,
 Has ay been at the gamin' table,
 An' dupit fae by Hoyle's carritch
 That he can nae buy sa't for's parritch.
 A' ken Laird Tallow's only fame
 Is just to stegh his buirdly wame.
 Wi' a' kin kind o' stuff, the ca'f,
 Has made his maw a' creatures graff.
 An' tho' his lungs can scarcely wallop'
 He chews ay ovr the tither collop.
 He's sour ay whan he disnae eat ;
 An' never laughs but ovr his meat.
 Jock Tulip's ein are fixt on drefs,
 Starch powther, an' a keikin gla's.
 An' to this moment, disnae ken
 The odds 'twist foppery an' man.
 Rob Trifle is on plays fae mad,
 Night rambles an' ilk masquerade,
 That for thae twenty years an' mair
 He's never had a thought sincere.

An' damns an' hiffes plays fu' guid,
 Whan the rough rabble shakes their head,
 His head is a contortit jumble,
 Frae whilk crude sentences do rumble,
 Dan Daubweel wi' his wry grimaces
 Is welcome to an hunder places :
 At fleechin' he has sic an art,
 That gains a neuk i' ilka heart.
 At this art he's fae glibly guid,
 He fleecht ane fae the ran red wud,
 Yet ony that him kin' careffes,
 He curffes 'hind their backs for asses :
 Yet mair essential to ilk house,
 Than cats to clear't o' rat or mouse :
 Tam Pucker's sic anither hynail :
 And vends about diurnal scandal.
 He helps a Lady to her tea,—
 Bows—' Lord guid Madam what think ye
 O' poor gallantish Grizzly Mode ?
 She's pregnant—true 'as death by G—!
 Whether to cook, or groom, o' chamber,
 I really cannae now remember ;
 'Twas Lady Blaffame tauld it me,
 I' secret tither nicht at tea.
 Thus Pucker Splirts his woefu venom,
 Upo' the fame o' man an' woman :

An'

An' feeds wi' ilka that, an' this,
 The spleen o' some bit playfu miss.
 What is it thus maks brutes o' men?
 They smoor their reason wad ye ken :
 The peacefu whisp'rin's o' the soul
 They lat fause appetites ovr-rule.
 An' seenil wrang, or rin agight
 But whan they think themfels aricht.
 Yet there are some athort the yird,
 Wha do a' mankin' circumgird,
 Wi' luive, like that, whilk, God to Worth,
 Fu' pleas'd bestows, i' hour o' birth.
 Yet sic alake ! We seenil fee,
 But just to tantalize our e'e,
 Or vexin' tells fac a' foud be." }

The fun now frae the twal hour point,
 Had nearly skiffit twa hours yont.
 Tam gae a hegh to Jock an' leugh :
 Syne baith gat up an' yok'd the pleugh.

The SORROWS of MARY QUEEN of SCOTS.

Light lie the earth on Mary's breast,
And green the sod that wraps her grave,

MIRROR.

THE smiling sun had left the day
To darkness, queen of silent gloom,
And clouds with fairy feet did stray
Athwart the azure vaulted dome.

The evening star, 'lone in the west,
Shone argent, peerless, from on high;
And veiled by the twilight's vest
The painted landscape fled the eye.

And songless, drousy, on the spray
The birds anticipate the gloom;
Through fleeting shades I led my way
To weep o'er Mary's tragic doom.

A tribute due; low in the clay
She sleeps, within a tarnisht mound:
O'er her I'll wake the living lay
And strew with flowers the tainted ground.

In

In vain shall whigg'ry's venom'd tooth,
 Effay to blast the tender tale :
 The candid, wailing voice of truth,
 Shall o'er low Envy's front prevail.

Shall crop the towering height of pride,
 And stain the laurels on the brow
 Of those, who, pity feelings dyed
 'Mong blood, and weeping female woe.

And first o' Moray's cleric thane !
 Who drench'd fraternal feelings deep
 In blood ; averted ears to pain,
 An eyes unus'd at woe to weep.

Thou fought'st a sister on the field ;
 And from her head knockt off the crown ;
 From her fair hand the sceptre pull'd,
 And drove her from her native throne.

The fates beheld thy wild career ;
 They saw thee spurn the tender ties ;
 And caus'd assassination's spear †
 Rude, chase thee to more darken'd skies.

† Moray was assassinated in the street of Linlithgow,
 by Hamilton of Bothwel-hall.

No bard the son of pity shall
 With flowerets strew thy purple urn :
 But clank weeds shall choke up thy cell,
 And hinder all thy fate to mourn.

Buchanans' panegyric has
 With classic lore bestrew'd thy fame ;
 Yet false religion, false ideas,
 Hang black o'er thy detested name.

O Mary ! What did wealth avail,
 Or pearly diadems do for you ?
 Affliction's burnisht crowns assail,
 Their force, doth golden thrones subdue.

The frailties incident to all
 The little sons of Adam's line,
 Thy foes with base malignant gall,
 Made all their guilty features thine.

Whate'er from envy's fable den
 Doth stalk malignant o'er the earth ;
 Met all the hate of wicked men
 And plung'd in infamy thy worth.

Around thee fiery spirits burn'd,
 More fierce than Aetna's baleful flame ;

With

With malice arm'd, thy profers spurn'd,
And scorched black thy fairest fame.

Fair Pity with her funny eyes,
That cancels woe, benignly sweet,
Had now fled to more genial skies,
And left the earth a den of hate.

The fable butchery of your Lord
With all its horror blotted you :
And felons vile, with one accord, (brow.
With wreathes of scandal bound your

That base incendiary zealot Knox,
Mistaking h-ll's for heaven's cause,
His harsh, insulting, brutal, * strokes,
Acquire him popular applause !

Away ! ye blind unthinking crouds,
Whom good or ill alike doth please ;
So long as dense delusive clouds
Of ignorance foster your disease.

Ah ! reader, Mary's on the strand
And weeping 'mid the nightly dew :

* Knox, during his impertinent and bombastical harangues to Mary anent popery, used frequently to strike her on the breast, either with his fist or the Bible !

All friends are fled, no pity bland,
But savage foes her steps pursue.

Her polish'd limbs unus'd to bear
Fatigue, do tread the fretted path :
Faint and outworn with grief, the fair
Sinks breathless on the shagged heath.

The vengeful brand of brutal foes,
Allows her not an hour to weep ;
But where the pine shade woven grows
The mourner's chas'd from broken sleep.

"The foes! the foes! her Melvil cries,
"Are sweeping down yon mountains side;
"Red fury's flashing from their eyes ;
"And fellest hate outruns their speed."

She's drag'd confin'd to noisome cell :
Fast flow her tears by Leven's strand :
Each gentle breast forbid to wail ;
And shackl'd is each friendly hand.

Fain would the muse th' unending stain,
O Scotland ! tear from hist'ry's page ;
And thy unfeeling sons retain
In shade, from each succeeding age.

But

But Mary's fate shall rise to view
 And fill with woe succeeding swains
 Her doom bewail, her worth review,
 And add to mine their plaintive strains,

Chas'd from her throne and native lands,
 She shelter seeks in England's clime :
 There hop'd to find from kindred hands
 Protection in that broilsome time.

There honour, mercy, justice, all
 Were dead in an adulterate maid :
 And rancour, envy, malice, gall,
 Had deck't with stings her haughty head.

There sad dissimulation's guile
 Caus'd all her days arise with pain :
 Her nights were spent, in hope that ill,
 Would to the dawn no more complain.

Eliza, how, here shall the bard
 Unus'd to guile, bestrew thy fame,
 With flowers, or screen the low regard
 You paid to virtue's Sacred name?

Tho'

Tho' fortune led thy chariot rein,
 And no difaster dim'd thy days,
 Yet envy, malice, twins of spleen,
 Hang cloudy o'er your train of praise.

Humanity, which makes the foul
 Dilate, and forms the truly great ;
 In thee was rancour, and thy whole
 Dark constitution flow'd with hate.

You only fmil'd to stab more deep ;
 For soon the frown rebuff'd the fmile ;
 The cred'lous being hull'd a-fleep
 That thou with furer aim might'ft kill.

Man's fancy roveth as the bee
 That buzzes 'neath a funny gleam ;
 And's aft attacht to flafh, while thee
 O virtue fhivers by the fream.

The false philosophers who wrote
 The annals of Eliza's reign,
 Dazzl'd with glare, nor farther fought,
 Did her some taintless goddess feign.

O Mary !

O Mary ! base was she, to whom
 Thou fled'st all in the per'lous hour;
 And found'st a dungeon's earthly tomb,
 Replete with guiles unfeeling power.

O injured Mary ! Great in grief:
 Thy son dependant on thy foe;
 Nor waisted to thy cheek relief,
 Reclin'd wan on the couch of woe.

Pedantic James ! Child of the school !
 Tho' nature fair before thee lay,
 Infatuation bade thee strole
 Where jarring disputants did stray.

The jargon of the Right of Kings
 Divine, did mark thy little heart,
 High swelled with despotic stings,
 Did every nobler maxim thwart.

A stranger to the nicer laws,
 That bind the subject to the prince;
 A condescension, which applause,
 Gains, without less'ning eminence.

Thou knew'st not : puerileness of things
 And playful trifles held thee fast :
Derision

Derision o'er thy urnial rings,
And wraps thy memory in mist.

Magnanimity which should roll
In streams, around the monarch's heart,
In thine was but a stagnate pool,
Where timid shiverings swam athwart.

Thou forry dupe to 'Liza's wiles!
Thou pension'd slave, ignoble man!
To catch the gleam of cruel smiles
That veil'd thy mother's tender moan.

Old Albion's commons loud did pray
To heaven to touch Eliza's heart,
And turn it to a harder clay ‡,
To strike in Mary deep the dart!!!

No fair concessions ought avail'd,
'Gainst Mary hatred dreadful frown'd;
And strong the tide of rancour swell'd,
That her in floods of sorrow drown'd.

Ah! Reader weep the hour is come,
The blow by ruffian hands is rear'd,
'Mid callous foes she waits her doom,
Her ivory neck and bosom's bar'd.

‡ See D'ew's Journal.

Ah!

" Ah ! Melvil weep no more for me !

" Ah why that unavailing tear ?

" Th' impending blow sets Mary free,

" And joys unfading makes appear.

" Now shifting wide's yon azure sky ;

" The golden doors are open wide ;

" There's welcome in Jehovah's eye ;

" There's sorrow here on every side.

" Go bear my love to native land,

" And be it (as I wish'd it) free,

" That o'er it no invaders hand

" May exercise his tyranny.

" O Scotland ! now this frame of mine

" Shall be disrob'd of princely state,

" My heart did ever throb as thine,

" And for thy peace shall rending beat.

" And may all they that are my foes,

" Who this terrific blow have rear'd,

" At hour of death enjoy repose,

" And Heaven still eye them with regard.

" Then come my mighty Saviour come !

" I long at thy right hand to be :

" Where

"Where far remov'd from earthly gloom,
"I'll sit and ever sing of Thee."

'Tis done: the bloody deed is done
By men a helpless Lady's slain:
And nought Eliza, can atone,
Or wipe from thee, the murd'ers stain.

'Tis done: the horrid deed so rude!
Convulsive heaves her bosom high:
Eliza, gentle Mary's blood,
Has stain'd thee with a crimson dye.

Go lay aside thy robes of state,
The regal crown befits not thee:
Heaven's viceroy from all deadly hate,
Must be forever, ever free.

A cherub convoy'd Mary's soul
And plac'd her on an azure cloud
And made her view the subtle toil
That join'd her to the dinless dead.

And wistful saw each paultry thing
Ingross the bias'd sons of clay;
That both the hopes of clown and king,
Are puerile as mix't childrens play.

"Leave,

“Leave, leave, the fight,” the Cherub said,
 “For time may better hopes display.”
 Then on the floating air she trod
 And met the dawn of endless day.

On ENVY.

Base Envy withers at another's joy,
 And hates that excellence it cannot reach.

THOMSON.

O! Nastie crouchin' cankart thing,
 How sal I a' thy venom sing?
 Thou bane to kintry an' to king,
 An' e'en thy ga'
 Splirts on law' stations frae thy sting
 An' works their fa'

Mean is the foul whilk harbours thee:
 An' gif that sic a thing there be,
 As retribution whan we die,
 Whafe with thee leagu'd,
 Sale

Sale be on brunstane's lowes wi' dree
Eternal plagu'd.

Thou turnt me out o' house an' haul'd,
Whan winter's winds blew loud an' cauld;
An' steekt the heart o' young an' auld
'Gainst me wi' scorn,
Until I rued it e'er was tauld
That I was born.

De'il nor some fiend wad ding ye donar',
Ye tauld great fausehoods to his honour,
Syne frae superior pith the stunner
Came on wi' dread
An' like a blast'nin' ba' o' thunder
Flew roun' my head.

The loss o' warls geer or guid
Did never sturt my heart or head;
Till a disease baith dour an' dread
On bairns did light,
An' streekt my fav'rite darlin' dead
Afore my sight.

Amid this strowe o' warl's wae,
Baith frien' an' frem'd became my fae,
An' printed sic an A, B, C,
Within my heart,
That

That I'll nae tyne whyle here I stay
The sma'est part.

'Tis only honest mind's that fin',
Or feel the birr o' wickit men,
Whan that they daud about their spleen
Upo' ane's fame,
Whyle conscience lyin' snug within
Imputes nae blame.

I never aim't the warl ill:
A crack out owr a pint o' yill,
Whan gloamin' doupit on the hill
Was a' my fau't:
Yet Envy gaed fu mony a mile
An' tauld o' that.

But whare an hour I futtin hae
Caroufin' owr the usquibae,
His honour's futtin twal times mae
Fou' weel I wat:
Yet ne'er a ane he usit fae
For that fame fau't.

G

But

But Ise nae gie his honour blame,
 But wifs his guid respectit name
 May ilka day be bukt wi' fame;
 To wear his walth,
 Sae Ise tak aff anither dram
 An' drink his health.

But it is mony a cankart fien'
 I blame, wha sit aneath him bein,
 Fou guid at glaumerifien ein
 Frae year to year,
 Till fatan come some day bedeen
 An' for them speer.

'Tis on the sonfie, guillefs heart,
 That the fause cringer plays his part,
 An' fleechin' spins his web o' art
 To wrang anither,
 An' few can tent, until his dart
 Hits ane a whuther.

For yon grand company aboon,
 Sic ne'er 'll hae their fauls i' tune;
 But ay 'mang filth maun sit an' crune,
 Or ring the bell
 For deils to meet aneath the moon,
 On purpose fell.

But

Büt Ise gie o'er (in case fock think
 That I am scor'd within their rink,
 An' wearin' to their hatefu sink
 Wi' steps an' hitches)
 An' wifs that honest fauls may jink
 Out o' their clutches.

Guid Ait Cakes.

AULD Samie Johnson, now he's dead,
 He sair miscaet our kintry bread;
 But yet for a' his learnit meede
 He'd thol'd his paiks,
 Gif he'd engag'd wi' some wha feed
 On Guid Ait Cakes.

Lat guffy gabs chew the wheat bread,
 And synd it down wi' claret red,
 And thro' thê furloin let their blade
 Make unco whacks,
 They're ay as hale an' fair wha feed
 On Guid Ait Cakes.

The grit fock wha thee dounae fee,
 Or scarce thy nappic crust 'll prie,
 Wad hae mair lustre i'their e'e
 An' stranger backs,
 Wad they debauchery lat a bee,
 An' live on Cakes.

A' they wha wames fou stively stegh
 Wi' a kin' meat, an' bouse the quegh,
 Till the gout fastens on their megh
 Wi' deadly racks,
 Whilk ne'er wad gar them grane or pegh
 Liv'd they on Cakes.

Whan cankart statesmen make war rife,
 And fock maun fight for the bare life,
 There's nane mair bang amid the strife,
 Or gie sic straits
 Than thae i' Loudan, Merse an' Fife
 Wha live on Cakes.

An' mony a lad an' gauzie hizzie
 Live upo' sic fare as this ay,
 An's ne'er wi' spleen or vapours dizzie
 But cantie cracks
 I' har'est an' seed time eident, busy
 An' live on Cakes.

An'

An' sic deserve whan far awa',
 Fra mithers bien amry an' ha'
 To hae nae crumb to tak ava,
 Wha lightly maks
 Derision frae their gabbies fa'
 On Guid Ait Cakes.

The WOMAN.

I.

OF Nature's Work, (I hold it good)
 Stupenduous or common,
 There's nought thro' all its limits wide
 Can be compar'd to Woman.

II.

The ploughman cultivates the field,
 The mower snods the common,
 At night they lose their sense of toil
 Within the arms of Woman.

III.

The merchant plods behind the tile,
While beaus are busy roaming,
The merchant's gain—the beaux-attire
Are both to please a Woman.

IV.

The failer spreads the daring sail
Thro' angry seas a foaming,
The jewels—gems of foreign shores
He gives to please a Woman.

V.

The Heroes fight o'er crimson fields
From noonday to the gloaming ;
Yet all their strength and boast of fame
Is conquer'd by a Woman.

VI.

The states-man plans the mighty scheme—
An empire's downfall dooming ;
Yet all his deep politic aims
Have been o'erthrown by Woman.

VII.

A King doth leave his golden throne,
With other men in common,

And

And flings aside his crown and kneels
A subject to a Woman.

VIII.

What pity then—when such a power
Is centered in no man ;
That vice should raise her baleful hand
And foil the charms of Woman.

IX.

Of Nature's Works, enchanting spread,
O'er its extensive common,
There's nought at all can bear compare
With Virtue in a Woman.

X.

If black, brown, fair—'tis all the same—
Death cancels beauties blooming:—
But neither time nor grave destroys
When Virtue clothes the Woman.

MAN *was not made to* MOURN.

I.

THO' moral evils round us still
 Beset us night and day,
 Tho' pain may press—or anguish fill
 Us sometimes with dismay;
 Tho' foes upon us like a flood
 Make all their malice turn,
 But yet from hence, let none conclude
 That Man was made to Mourn,

II.

Cold death may rob us of a friend
 Most tender, sweet and dear,
 Or a lov'd wife enchanting, kind,
 May from our bosom's tear,
 Such troubles do but clear the road
 Unto a better morn;
 Then let no mortal e'er conclude
 That Man was made to Mourn.

Were

III.

Were mankind's hope of happiness
 To center in the tomb,
 And ne'er a thought of future bliss
 To dissipate its gloom,
 Well might the deist shake his head
 And at religion spurn;
 But Great Jehovah hath not said
 That Man was made to Mourn.

IV.

He says, the man who wont impart
 With pilgrim poor his bread,
 But adds guilt to his guileful heart
 And shows the haughty head,
 That such where'er they take their road
 Ay faulty shall return;
 And only such have cause to dread
 That Man was made to Mourn,

V.

What tho' on earth there's many an ill
 Bestrews the path of life?
 What tho' that bias'd men with guile
 Add fuel unto strife?

These

These ills shall pass, and all the good
 Shall hail a happy morn ;
 And have no reason to conclude
 That Man was made to Mourn.

VI.

A cloud creeps o'er yon ev'ning star
 And veils its argent ray,—
 A stormy tempest whiles may mar
 The sunny face of day,—
 'Tis Nature's Work,—'Tis Nature's God
 That brighter makes the morn :—
 The shifting scene—makes me conclude
 Man was not made to Mourn.

VII.

Were there no grief—th' unvaried scene
 Would pall upon the soul :—
 But heaven knows better far than men
 What'st fittest for the whole :—
 And all those who with fortitude
 At moral evils spurn,
 He'll laud—and make them to conclude
 Man was not made to Mourn.

VIII.

And in yon Golden Fields above,
 The seats of purest joy

With

With golden harps they'll sing of love
 And never know annoy :
 And while around the throne of God
 Eternal years return,
 With rapt'rous strains they'll sing aloud
 Man ne'er was made to Mourn.

The LINNET'S SOLILOQUY.

I.

YE Bowers and ye woodlands so fair,
 Among you I often have sung ;
 But now I am doomed to despair,
 Alas ! I am robb'd of my young.

II.

Maternal I guarded my nest ;
 My mate sweet fate by me and sung ;
 Till a ruffian so rudely came past
 And bore off the nest and our young.

Who

III.

Who fold them to Phœbe the fair;
And now in her window they're hung;
'Tis parents can know my despair,
When I saw the last sight of my young.

IV.

Oh! Phœbe! if e'er the forlorn
Thy bosom with pity hath wrung,
Oh! pity the songsters of morn,
And restore me my nest and my young.

The ANNIVERSARY of the REVOLUTION,
1788.

SHOW and Deception are earths very joys:
Still trifles please us, and a trifle cloy.
And when our hopes are highest fixt on
things,
O'er these fell destiny destruction brings.
Build

Build not thy hope O man ! on things that
fade

Swift as the bloom when Winter shakes the
shade.

Mount daring, as thy thoughts, above the
sky :

O'erlook old Time and fix thy hope on high.

II.

In Queen Eliza's reign, the Spanish pride,
And hopes high swell'd, hung on the foamy
tide :

The flower of Isles, is doom'd a certain prey,
To foes indignant on the briny way.

Surpriz'd, all Europe view'd the hardy scheme
Accomplish'd, to sink Great Britain's Name.

By love of conquest fir'd, by fate led on,
Too confident of power the Great Armada
shone.

III.

Ah ! Spain too bold ! nor had the Heavens
decreed

That gen'rous Britons 'neath thy shield
should bleed.

Heaven nods, and all the elemental train,
Attends the call, loud roars the troubled main.

Wild

Wild tost's thy navy 'fore the storm chas'd
wave :

O'er thy proud sterns lash many a rude dash
lave

All woe-begone, thy sons the tear tipt eye,
Throw wistful back to where thy vine clad
vallies lie.

IV.

You saw the storm for Britons rouse the tide
In all its raging majesty of pride. (eyes,
Saw death which way so e'er you turn'd your
Here vailant foes, and there tempestuous skies;
Here surges flow o'er billow's stern and steep;
There rocks and quick-sands strew the bel-
lowing deep.

Engulft you sank, despair augments your
cries :

And' midst the brinny tide hoarse murm'ring
clos'd your eyes.

V.

Ill fated Spain ! Thou saw'st the toil of
years,

Thy train of wealth, thy multitude of spears,
Ev'n by a breath destroy'd with dread dismay;
Which gav'st thee tears, instead of lawless
sway.

Had'st

Had'st thou employ'd that wealth to get a
 name,
 By helping orphans, widows, or the lame,
 Or rais'd industry, great had been thy
 fame;
 And no historian's page had published
 your shame.

VI.

Eventful day! in which it was agreed
 King, Lords and Knights should face destruction dread,
 When Britain's sons assembl'd to debate
 The nation's good, should meet a tragic fate.
 But Heaven forbade the diabolic plan,
 And op'd to light the fully ripen'd train.
 Oh Britons! Hail the annivers'ry day
 Which gives unimpair'd your free imperial
 sway.

VII.

O liberty! Celestial goddess fair!
 Who o'er our Isle's diffus'd thy radiant air.
 Inspire the slave, who drags the tyrant's chain,
 With freedom's fire, his native right to gain.
 Tell him to seek thy seat—thy blest abode,
 And native freedom which was giv'n by God.
 Drag

Drag thou the tyrant stagg'ring from his
throne,

To some lone cell unpitied and unknown.

VIII.

There let him stay—who shut his ear to
woe—

Stung by despair—despis'd of friend and
foe;

Forgot of heaven above—and men below.

Ah pity! That a fiend of Gorgon breed
Should over millions shake the Hydra head.

Presumptuous man! That blessing to de-
face,

Which heaven allotted to the human race;
Come genial Freedom unrestrain'd my
partner and solace.

IX.

Blast thou the schemes—and wrench the
tyrant's soul—

And damn his mandates with thy high con-
troul.

Let thy sweet impulse fire the Afric's mind
And snap the fetters which his strong nerves
bind,

Go

Go Bristol*! Liverpool! And be disgrace
To human nature—thro' extension's space—
Thy fordid sons should cringe beneath the
nod,
And ever and anon bleed at the tyrant's rod.

X.

Come lovely Genius of the British Isle!
Rest in each grove, and wanton on each hill.
Guarded by thee, more sweetly smiles the
spring;
More sweet the grey-lark and the linnet sing;
More sweet the blossoms clust'ring deck the
trees;
More sweet the fragrance that pervades the
breeze;
And sweeter far's the gentle voice of love
Which Freedom hightens—and listening
heavens approve.

XI.

But to our sons a just discernment shew
Betwixt a fierce licentiousness and you.

* Alluding to the opposition made by these cities to the Slave Bill.

That's an incendiary blowing mortal strife;
 Thou art the fan that wakes the fire of
 life.

That tells the base tumultuous man to
 bawl,

And talk and bluster about common weal.

Thou tell'st the Patriot to employ his love
 Still for his country's good—and mankind's
 to improve.

XII.

But think not, William, (tho' this is the day,
 Thou reft'ft from James's head the perjur'd
 fway,)

That I will waste on thee my artless lays:
 A nobler bard has given thee o'er much
 praise*.

He robb'd the laurel of its glossy hue,
 And wreath'd its boughs—ambitious man!
 On you.

He made thy blunders pass for current fame—
 And far beyond the Boyn spread thy igno-
 ble name.

* See the beautiful lines of Mr. Addison, to William
 and Lord Halifax, &c. &c.

Thanks

XIII.

Thanks to the Heavens for the Revolution—
But candour William, damns thy dire ambition.

'Twas Britain's power,—'Twas Britain's envied throne—

And not religion, led thy vengeance on.
Thou wast the fable cause by which the heavens wrought

The great design—and our deliverance brought.

Thou thought'st to humble Lewis from his throne:—

He — no doubt, wish'd thee fell'd and gasping by the Boyn.

XIV.

But whether a Stuart, or a Nassau reign,
Or whigs or tories fill th' important train,
Your trust's O Britons! To o'erlook the state;
To crop the fangs of the tyrannic great.
To crush ambitious insolence—and show
You will be free, in spite of ev'ry foe.
That many eighty-eights far hence to come
May view Britannia wearing an immortal bloom.

The HAPPY COMPLAINER.

I.

YOUNG Edwin, one day, in a rapture of
love
Which gave him unusual smart,
“ Give me death O ye powers ! or conquer
“ for me
“ The beautiful maid of my heart.

II.

“ Soft, tender, I’ve sought her this many
“ long day
“ To ease my torn bosom of smart,
“ But all my careses ay fail to impress
“ The enchanting fair maid of my heart.

III.

“ She’s fair as the radiance that rises at morn,
“ When Zephirs their pleasures impart ;
“ She’s gentle—and as old Lucretia chaste—
“ She’s a non-such the maid of my heart.
“ Her

IV.

"Her air's so engaging—that all do allow

"It wants the least tincture of art;

"Her charms so enchanting, make all to

"confess

"She's an angel the maid of my heart.

V.

"Her turn's so humane that all the low

"poor

"From her presence full happily part.

"Yet oeconomy rules all her steps—and

"you'd swear

"She's a goddess, the maid of my heart.

VI.

"Her fine sense still leaveth wherever she

"goes

"Impressions that never depart

"But what's that to me—ye gods I'm un-

"done—

"I am scorn'd by the maid of my heart."

VII.

Young Emma heard this—(in her jessamine
bower,

Made lovely by nature and art,)

She flew to his arms—gods ! How Edwin
was blifs'd—

When he clasped the maid of his heart.—

MELVILLE *and* MIRA, *a Tale,*

YOUNG Melville 'neath a load of woe
Went to the wood alone,
Dishevill'd hung his flowing hair,
Tho' like the sun it shone.

The virtues which exalt the man
Above caprice and whim,
The graces—innocence of life—
Were cent'red all in him.

His mind was purer than the dew
That wets the summer mead :
And beauty round his manly front
Had all its lustre shed,

His

His eyes the unaffected tear
 Wept for another's woe :
 He fought the little cottage floor
 And broke misfortune's blow.

Which heavy on the reverend head
 Of hoary age did fall.
 And all the needy poor around
 Were welcome to his hall.

The prison—wild enslaved cell !—
 His *philanthropy* found :
 He broke the chains of those that were
 By callous tyrants bound.

He' inspir'd th' expanding female breast
 With sentiments refin'd :
 And modesty's sweet blushing front
 To charm the virgin mind.

And like some gentle sprite benign
 He affable did stray :
 Unconscious of the deadly guile
 That marks the villain's way.

Earl Rino—tyrant of the vale—
Beheld his growing fame
With horror—such as all the vile
Bear to a virtuous name.

He knew th' avenue to his soul
Was easy of access,
That they ascendancy did gain,
Who pin'd in deep distress.

He caus'd a guileful sharper band
The youth to circumvene,
With many a tale of misery
That had them overta'en.

They Melvile's undefining soul
With cunning did delude:
Illib'ral men with hidden guile
Still over-reach the good.

Next Melvil's land-marks were remov'd
Which rais'd a suit at law.—
And Rino gilds its jarring wights—
Them to his side to draw.

The

The floody stream of misery
 On Melvil burst amain,—
 Who strove his ruin to prevent,
 But ev'ry mean was vain.

His rising hills and sloping dales
 He was oblig'd to sell :—
 He dy'd his hearth with many a tear
 And left his native hall,

With tears which flowed from the heart,
 The neighbourhood him press'd
 With them to banquet in the hall,
 Till he his wrong redress'd.

He wav'd the sympathetic boon—
 And forc'd himself away ;
 His little fav'rite dog alone
 Companion of his way.

But let not him who walks with guile
 Presume to rest secure :—
 Since underneath a flimsy veil
 Lies hid the evil hour.

For

For He who rules this wide expanse,
And guides the mighty deep,
And bids its wild tumultuous wave
Within its bounds to keep.

Can break the tyrant's ir'ny rod
That defolates the plain ;
And makes him sink at heaven's call
To nothingness again.

One morn the wicked Rino rode
To breath the cauler air—
When lo ! an unavoding stroke
Awaited on him there.

A fowler from a woodland deep
Fir'd at a falcon wild,—
He mist his aim—but woe to tell !
The shot old Rino kill'd.

Prone to the dust he headlong fell
'Neath agony and death :
The woods re-echoed to his groans,
And hush'd his parting breath.

The earth ashamed of his blood
Did supplicate for rain

The boon was heard, and soon a flood
Did mix it with the main.

Surcharged clouds may overcast
- The radiance of day ;
The rapid shower—the thunder's peal,
Strike terror and dismay.

Till to the fierce conflicting storm
Calm's genius waves the head,
And soon the sunny featur'd hours
Sweet wander o'er the mead.

The flower that late reclin'd the head
Assumes its native dye :
When azure bends her glowing arch
Along the settl'd sky.

And thus, to mortal man, the scene
Ay shifting does display
Alternate good and ill—till he
Doth crumble unto clay.

The firm, the philosophic soul
Of Melvil spurned woe,

And

And rose above dejection keen
That heart corroding foe.

He fought the wild, tumultuous plain,
Where harness'd heroes met,
To heap the field with thousands slain
And thin the crouded street.

Britannia's stern, deceitful foes
From him in battle fled ;
Or sunk beneath resistless strokes,
And join'd the mangl'd dead.

His prowess and his martial might
The royal favor gain :
And wealth and honour blunt the wound
And sting of former pain.

Mars satiate with carnagedire
Refigns his gloomy reign :
The arts meet in Apollo's hall—
And peace triumphs again.

The heroes seek the favor'd place
Where nature gave them birth—

Some

Some haunt the palace—some the cott
And lose their toils in mirth.

Nigh where Edina's ancient towers
Their spiral domes display,
Thither, with inoffensive steps
Did Melvil wend his way.

Among the group of beauties there
Which grac'd the circle gay,
One shone conspicuous; her mein
Was milder than the May.

But where wilt thou, my simple muse,
Sufficient numbers find,
To paint her, who, to virtue was
The ornament and friend?

Her mind was purer than the bloom
Gay, glowing, to the morn,
When first the placid, sunny, ray
The hills and vales adorn.

Sweet maid, in thee fair virtue held
Her amiable throne:

And

And social sense—vivacious wit
With moral wisdom shone.

'Twas symphony when e'er she sung
That won the heart to hear :
The sentence smooth—the accent sweet
Stole all attention's ear.

A dignity of thought—yet free
Of affectation's aid,
Did all her other charms enhance
And harmoniz'd the maid.

Thro' each domestic site she shone
With elegance and ease ;
Her decent humor flow'd with grace
And only flow'd to please.

Far from the city's flurried walk
She often went away ;
In contemplation's dinless bowers
With innocence to stray.

She walk'd the grove, where warblers sweet,
Inimitably sing :
And wisdom found—when nature fair
Progressive paints the spring.

'Tis gentle Mira—sweetest maid—
 In town or rural vale ;
 The only child e'er Rino had
 And heirefs of his all.

Her father's base illiberal deeds
 She long had mourn'd in vain :
 And fought the multitude to please
 Whom he had kept in pain.

She vail'd his sad untimely fate—
 And wet with bitter tears
 The stone she rear'd—his stately tomb
 For many coming years.

A familiarity of soul
 Attracts the lovely pair.
 Their converse, actions, and pursuits
 Were to each other dear.

Our hero breath'd his tender tale—
 She listen'd to his voice :
 And found beneath a modest veil
 The husband of her choice.

And in connubial bands the pair
 Rejoic'd their wide domain :

And

And Eden's pristine glories there
Were seen on earth again.

A PASTORAL SONG.

I.

"COME to the heights wi' me bonny Jean,
"The fun he is just i'the rife,
"The blue lift's a spangled wi' sheen,
"And the lav'rock's hich i'the skies.

II.

"The dewy drops shine sweet on the bud,
"The gouk's ferenading the grove,
"And the wild dows i' ilka green wood
"As sweetly are cooing their love."

III.

It is health to walk out i'the morn,
There's life i'the balmy air ;

We'll

"We'll woo by our favorite thorn,
Till the laive o' the shepherds appear.

IV.

"Indeed, Jamie, I winnae gang
For nae pretension or pray'r,
Yestreen ye wi' Marion was thrang
And whan ye woo ye're sincere.

V.

"Ye fancied there was nae body saw,
When ye came hame frae the height,
Ye Marion decoyed to the shaw,
And ye ken gyn ye did right—

VI.

"Her head was fair towle'd I wat,—
Her cheeks war red as the gleid,—
Her breast it play'd ay pit-a-pat—
And she sicht fair i' her bed.—

VII.

"And whan she look't at ye niest day,
The blush owr-crimson'd her face;
But it was nae the look o' dismay,
Nor yet the blush o' distrefs.—

I

"And

VIII.

"And whan that I jeer'd her a wee,
She tauntin' bade me gie o'er,
Said "She was loosed better than me,
By ane ne'er thought o' before.

IX.

"I hae right i' my fide, Jamie lad,
Sin' I've been faithfou to you:—
An' truth cannae roose the yound blade
Wha lichtly louns o'er his vow."

X.

"Ah Jean! I ne'er thought your fair breast,
On whilk I hae aft reclin'd,
Coud e'er harbour a thought o' distrust,
Or reck her shepherd unkind."

XI.

"May my lambkins a' die i' the fauld,
My kye hae distempers rife,
An' mysel ne'er grow lyart or auld,
Gif ever Marion's my wife."

Jeany

XII.

Jeany lap to his arms like a rae,
 Wi' hounds an' hunters purfu'd;
 An' a that she had spoken that day—
 She blushin' an' greetin' rue d.

XIII.

Sae eas'ly's the untutored heart
 Ay made to love or disdain,
 When alternately pleasure and smart
 Removes or confirms its pain.

The FIRST of SPRING, an Eclogue.

JOCK.

COME Jamie lat us gang to yonder dale,
 Whare hillocks green steek out the eastern
 gale:
 This blinkan morn—the fleecie streakit lift,
 Presage an end o' boreal blawin' drift.

The fingin' birds hae caught the vernal lowe;
And primroses i' gowden clusters grow.

JAMIE.

Bless'd principal ! O Mighty power divine !
That busks thae fields— an' streaks yon lift
fae fine.
An' maks cauld winter stentit bounds to ken;
Flowers whan to shed their scent athort the
glen ;
Buds whan to bloom—an' cleid the nakit
grove ;
Birds whan to chirm their dulcet notes of
love.

JOCK.

Thae bonny buds 'mang branches keekin'
out
Sal in a little turn to mellow fruit.
Thae crusty moths aneath the bark fae blind,
Sal fune hae wings an' mount upo' the
wind.
Thae hingin' sprays that bield the mavis'
eggs,
Will fune be prappers for its younglin's legs.

JAMIE

JAMIE.

The callous grain now scatter'd ovr the clod,
Sal wi' prolific lustre yellow nod :
First burstin' green frae cranies o' the earth
Sal gie ten thousand har'ests their mellow
birth.

Yet stupid man ! wham heaven's form'd for
praise,
Sic blestin's scarce his orisons can raise.

JOCK.

Flowers springin' frae the wattl'd roots be-
low,
Wi' sweet, innumerable dyes an' lusters grow.
See leaves unfold o' nature's bonny green,
To draw the sap, an' be to fruit a screen ;
Else the fierce blaze o' simmer's luntin heat
Wad ruin a', an' nature's views defeat.

JAMIE.

Astonishing ! to see the pregnant spring,
Frae winter's bed, sic bonny beauties bring.
A wee while fin' a' was inert an' dead,
Frae the dull meadow to the summit's head.
But twa', three days fin' funny hours 'gan
range,
Now how our senses testify the change.

JOCK.

Already is the fil'er daifie seen
And snawdrap keekin' frae the livid green.
She first begins wi' nature's little gems,
Before she clieds wi' leaves the woodland
stems.

Buiks the primrose aneath the forrest roots,
An' wi' progressive beauty upward shoots.

JAMIE.

Wafts ower the meadows fair wi' gowden feet
An' strews behind ilk hour some bloomin'
sweet.

Nods ower the stream, whare eddies whirl
deep

An' paints her Segs, an' maks her willows
weep.

Trips frae the plain—spreads verdure o'er
the hill,

An' wreathes the margin o' the lovers rill,

JOCK.

Walks ower the heather's dreary tapit waste,
An' maks it bloom beneath the northern
blast.

Givs

Givs its empurpl'd dye—whereon the bee,
 With sweets ambrosial laids its little thigh.
 Gangs into glens, whare caverns fullen
 gloom,
 An' gies the moss its hoyden colour'd bloom.

JAMIE.

Perfumes the thyme upo' the hillock's brow;
 Maks violets wi' unrivalled shine to blow.
 Delightfu flower! the richest kingly vest,
 Is hoyden to the glowin' o' thy breast.
 Nature by thee, hath some day futen down,
 An' a' the skill o' her lov'd pencil shown.

JOCK.

Still lat us dander farer up the vale,
 An' frae the primrose new delight inhale,
 See how it glents aneath the placid ray,
 Drinks o' morn beam, an' lustre gies the day.
 In vain the maid—tho' buskt i' Tyrian dye,
 Attempts wi' its simplicity to vie.

JAMIE.

Nature to flowers has sic a polish given,
 They cannae be out shone wi' less than
 heaven.

The mair we look unto the flowery race,
 Immingled sweets an' beauties on us press.
 Whan heaven gae man auld Eden's bonny
 bower,
 Bade plant the grove an' cultivate the flower.

JOCK.

A sweet employ—for ane wha, inwardly
 Contains a sprit' that never is to die,
 The Soger's brand but maks a kintry
 mourn;
 Maks widows rife, an' fwalls the tragic urn.
 An' flowers gay, sparklin', on the glowin
 plain,
 Weep wi' the blood o' mony thousands slain.

JAMIE.

Detested war! whan sal the time appear
 Whan to the plough irons turn'd the hostile
 spear?
 An' men abhorrent spurn at fields o' gore,
 Woo rural shades—an' learn war's bale no
 more.
 But underneath the olive, fig, an' vine
 Breath peace to a', an' mak the earth divine.

JOCK,

JOCK.

An' 'neath the smile o' some benignant sky
 The yeanling kids i' lion's dens fal lie;
 And that bricht sun, that smil'd ovr Eden's
 day,
 See fernziers, babes, wi' savage monst'ers play;
 An' frae the hole whare serpents us'd to sting
 Their hands unvenom'd to their bosoms
 bring.

JAMIE.

Blest times indeed! cou'd we but live to see
 Whan man-like seraph's, fingin', wad agree;
 An' the dire brand that threats anither's
 life
 Wave ovr the rose a peacefu prunning knife.
 An' crimson plains—the grave o' slaughtered
 files,
 Echo sweet peace's gowden featured smiles,

JOCK.

An' lastin' as the licht that shines above,
 Pure peace, to breath benevolence an' love,
 How stupit is't, whan men for fardit gain,
 Mak empires mourn their usefu bairnies
 slain?

To

To plant a chaplet on a monarch's brow,
Requires green deaths an' bloody streams
o' woe.—

JAMIE.

An' peacefu arts that polish human life
Are smoor'd amid the fierce conflicting strife,
The soul's fine feelin's, sympathetic, mild,
Turn ga,' hate, rancour i' the battle wild.
An' mankind lost to ilka social tie.
'Mid war's rude din wi' fiends-infernal vie,

JOCK.

Nae mair the father, friend, or social see :
Rage fires ilk breast, an' glances frae ilk e'e.
The killer's kill'd—the heroe pantin' dies
An' 'fide his rival blends his agonies.
While thus, to thoufan's fwall the mangl'd
slain
Grief stalks behind, an' howls out ovr the
plain.

JAMIE.

We'll leave this theme—an' lat th' ambi-
tious king
Feel a' the plagues o' war's impoison'd sting,
While

While we upo' this flowery bed will lie,
An' spring's sweet, flowery featur'd, face, sur-
vey.

How sweet's the windin's o' the rilly flood,
Whan undefil'd wi' dye o' human blood?

JOCK.

Sweetly dejected by that burny's fide
The cowslips hing i' melancholy pride;
An' on the out base o' the ruined pile,
Wi' morn's best beam the scentit wa'flowers
smile;

The first reminds me of some droopin'
maid,
(Forfaken, slichtit, by some perjur'd lad,)
Mournin' her hapless fate amid the shade. }
The last shows virtue how sublimely fair,
Who' mid misfortunes wears an heavenly air.

JAMIE.

The snawdrap bloomin' amang frostan' snaw,
T' spite o' vernal blasts that birlin blaw,
Points fortitude: (tho' even in a flower),
For it can smile amid an adverse shower.
An' why sou'd men, the progeny o' God,
Dejected sink at fortunes gloomiest nod?

God's

God's arm is stronger than a' Adam's line;
(Tho' a' his son's strength did i' ane's combine):

An' weel can mak the warst o' human wae
Quite unexpectedit tak its flicht awa.

JOCK.

The falded crocus i' the mornin' air,
Now spreads its bosom to the sun beam fair:
Acquires new charms frae heaven's all potent
fire

An' falds its foliage whan his beams retire.
Sae lat us gie our heart to the Supreme;
Live by his licht, an' venerate his Name.

JAMIE.

Sweet daffodils that grow i' ilka grove,
An' fa' a prey, whare school-boys dandrin'
rove;

Owr fond o' shinin' stray on ilka strand,
An' gie their sweets to ilka ruffian hand.
Be cautious maidens, o' the paths you rove
And shun the haunts o' fause illicit love.
Gif lavish o' your sweets, ye'll seldom fail
To be companions unto grief and bale.

JOCK

JOCK.

But see Narcissus comes wi' sparklin' eye,
 An', buskt i' robes o' heaven's ain native
 dye.

The smile o' innocence fits on her cheek :
 An' fair an' mild as ony maiden meek.
 But the least stow'r blawn by the breezy
 air,

Leaves a deep stain upo' her bosom fair.—
 Sae easy, too, virtue may gather wae,
 Gif she near vice fou'd tak her devious way.
 An' aft th' infamous tongue o' scandal
 thraws

A stain at her whan there is little cause.
 Be cautious then Narcissa, o' your name,
 An' tenty watch th' avenues o' good fame.

JAMIE.

Fairest of flowers the lily of the vale ;—
 Gies her sweet bosom to the vernal gale.
 The sacred pen has celebrate thy fame ;
 An' i' the grove gi'en thee a lastin' name.
 Enrob'd with sweets—yet cares nae to be
 seen,—

But veils thy excellence 'mong foliage green.

Sae

Sae sacred worth walks 'neath a humble
screen;

An' unto God its value's only seen.

Loveliest of plants! nane but the prying e'e
— Tenth o' thy lowly dignity can see.

Lovers o' glare aft tent the sun-flower's head,
Whyle tramplin' on thy excellence an'
meede.

Sae aft exteriors cleek th' untentin' een,
Whyle lowly merit needs a searh ere seen.

JOCK.

See tulips shine without the sweets o' smell,
An' only in exteriors do excel.

Lat puft' up beaux gang view their portrait,
where,

The tulip glances on the gay parterre.

That flower like them has gaudiness o'
form,

But soon owrcoupt by the feeblest storm.

An' tho' it whiles escapes the fullen blast,
It shrinks an' dies by noon's het beams at last.

But manly fauls simplicity cares;

And mak their worth to dignify their drefs.

JAMIE.

JAMIE.

The hyacinthia, heavenly buskit gem!
When fide-lang laid, its sweets are still the
same.

An' balmy odours o' this bloomin' flower
Are sweet in exit, as in buddin' hour.

Sae fade the temp'rate and the wise and
just,

When that the tombs receive their honour'd
duft.

The polyanthus niest wi' glowin' dye,

Flusht wi' the various changin's o' the sky.

The lustre o' the infant streakit morn,

Or the mild gildings e'er eve's brow adorn.

The crimson flush upo' the bride-groom's
vest,

Or gayer colours on his consort's breast,

The rain-bow's radiance on the ev'ning cloud,

Are a' sweet plant! deep paintit on thy bud.

JOCK.

The mignonette sweet humble deckit flower!

How sweet it scents the eve or dawning
shower.

An' tho' it boasts nae gaudiness o' show,

Elysian sweets frae its green foliage flow.

How

How aften hae I in my hours o' glee,
 Hung O sweet plant, enraptur'd over thee ?
 Sic, an' mair grand than ony bard can sing,
 Appear the sweets o' wonder-workin' spring.
 Come then ye nymphs, come leave the din-
 some town,

An', amang flowers an' rural shades sit down.
 Come carefu' tent the op'ning o' the buds,
 While ovr them thrills the mufic o' the
 woods.

Come leave the madnefs o' the mafqueradè,
 Join the fmooth warblin's o' the filvan fhade:
 Let your fair fingers cultivate the flower,
 The vernal grove—the fummer fhady bower.
 What fignifies the mid-night mixed fcene,
 Where foft feduction ftrives your fouls to
 ftain ?

The faireft fmile that e'er fic follies gae,
 Concealt beneath some painfu' ftings o' wae.
 The partin' curtfey frae the mazy ball
 Is often followed wi' remorfe an' gall.
 An' langours which, fic giddy joys fuc-
 ceed,

Mak the foul dull, an' vapourifh the head.
 When linnets i' the groves harmonious fmg,
 And vernal hours a new creation bring,

When

When Zephyrs fan, an' shed a sweet perfume,

An' azure skies an' fleecy clouds illumine,

When limpid streams meandering appear,

An' dewy drops hang on the blossoms clear,

An' lowe of Kine—the bleatin' o' the hills,

Responsive to the murm'rin' o' the rills,

When rustic swains their guileless notes of love,

An' plaintive strains, re-echo frae the grove,

When milk-maids owr the lang with drawin' vale,

Waft their wild cadence thro' the passin' gale,

When Flora in her ever charmin' dress,

Skips owr the meads and does her sweets impress,

Whan a' the sweets o' melody an' glee,

Run frae the summit to the level lea.

Leave, leave the town—its giddy toys forbear,

An' woo the paths where true delights appear.

JAMIE.

We'll cae owr flocks now farer up the height;

Lownd is the wind, the sky is flowin' bright.

K

An'

An' on the breast o' yon gay floppin' hill,
 We'll loofe our scrips an' tak o' meat our fill :
 An' whan that summer better cleids the
 spray,
 We'll meet an' hae a crack anither day.

ODE to YOUNG LADIES.

— Let not the fervent tongue
 Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,
 Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower
 Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch,
 While evening draws her crimson curtains round,
 Trust your soft minutes with betraying man.

THOMPSON'S SPRING.

I.

YE fairest blooms that grace the grove,
 Ye Vestals form'd for purest love,
 While innocence doth play
 Among the blushes of your cheeks,
 Sweet as the glow of roses breaks,
 When orient dawn the morning streaks,
 With the new risen ray.

And

II.

And modesty mild on your brow,
 Forbids the libertine to sue;
 He lays his lures in vain,
 While virtue sparkling in your eyes,
 The roving rake's deception spys;
 And bids inviolate keep your sighs,
 Still for the modest swain.

III.

O! never, never haunt the spot
 Where fashion circumscribes the thought,
 Within her formal bound:
 Where revelry 'neath custom's form
 Lies skulking, innocence to storm,
 And the sweet blossoms to deform
 That grow in virtue's ground.

IV.

There's no delusion in the groves,
 Where innocence the mind improves,
 Thro' contemplation's ear.
 Pure chastity sits on the flower;
 And sweetly scents its ev'ning shower;
 With such amuse each vacant hour
 In blooming time of year.

V.

When mighty Phœbus mounts on high,
And rolls his Chariot thro' the sky,
Gay beaming to the pole,
Then health soft whispers o'er the meads,
To wisdom walking in the woods ;
And nature painting fair her buds,
A wooer to the soul.

VI.

Gay, gilded on the mornings wing,
Comes fair instruction in the spring,
Immediately from heaven ;
The motely trappings of the town,
Of beaux and infects of the ton,
Can ne'er compare with any one
Of those by nature given.

VII.

Melodious with the dawning ray,
The birds announce the time to pray,
To maiden, princess, king ;
Invariable thro' the year,
These, and instinct still adhere,
And only mankind seem to veer
And no oblations bring.

Come

VIII.

Come Ladies deck the flowery walk,
Assigned for the social talk,
Beneath the star of even :
Let mignonette with scented eye,
Diffuse its odours thro' the sky,
The myrtle with the rose-bud vie
To imitate a heaven.

IX.

The sweet moss rose of virgin bud,
The pride of every rural wood,
Shall smile beneath your hand :
The violet deck't with rain-bow robes,
The hyacinth's sweet reclining lobs,
The morning dew in argent globes,
Shall form a fairy land.

X.

Sweet's the employment in the bower's,
'Mang the society of flowers,
They talk unto the eye :
The radiance of the rising day,
The vocal cadence on the spray,
The garlands on the brow of May,
Ne'er pass regardless by.

XI.

At rout, ball, ring, or public play,
Slander may sweep your fame away :
There monsters of the world,
Preside all times their gall to throw,
And leave a stain on virtue's brow,
And your good names are where they go
In envy's vortex whirl'd,

XII.

But in the sweet sequester'd grove,
The birds shall teach you how to love,
And virtue to prolong :
Your concert's waked by the thrush :
Then many a choir in bower and bush,
The morning's red inviting flush,
Do vary with a song.

XIII.

The rose-bud while it sips the dew,
A stain at times it can't eschew :
So will the laws of heaven :
Pests are in each society seen,
From mankind's to the gnatty green ;
And oft obscure the fairest scene
Unto us mortals given.

When

XIV.

When lilies lose their virgin hue,
 A vernal sun shall them renew,
 And gild their gloss the same.
 But O ye virgins ! when ye slip,
 Your own sex swells the bitter cup :
 And nothing can the tarnish wipe
 Off from the tainted name.

XV.

Ah ! What avails a beauteous form,
 If rooted passions mildness storm ?
 Or rushing from the heart
 Pale envy triumphs o'er the mein ;
 Or nothing, nothing, to be seen,
 But affectation reigning queen
 O'er petulance and art.

XVI.

Ah ! What avails a polish'd face,
 Or nice proportion to solace,
 The most discerning eye ?
 If foolishness the virgin soul,
 Makes as some troubl'd fountain boil,
 O'er sensibility to roll
 The deep disgusting dye.

XVII.

And worthless are exterior charms,
 When over-weening pride disarms,
 The mind of real worth.
 Or insolence's horrent head,
 Makes you the gentle circles dread,
 Or rudely rough—you stamp a shade
 On riches and on birth.

XVIII.

Lost are the charms of pouting lips,
 When loose spoke nonsense overslips
 Their deep vermilion dye.
 Of none avail the dimpl'd cheek,
 (Tho' rival to the lily's sleek),
 Where vile disordered meanings speak
 Lust's language to the eye.

XIX.

But virgins trust the muse—and ken,
 Th' insinuations of these men,
 Who make of love a trade—
 The falsest tale's ay told sincere :
 And guile too oft assumes the air
 Of truth ; and imprecations dire
 Deceive the cred'lous maid.

Tim'd

XX.

Tim'd adulation points the fide
 Accessible to lower her pride,
 And lead her unto thrall,
 Soft is the path that leads to vice:
 The guardless hour its time and place;
 Security the precipice
 O'er which her virtues fall.

XXI.

The female who loves flattery,
 And plants her bombing battery,
 A compliment to gain,
 Is but a child yet at the school
 Made up of petulance; the fool
 Depends upon another scowl
 For either joy or pain.

XXII.

But know that the intrinsic mind,
 Has a resource that's unconfin'd,
 By any fleeting breath,
 Blown by a vague, unmeaning glance;
 A nice canvassment does commence,
 Before to ought it pins its sense
 Or yet annex its faith.

The

XXIII.

The tittle-tattle round the ring
 Doth often fly on vivid wing;
 While the affronted heart,
 (Where glowing sentiment doth reign),
 Ashamed of the puerile strain,
 Feels all the pungency of pain,
 And cannot take a part.

XXIV.

Let dignity your minds solace—
 Let dimples take their wonted place
 Without the leer of art;
 Let virtue, modesty, be shown,
 Ease elegance make your own,
 And you shall never fail to won
 And captivate the heart.

The EFFECTS of the GRAND TOUR.

THAE blichtit holes ayont the sea,
Are a' dim Pharos lowes for thee
O Britains ! an' aft ding aglee

Thy better wit :

How can ye tak wi' open e'e

Ilk arrant cheat ?

Thy high-born sons ay gang abroad,
To woo the arts for kintry's guid ;
But faith they after Venus nod

Thro' ilka clime ;

Or crun wi' Bacchus—beastly god !

Maist o' their time.

Instead o' gatherin' arts an' laws,
Or cullin' flowers for kintry's braws,
They cram themsel's wi' French ha, ha's,

An' It'ly's catches,

Syne fernziers guid a frae them fa's

I' hale-fale batches.

They

They learn, 'tis true, to queue their hair,
 Wi' ringin' taste o' china ware,
 An' kanniest time to take the air
 For fear o' skaithes,
 An' lest their kintry cannae sweer,
 They lair new aiths,

Niest learn the tone o' french-guid days,
 An' how the ladies wear their stays,
 An' whether red or white band ties
 Their hose or shoon,
 An' gif that reek fra lum heads flies
 House taps aboon,

Betwixt han's, wi' exactest arts,
 Learn a' the shufflin's o' cartes,
 Syne sharper-like display their parts
 At cheatin' fair,
 Till box an' dice within their hearts
 Reign master there,

Syne tent gif grafs on meadow walks,
 Like ours doth grow wi' upright stalks;
 Gif frem'd fock mickle sleep or wakes,
 Or fet their mouth
 (Whene'er

(Whene'er the fit o' speakin' takes),
Straight north or south.

Gif ony phyc'ly incline,
To cramb their minds wi' grit ingine,
'Mang mysteries o' the fossil kin'
They glowr an' pore,
An' moths i' embryo lyin' blin'
Gie them deep lore.

The quirks o' intrigue night an' day
They rattle ovr like a, b, c,
An' like a wh-re to say them nae,
A pour o' times;
Her charms are sweeter when her play
I' the lang-run chimes;

Syne wi' a fowth o' clitter-clatter,
Mista'en by them for literature,
They soom athort the sa't sea water,
An' hame-ward nod;
While a' the virtues o' their mither
Lie dead abroad.

A' hamelt

Some whare to India's cozie land;
 Entruſtit wi' a high command;
 To gather geer like caff an' fand,
 By dint o' robb'ry:
 Or ſoud they loo their ain auld ſtrand
 They live by br—'ry.

By ſpeakin' as the Premier ſpeaks,
 An' gi'en the oppoſition knocks,
 Till ſome rais'd motion's ſealt wi' clacks
 O' the majority.
 An' made ane o' the national locks
 Fou ſweet or dorty.

Wow Britain ! but ye're unco fou
 O' filth, as ony glarry ſow,
 A ſplairgit frae the cloot to mou'
 I' ſome foul hole;
 An' nae what ance ye war, I true,
 I' days o' aul'.

An' gif ye dinnae ſhortly men'
 What 'll come o' ye, do ye ken?
 Mafoy ! ye'll dwindle to a den
 Iſe wad my noddle,
 That fient a ane ava 'll ween
 Ye wo'th a boddle.
 Yet

Yet there are some frae yont the sea,
 Fou fraught wi' merit, loric glee,
 Return ; frae foreign vices free ;
 Wha dowse and cannie
 Did range like the industrious bee,
 Extractin' hinny.

The WORLD, an Elegy.

True love is lost in the pursuit of pelf :
 And social friendship's swallow'd up by self.

ONE early hour I faunter'd out ;
 The morn was ruddy fair ;
 And every blossom's stem and spray
 With odour mixt the air ;
 A fage I met—and floods of tears
 O'er his old viilage ran,
 “ My Gcd ! ” he cried, “ why do I see
 Such wickedness in man ?

In

II.

" In vain shall any mortal seek
 For pleasure here below ;
 Since in the circuit of an hour
 A friend becomes a foe ;
 'Tis gold that actuates the earth
 Since e'er that *time* began ;
 And wanting it—e'en Saints will find
 The wickedness of man.

III.

Though you are happy in your hall,
 And far remote from woe,
 Your very bliss shall envy urge
 To strike her deepest blow :
 The base, the brave, confess the truth,
 While runs their little span ;
 And Potentates have found the wrath
 And wickedness of man:

IV.

The florid youth, the beauteous maid,
 In folly's frisksome hour,
 Believe they have a heaven found
 A friend in every bower ;

L

The

“ The vision’s past that fancy drew ;—
 And censure shifts the scene,—
 And clearer reason opes to view
 The wickedness of man.

V.

The flowery fields in every land
 Deep drench’d with human gore,
 Where men like tigers turn’d on men,
 And desolate the shore,
 Where millions of the fatherless
 And widows mourn’d the slain ;
 And beat their joyless breasts—and wail’d
 The wickedness of man.

VI.

Where arts and commerce busy ply,
 Nor lose a running hour,
 Where legal vot’rists shew the force
 Of eloquence’s power,
 There open fraud and hidden guile
 Their each transaction stain :
 The lust of wealth—lost feelings shew
 The wickedness of man.

The

VII.

" The holy pulpit—sacred place !
 To goodness set apart ;
 Where the pathetic tale should ay
 Refine the human heart ;
 But here the haughty tongue of pride
 Despoils the holy strain ;
 Sect damning sect—alas ! depicts
 The wickedness of man.

VIII.

Ten thousand, thousand prostitutes
 In every land I've seen :
 Who once with innocence did walk
 And virtue on the green :
 To quench insatiate lust, reduc'd
 To rottenness and pain :
 All ghastly monuments—to shew
 The wickedness of man.

IX.

That insolence of many a wretch,
 Who rears the shining sword.
 Breaks laws divine and friendship's ties
 For an unguarded word :

“ And in the fountain of the heart
 Their guilty fabres stain ;
 And with a ranc’rous soul add to
 The wickedness of man.

X.

Here rapine, murder, suicide,
 Do stalk in face of day :
 And still for friendship’s form—you meet
 A phantom in your way :
 The blytheft look of friendship—has
 Affinity to gain ;
 And weeping want must still bewail
 The wickedness of man.

XI.

The great and all the wealthy ones
 By affluence carefs’d,
 Too oft suppress the finest move
 And impulse of the breast :
 And riot, dissipate away
 What might remove the pain
 Of countless tiends ;—and break the spring
 Of wickedness in man.

XII.

Here, honor, worth and merit fly
 The vile polluted throng ;

To

“To weep amid the desert air,
 With penury along :
 Broad-fronted impudence assumes
 The Sycophant for gain ;
 And evil counsels fable shew
 The wickedness of man.

XIII.

But peaceful are the paths of him
 Who has his hope on high ;
 Though evils gall on every side
 And wring the bitter sigh ;
 He'll gladly hail the dernier hours
 That close his little span,
 For only virtue need despise
 The wickedness of man,

XIV.

But, O my God ! whate'er you give
 Still keep my heart sincere :
 That I with hapless sufferers
 May ever take a share :
 My eyes to weep the friendly tear ;
 To sooth another's pain ;
 To love the agent ;—yet abhor
 All wickedness in man.”

The Address of DEATH to a proud MAN.

The proud Man knows not that he walks among ruins,
which threaten daily to overwhelm him.—

I.

“AH! why that insolent—that haughty
mien?
Have highest birth and titles deckt thy
name?
Or has some chance of war with laurels
green
And blood-red trophies high enhanc’d
thy fame?”

II.

Vain son of earth! thy airy dreams give
o’er:
Thou art not what thou deem’st thyself
to be:—
Made up of weakness—miserable—poor—
A prey to worms—to rottenness and me.

The

III.

“ The flower that drops—dies ’neath the
 fervid ray, (death,
 The insect which thy foot oft dooms to
 Like that as short-liv’d is thy brittle clay;
 Like this as transient is thy vital breath.

IV.

Say dost thou pride thyself in lineage high?
 In martial deeds—the glory of the brave?
 Know kings and emp’rors—pride itself must
 die—
 And brav’ry too sink feebly in the grave.

V.

Do garters—gold—assemblages of state—
 Thy deep embroid’ry and thy Tyrian dyes;
 Or the wide vales spread fair around thy seat,
 Or numerous slaves who at thy nod arise;

VI.

Increase thy pride? vain man! my potent
 blow
 Makes every earth-born joy ignobly poor:
 When that the soul with solemn steps doth go
 Its long and unseen journey to explore.

VII.

Strong is my arm—resistless is my dart :
 The haughty head of pride dismays not me!
 My stroke can cleave in twain the harden'd
 heart
 Of every visionary fool like thee.

VIII.

Does just proportion vanity enhance,
 The regular features or the sunny mien?
 These all are trifles, weigh'd by solid sense
 And often subject to caprice and spleen.

IX.

The beauteous face, expressive shews a heart
 Too oft, where gall and rancour deep
 preside :
 In whose recess doth lurk th' envenom'd dart
 To throw, when trifles agitate its pride.

X.

Does learning's mystic secrets make thee treat
 All other men as of inferior kind?
 The most ennobling learning you can get
 And highest wisdom's, humbleness of
 mind.

Why

XI.

"Why should you prize the flowers that
soonest die?

And shadows ay for substances pursue?
Know e're too late—Omnipotence on high
Spurns at all pride—all vanity and you,

XII.

Bethink thee then of that tremendous hour!

When pride—distinction's cancell'd by
the grave;

When at the dread tribunal of yon Power
The righteous beggar shall preferment
~~have~~"

OLD AGE'S SOLILOQUY.

Alas! the florid days of youth
Are sparing of the time to think;
And hoary age but owns this truth
On death's inevitable brink.

I.

"THrice thirty times I've seen yon orb
on high
Gay gild the summer clouds with radiant
As often winter o'er an angry sky. (gold;
Has pour'd his boreal winds and blast'ning
cold,

II.

Since I upon this wilderness was cast:
Where abject passions agitate by pride
Render its fairest scenes a weary waste,
And still th' efforts of virtue do deride.

III.

Before my eyes still flew the phantom joy,
Till thrice five years gave vigour to my
mind:

Yet

"Yet no less flimsy was my youth's employ
And baubles still maturer views confin'd.

IV.

Hoar is my head :—these dim, these languid
eyes

Look round in vain for a relation dear :
(What time my heart heaves fast the rend-
ing sighs)

To close them, or bestow the pitying tear.

V.

I've seen my spouse—the partner of my toil
And blooming daughters fall a clod of clay;
My manly sons in a far distant soil,
'Mid war's conflicting carnage fell a prey.

VI.

Thro' each illusive scene of human life,
I ardent panted for the voice of fame :
But destiny amid the dubious strife
Drove me far distant from my darling aim.

VII.

The sempiternal power who gave me breath
Plac'd me a pupil in this vale below;
To

“To learn that wisdom which the power of
death
Nor vast eternity’s dread views o’erthrow.

VIII.

A flow of years has heaven bestow’d on me:
Yet ah! how dim, how circumscrib’d my
view?
I God and judgment at short distance see;
And guilty deeds my lingering soul pursue.

IX.

Innumerable hours, awake, I’ve dreamt away;
And sigh’d for things which give no last-
ing joy;
How am I fitted for eternal day?
How shall I sing the songs which Saints
employ?

X.

I till old age held vanity in view:
I stand aghast at death’s terrific blow:
My soul is from her casement looking
through:
And sees the prospect strewn with fear
and woe,

What

XI.

"What shall I do? My God! my Saviour say!
 Say, may a contrite wretch look up to thee?
 Who holds in heaven the sempiternal
 sway,
 Who bled, who died, on the ignoble tree.

XII.

Yes, lovely power! my soul doth claim her
 share,
 In that pure fountain which is ever free:
 I see thee smile with a celestial air
 On deep contrition, wretchedness and me.

XIII.

I'm full of years: consign me to the clay:
 And let my soul celestial heights explore:
 Where I may fit a subject to thy sway,
 And Heaven's exalted purity adore.

BATTLE of the I—s and O—ts,

ABOUT THE MICKLE PURSE.

Fought on the Field of Prrrydymlyanrrrijibrr.

I.

DE'IL hae the muses I'll invoke !
 The theme itsel will rhyme provoke ;
 An' brawly rant the Mickle Purse ;
 That's B—s glory an' her curse.
 It hads mair gowd, say they that ken,
 Than ony miser's butt or ben,
 An' gars St—e focks
 Aften bewail wi' waefu een
 A fa' owr blocks.

II.

De'il burst its gaufy temptin' haunches !
 Its ruddy mou', an' yellow painches !

For

For mickle broil an' din it spreads,
 Whan st—te fock rug at ithers heads,
 Whan discord wi' her roarin' rowtes,
 Flees fierce among the l—s an' O—ts,
 An' wi' her guile,
 Without ae stalk o' pity's shoots,
 Maist fells John Bull.

III.

A while laird Narse (chief o' ilk l—);
 Gae to his croakers tongues an' din;
 An' weel he pang'd the Mickle Purse
 Wi' geer frae lawlin' chiels an' erse;
 Syne feastit like to dronin bees
 Upo' the sweet anither gies;

 Bad auld nick fight
 The bangster fallows ovr the seas,
 That did him slight.

IV.

The de'il blaw-lickit! cared he!
 Whither we fell on land or sea;
 But lut them fight an' rive an' curse,
 Sae lang's he had the Mickle Purse;

But

But L—d ! dear was the box an' pills,
 Whan faes cleekt aff the western fells,
 Wi' victors paws,
 An' rest frae us some spicey isles
 An' upland shaws.

V.

'Twas nae thro' lack o' doughty lads
 That lut them carry aff sic blawds ;
 But thro' the back game o' the I—s,
 Wha play'd awa' at the push-pins ;
 An' lut our guid-bluids a' be kill'd,
 While hirdum-dirdums* coffers fill'd ;
 'Twas what they wantit,
 An' cowardly sculkt ahind some bield
 As lang's pay clinkit.

VI.

A length the Outlers grew fae mad
 Against ilk Inler purse-proud blade ;
 Laird Sh—l—n then did tak the lead,
 An' smil'd an' clapt the Purfes head,
 But he was packit frae the helm
 Soon, sneakin' aff wi' branch an' stem ;
 A fa'en † star
 Did spoil his hifty-fifty game
 An' gainin's mar.

* See the epistle to the hirdum-dirdum officers.

† The Marquis of R—m.

VII.

A Phenomenon appear'd to view,
Of ghaistly an' deformed hue.
Mair fae than that i' John's mirk style,
He paintit black i' Patmos * isle.
It stalkt about some twa three morns,
Wi' seven big heads—an' ten lang horns ;
Chrifent Coalition :
An' fairer thought to pair our corns
Wi' its damn'd ambition.

VIII.

The bairns an' ilka honests focks
Fled frae't as frae a ghaist in flocks;
An' a' our lairds an' liel bairns
Did pray 'gainst it wi' weary granes.
An' mony dismal stab an' thrust
It gat ere it fell to the dust.

An' had nea Willy
The chief o' Outs, set up his crest,
There'd been a bruily.

IX.

Narfe fand the throne was ga'en to fa'
Whare lang he'd futen bien an' braw.

* See Revelations xiii.

He wav'd his hand, an' thus address'd,
 His kimmers o' the gowden crest,
 "O brethren! brethren! Tent me weel!
 Gang busk your arrows—sharp your steel—
 As gleg as kuitlers;
 An' brace yourfels frae head to heel
 Against the Outlers.

X.

Yon chieftain's marsh'lin a' his band—
 Fierce are his looks—strang his command,
 He kens the guid o' mickle purse;
 His daddy ance was guid-man burse:
 An' nae doubt, did as we hae dune,
 E'en ha'flin's fl—It to mend his shoon;
 Mafoy its trowth!
 There's rogues a' whares aneath the moon,
 An' courts hae rowth.

XI.

But hearken! a' ye my retainers,
 Wha frae my aff-fa'ens hae been gainers,
 What I now say is for your guid,
 I vow, fwear, by the haly ruid!

Ye

Ye ken the value o' the pose ;
 Nae ither spur need I propose
 To gie ye mettle,
 Or mak ye with the Outlers close
 Fierce i'the battle.

XII.

They mean our throne to gie a shug
 An' by the budget sit fu snug ;
 But, whan I e'er your aid invoke,
 O! ape me weel, an' cry croak ! croak !
 We ablins then, may hae a chance,
 To send yon youngster back to France,
 To feast on frogs
 Syne curse me then ! but Ise gar dance
 The bulls and brogues.

XIII.

Then fal the supple changin' pack,
 Be pay'd the whistle o' their plack ;
 They're a' but bairns, miscaed men,
 Frae Johny-Groats to the lands-en' ;
 An' change ay wi' ilk changin' meen,
 Syne faul-sick ere the new ane's dune ;
 To-day a feather,
 Nienst morn, stark-mad wi' a balloon,
 That ovr-sea blather.

XIV.

But aught that's usefu—or substantial,
Auld-nick may gie't for them its handsel.
An' flatter but yon chappies pride,
Wha ower their heathery hillocks stride,
Scarce Satan wi' his reeky peers,
Can flap them i'their fierce careers,
Or cae them scholars,
Fient hae't they'll think to kep the spheres
'An mak them dollars.

XV.

But there's some here whom I appoint
To gie the outs the onfet junt;
There's you D——s wi' Rhetoric's meede
Has thumpit opposition dead.
An' you my clam'rous Ch—y F—x
Whafe match to bid your clankin' strokes?
Keep you frae gamin,
Words that hae pith to cleave the rocks
Flee frae ye bummin'.

XVI.

Ye're now ane o' my hopefu't bairns ;
Tho' ance ye ravell'd fair my pirns ;
An' aft fae glegly turn'd the trope,
I was oblig'd to tak a nap,

To

To blunt the bellim o' the chat,
Ye learn'd some where near Billingsgate.

But Selly draws
Sworn hate to love—an' love to hate,
An' 'grees sworn faes.

XVII.

An' you that weel can cleek the quirk—
Sleekit gabbit E——d B——e,
Fu weel ye plann'd the thrifty-bill;
An' thaught to thin the Guid-Man's kail;
Ye claver'd fair 'bout † horns o' brafs,
Whilk did ilk day ay mair encrease.

Your dread o' pow'r,
Made baith the scholar an' the a—
A fa' deplore.

XVIII.

Ye're sure it cou'd nae be weel ta'en,
Whan ye fell on the grit Guid-Man,
To skaith him i' his gear or means,
Wha has fae mony bonny weans
A' to maintain; besides a Q—n
Whase better ne'er was crown'd at Sceene;

Or Lon'on town
An' few 'll say it was weel deen
To had them down."

† The power of the crown has encreased; is encreasing
and ought to be diminished. Vide Œconomy Bill.

XIX.

Thus Narfe did fleech an' whiles rampage,
To harrow up the Inler's rage.
For Outlers now a' to a man,
War rankit round the gowden throne ;
Whafe chieftian, wi' a ruthless brow,
Gae doughty Narfe the onfet blow,
Aftun'd he fell,
An' far re-echoing ovr the knowe
Was heard his yell.

XX.

The battle rag'd—but los's o' life
Few met amid the comic strife;
Yet rude the fray—an' rude the blows
An' keen the struggle for the pose.
An' fock war at a los's to tell,
Wha i'the end wad bear the bell.
Sae stalwart keen,
Baith sqadrons brangl'd ovr the fell
Till doup o' e'en.

XXI.

Till W—y P—t, fu bang that day,
Met Ch—y F—x amid the fray.
Like brindl'd lions dire and strang,
They laid on ither fair and lang :

Till

Till F— for-foughen, quat the field,
 An' peghin', low did wear his shield,
 An' owr he coupit ;
 While to oppose ilk bangster chield
 P—t owr him loupit.

XXII.

Their rair'd rang rudely owr the lift ;
 Their words flew fierce as blawin' drift.
 " D—me !" Quo, Fox, as on the ground,
 He lay fair peghin', breathless stunn'd,
 " My struggles for the constitution,
 " An' a my hopes fae near fruition,
 " G-d sink it lost !
 " Gif B—e wi some grand evolution
 " Nae routs their host."

XXIII.

" Croak ! croak !" Quo B—e an' lut an aith,
 " His faul might rot on grogram strath,
 " Gif e'er his doublit fae was dight,
 " Sin' days that he was cock-bird height.
 " Wae to thae bangster Outler Crew !"
 He roar'd, but struck was on the pow,
 Like a fell'd ox
 He reelin' coupit cheek-for chew
 Wi' Ch—y F—x.

XXIV.

Dire the difasters—strange to tell,
 What to inferior chiefs befel.
 An' thae that wifs some mair to read
 About this comic gowden feude,
 Lo! its wrote wi' scurrilous spell,
 I' Houfe of Commons Chronicle.

An' a' their spleen
 Is mark't wi' politicians weel
 I' the magazine.

XXV.

Had the Guid-man o' mickle chair,
 Lefs meal and maut an' guffy ware,
 Or nane o' mifer's darlin mettle,
 The de'il ane wad hing on his kettle ;
 His fweens wad then hing i' the reek ;
 An' thae wha now his favour seek,
 Wad stand afar,
 An' ne'er play at him bogle keik
 Except i' jeer.

XXVI.

The coalition lats us fee
 How mean state fock can lout, to be
 Head keepers o' the mickle pose.
 An' aften gar us want our brose

To

To gie them a' their tythes an' taxes,
 Wi' whilk they ilka day perplex us ;
 While they are a'
 Like fat nowte ready for the axes
 I' park or sta'.

XXVII.

Can deavin' din o' whig or tory
 E'er advance Britannia's glory ?
 Their crooks an' roars 'bout public weal
 Are ony thing on earth but real.
 They're lieler wha say nought ava,
 Than them wi' declamations jaw
 O' fax hours length.
 Like frothy sea waves dyin awa'
 Bereav't o' strength.

XXVIII.

They'd gar ane trow their hew an' cry,
 Wad hoize our isle aboon the sky ;
 When a' their weary din an' gabble,
 Is slung to please the pop'lar rabble ;
 An' fleechin' tell them they are liel,
 An' tent the public interest weel.
 Foul fa' their snouts !
 They're unco few to pick an' wale
 'Mang Ins or Outs.

The

The CONDEMNATION of WHISKY.

A' ye wha lo'e to boufe the stoup
 Until ye i'the gootars coup,
 Or stagnant pulses scarcely loup,
 Baware I ask ye!
 An' shun ilk dribble, gill an' soup
 O' burnin' Whisky,

An' mony a nerve shaken fallow,
 Wad this advice fou gladly follow,
 Wha're now consumptive wan an' fallow,
 Near the grave's disky,
 An' fair lamentin' ilka swallow
 They took o' Whisky,

Ye've mair to fear frae it, my lads,
 Than ony faemen's dirk or blads;
 It tooms your ha's o' dawds an' blawds,
 Besides the risky
 O' bein' row'd i' the grim shrouds
 Chok't dead wi' Whisky.

It

It gars your bairnies aft gang duddy ;
 An' squeel out ovr an empty luggy ;
 While sober focks on street or boggy,
 Loup clean, and frisky ;
 Then burn ilk barrel, tub an' coggy
 O' damn'd Whisky !

For it the flocks upo' the bent
 Are poindit, to gie lairds their rent ;
 An' you, ye'refel's whiles fee-less sent,
 Fu dower an' dusky.
 To jails, to feed on discontent
 For drinkin' Whisky.

It makes your wives o' little use,
 But gleckit saunter through the house,
 Or dinsome deave ye wi' abuse ;
 An' rift an' yifky,
 Till they i' bed fa' wi' a fouse
 Dung doil'd wi' Whisky,

Aft the guid-man is maist to blame :
 Wi' gyfand wizen leaves his hame,
 An' coups the het trash i' his wame,
 An' fings fu brisky ;
 Or preachin', does his God blaspheme
 Ovr cursed Whisky.
 Reels

Reels hame, 'mang the short hours o' mornin;
 Like ony tinkler out a fornin',
 An' pours out the effects o' hornin',
 Dire, or burlesquey,
 Till house-mates curse the man put corn-in
 Strife-breedin' Whisky.

It maks the genius turn a dunce;
 An' kills the body inch by inch;
 Fells down ane's character and mence;
 An' mony a plisky
 Is wrought by chiels o' little sense,
 When cram'd wi' Whisky.

There's nae an ill aneath the meen,
 (Save murder, an' that murky fin,
 Whilk 'gainst the haly spirits deen,)
 Are ha'f fae rusky,
 Whan fock are outhar late or fune
 Ramjee'd wi' Whisky,

It maks ane partner for a fow:
 Red ein, wi' plooks owr niz an' mou',
 Wi' maw owrcoupin' like to sp—
 Maist ilka glisky
 Wi' pangin' gut an' wizen fu'
 O' nasty Whisky.

An'

An' nane can nature's charms enjoy,
 Nor manage weel the day's employ,
 Wha ay gang donarin' nidy noy
 To houfes flifky,
 An' bletherin' gie douse fock annoy,
 Whan ramm'd wi' Whisky.

Beer, yill an' porter do fock guid,
 Whan they're ta'en to fynd down the fuid;
 An' put ane i' a warkin' muid,
 Fu stive an' frifky,
 While chaps dowe scarcely lout the head,
 Wha tippie Whisky.

Wad a' our lords an' lairds o' mettle,
 Wha aften hae deen things mair kittle,
 Meet, an' their bellam at-it ettle,
 An' rin the risky,
 To ding in flinders the curst kettle
 That brews the Whisky.

Young bairnies for't wad blefs their name:
 'Twad keep baith maid an' wife frae shame;
 An' fock wad hae a freer wame
 O bauts sae rufky,
 An' nae man wad gang reelin' hame
 Stark mad wi' Whisky.

O Willy Pitt! wad ye engage
 Wi' it eternal war to wage;
 I'd rhyme your fame i' mony page,
 An' bonny busk ye,
 Wad ye tax stively house an' stage
 That fell damn'd Whisky.

Or tak away the custom clink,
 Frae porter, yill, an' guid maut drink;
 An' whate'er fock may say or think,
 Play sic a plisky.
 An' to eternal silence sink
 The name o' Whisky.

It does nae guid but to some fots,
 Wha fell, an' roose the Whisky pots,
 An hate to wark their darg or jots;
 Whase daily tasky,
 Is robbin' simpletons o' groats
 For pois'nous Whisky.

An' what excuse cou'd ony plead,
 Gif death foud tak it in his head,
 Some boufin day to strike ane dead?
 Sure great's the risky!
 T' appear at yon tribunal dread!
 Straught frae the Whisky.
 But

But think nae brandies, gin—that ye
 Will meet nae censurin' frae me—
 De'il nor ye war a' i'the sea
 Tun, tub, an casky !
 For ye're a-kin, or brithers be
 To cursed Whisky.

Ye do grit skaith to Caledon !
 An' cleek awa her usefu' coin,
 That might impruive park, muir an' lone,
 An' mak us brisky !
 An' De'il a nouthar gaul or Don
 Will buy her Whisky.

Our kintry fure is unco doitit,
 To be wi' owr-sea fock outwittit :
 I'd see them a' lang-end wise-spittit
 Ay near h—'s disky :
 Ye can be out o' lifie cheatit
 Mair cheap wi' Whisky.

A dram or fae, ane weel may tak,
 Whan drifts blaw owr the brae or brak,
 Or whan fock's wet i' feet or back,
 Then there's nae risky,
 To gar elastic air play crack
 Wi' a soup Whisky.

The

'The Petition of the Journeymen Gardeners of Scotland,
(and we shall take in the North of England, for con-
nection's sake,) to the Nobility and Gentry of these
Realms.—

The FATHER of all MEN was a GARDENER.

O! A' ye Lords, Dukes, Princes, king,
In whafe side-pouches guineas ring,
An' wha owr claret fit an' sing,

Sae blyth and canty,
Hear the Petition whilk we bring
Now to present ye.

Whan drifty tempests furious blaw,
We clean your paths o' cranreuch snaw;
An' ay are ready at your ca'

Fu gleg an' doufe,
To deck wi' gayest flowers your ha'
Frae the hot-house.

Whan gowan spranglit smilin' spring
Appears—an' lark an' linnets sing,
We mak your flowers mair sweetly spring,

Wi' skilfu' care;
Gar lilies dew wet glancin' hing
On the parterre.

Fu

Whilk, made ilk stalwart pristine chief
Strang an' fedate.

In short, whate'er's sublime or great,
Or worth while seein' round your seat,
Or renders nature's drefs complete,
To cleek the een,
We do ; an' toil 'neath streams o' sweat
Baith morn an' e'en.

What wad avail Corinthian order
Gif near it nettles shed disorder ?
Or frowin' to its base or border
Rude nature a'
Her quagmires—stagnant pools like ordure—
Did to us shaw ?

We ken ye grit fock think ye've skill
To plan the windin' alley weel ;
But speculatists change their tale,
For here the nack is,
Their theories run hig-rig-ma-reel
Whan put in practice.

We dinna mean for to advance
Ourfels, at ony ane's expence ;
But unco sma's our recompence,
Or daily wage,

And

An' cannae hain the ha'f o' three-pence
To ooth auld age.—

The waefu chaps about your house,
Wha wade 'mang wast'ry an' abuse,
An' to ye o' nae feck o' use,
Ye to them gie

The double o' what fa' to us
O' penny fee.

Thae purfeit chiels that clean coach graith,
Wi' mony a vile blasphemous aith,
Ye gie them wage, board, livery claithe,
An' mak the fallows
Wi pamp'rin' idleness and flaith
Ripe for the gallows.

While we wha pleasant mak your ha'
Tenpence a-day but to us fa' ;
Ae peck o' meal wastes that awa'
An' for the laive
O' necessaries, grit or sma'
We naething have.

The third o' what ye waste at play,
Wad drive frae us that bangster wae,
An' gar us skip ower bower or brae
Wi' canty heart,

An' gie encouragement to shaw
Our divine art.

Whan the inclement time o' year
Pours frae the lift her blasts severe,
We're stripit o' some usefu gear,
Or daily wage,
An' left wi' poortith glunchin' near
Grim, to engage.

An' foud we fit some minuts owr
Owr kail, mair than the stentit hour,
Your houchty-pouchty factors sour
Do fairly prick us ;
Or o' a' ha'f days pay they're sure,
D—n'd gleg! to nick us!

There's horses, hounds, an' sicken trash,
An' gamin' gie ye mickle fash,
An' toom your pouch o' usefu cash ;
That might us nourish,
An' mak baith arts an' commerce flash
An' briskly flourish.

Doctors, wi' hocus-pocus faith
Gie poison, an' swoop aff your waith,

An'

An' whan they're cramin' ye wi' death
 Ye pay them ferven';
 Yet we wha gie health ilka breath
 Are left near starvin'.

Befides, ye ken stews, p-x an' wh-res
 Owr aften waste what foud be ours:
 Till age leads on her feeble hours
 Out owr your heads,
 Ye'll wifs ye'd spent mair time 'mang flowers
 An' Gard'ner Lads.

Your moulds are cast fae kittle, stark,
 We wad nae get a darg o' wark,
 Did maggots nae bedim your mark
 An' Job's produce;
 Yet still ye grumble ilka merk
 Gi'en for real use.

Ye lose wi' wagerin' at a race,
 Mair than wad dignify your place,—
 An' mak your Gardens gie solace
 To ilka e'e;
 An' raise ye fruits o' gufty grace
 To stegh ye wi'.

Ye some way stand i' your ain light;
 While the wise few wi' a' their might,
 Mak nature's colors glowin', bright,
 Superbly rise;
 That bring mair sweet the dawnin' light
 An' kinder skies.

Your squads o' party-colour'd gentry,
 Are payed weel to room your pantry,
 An' mak the barrels on the gantree
 Their hearts bluid pour;
 Yet sober fock wha busk your plantry
 Are lookit owr.

There's drestin', steghin' an' parade,
 The mid-night ball an' masquerade,
 Hae put the maist feck o' ye mad
 Wi' stingy torment;
 But ought that busks your kintry's head
 Lies dull an' dormant.

Thae giddy passions o' the foul,
 Do some way, a' the man owr-rule;
 An' lead ye on like ony fool,
 To wair your walth,
 On that whilk after gars ye growl
 Owr blastit health.

We're

We're gayan free ; it does appear—
 But truth can ay a tellin' bear ;
 De'il nor ye war !—I'm like to swear,—
 A'maist dung donnar,
 For scarce fax Gardens we hae here
 Do Scotland honour,

A wee bit yardy mete out square,
 Wi' a wheen pat-stuffs plantit there,
 An' daffodillies round its gair,
 An' now an' then,
 Some trees time-worn, an' scruntit bare
 Complete the scene.

No eafy windin' walks are feen ;
 No bowers whare honeysuckles twine ;
 Few groves whare roses shed their shine ;
 Few streached lawns,
 For lambs to frisk out ovr the green
 Wi' flocks o' fawns.

No shady walks, cool, chequer'd sweet ;
 Whare linden sprays an' chesnuts meet ;
 No alcoves, whare fock's danderin' out ;
 I' heat o' noon,

Ane faunterin' seeks sic a retreat,
To muse or crune.

Nae lengthen'd alley 'lang the fide
Whare burnies clear, meand'rin' glide ;
Nae wilderneys expanded wide ;

Nae gowany glades,
Whare past'ral Pan attunes his reed
To lover lads.

Tho' 'neath the lift there's scarce a land
Sae buskit wi' its maker's hand ;
Whare nature rude does awe command ;
But de'il may care !
Thae scenes are left to fa' or stand
As they came there.

Look round about Edina's ground,
Whare brigs an' biggin's fock astunn'd ;
But fient ae Garden a' around
Can ony see,
Laid out wi' taste an' skill profound
To grace her wi'.

Come then ye lairds wi' mighty heart !
An' aid the first, an' healthfu art :

An'

An' wi' spare gowd an' filler part,
 For plant and flowers,
 An' healthfu odors will impart
 Life langer hours.

An' ye fair ladies i' your bowers,
 Whase charms eclipse the fairest flowers,
 Come an' spend a' ye're orrow hours
 'Mang groves an' glades;
 An' we will ever bend as yours
 The Gardener Lads,

ODE to the FIRST of JANUARY,

I,

SEE how the minutes glide along
 And lose themselves in hours ;
 The vernal day cannot prolong.
 The sweetness of the ev'ning song,
 Nor light among the bowers.
 Swift as the meteors rapid glance,
 Our fleeting day's protruded hence,
 And scarce perceptible to sense,
 Man's little life devours.

II.

Ah ! would we wake with dawning ray,
 And be with wisdom bold,
 T' improve the minutes as they play,
 Reclining each successive day
 As virtuous as old,
 We might complacent view that tide
 When imbecilities deride ;
 And death in all his irey pride
 Devoid of fear behold,

The

III.

The man who will not vigil keep,
 Nor pre-employ the year,
 Shall have his bitter night to weep,
 Which will his latter moments steep
 In dread disease and fear.
 The ruddy morn shall be his dread,
 Dulness the evening's brow precede,
 And cadence of the vernal shade,
 Sound horror to his ear.

IV.

Abstain from every action mean—
 Despise oppression's rod :—
 Keep ay a conscience clear within ;—
 And if we don't impose on men,
 We can't impose on God.
 A thousand prayers won't take place,
 If honesty say not the grace,
 Our life and musings to solace
 And lead us unto good.

V.

The inevitable hour is on
 The flight, and will not stay,
 That bids each care, device, be gone,—

And

And leaveth but a cold rife stone
 The pointer to our clay.—
 That stone when the infenate read,
 Ah! far too little will they dread,
 That they muft shortly stoop the head,
 And lofe their earthly day,

VI.

Soon the enamelling of May,
 The Zephyry fummer breeze,
 And autumn's fructifying ray,
 And all the trim of nature gay,
 Lofe all their charms to please,
 Man's winter day muft alfo come ;
 And all his lineamental bloom,
 Be ftained with unerring doom,
 Till the laft dawn arife,

VII,

The brother of the little worm
 Muft ftrickeft duty keep :
 Around howls th' inclement ftorm,
 And oft afflictions irey form,
 His blifs in sorrows fleep :
 'Mong friends, the tomb's devouring mound,
 Doth fpread its devaftation round ;
 With tears the Pilgrim ftrews the ground
 Where dear companions fleep.

If

VIII.

If virtuous we shall spend the year,
 The changes here below,
 May give us sorrow—give us care,
 But to imbitter with despair
 Is what they cannot do.
 For still the seasons as they fleet,
 Will blend the bitter with the sweet,
 And give a variegation meet,
 Of pleasure and of woe.

IX.

The pleasures of this earthly vale,
 So fair around us spread,
 Vice rendereth of none avail ;
 For still the vicious must inhale
 The humid fumes of dread.
 That constant monitor within—
 Pervades remotest cells of sin :
 And horrors of infernal mien
 Disturb the guilty head.

X.

Whene'er the mornings ruddy air,
 Bright sparkles to the east,

Ejaculate

Ejaculate a fervent prayer,—
Who sits above full well can hear,—

Whatever way its drest :—
If it is given from the heart,
Devoid of hypocritic art,
And in due time he will impart
An answer to the breast.

XI.

Whan sleep attacks our drousy eyes,
We do not know at all,
If e'er we see the dawning skies,
Spread o'er us with a sweet surprize,
Tho' possibly they shall,
Therefore the morning rescripts' right ;—
That we should do the same at night,
And they who're on their guard aright
Are ready at a call.

XII.

We see as minutes hurry on
Some mortal tidings bring ;
To strew with ills the lot of man,
And many wear a winter moon,
That never see the spring.

O let us be with wisdom bold !
 And still be virtuous as old,
 Till we're among that list enroll'd,
 Who ever smiling sing.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, *An Eclogue.*

FRAE the bed-head auld Geordy took his
 kent

At the cock-crow, an' dandart ower the bent,
 To visit Robin, lang his neebour near,
 An' mutual aid made them to ither dear.

GEORDY.

Guid mornin' Rob, lang mat ye live to see
 The sun blink ower this morn an' happy be.
 I thought this day day-brak wad ne'er ap-
 pear,

Sae fair I lang't to wiss ye a guid Year.

ROBIN.

ROBIN.

Braw thanks my lad ; lang may ye see this
day

Come fraught to you wi' ilka thing but wae.
Fu fair I've wearied for my neebour true
Sin' the first cock his scaichin' clarion blew.
Three score o' times the spring the gowan's
fent,

Sin' we this day held happily content.
'Twas Marr's Year—I mind fu weel the day
Whan we first canty held our hog-ma-nae.
Ye than was just new married on a Kate ;
An' I on Jenny bonny mim an' blate.
Now Geordy lad, I'm whiles faefell'd wi' fear,
That whisp'rin tells our partin's drawin near.

GEORDY.

The langest day that e'er the warl saw
Aneath night's shade did blink itsel awa.
But Robin lad, the wretch needs only dread,
Wha hads to heaven the darin' impious head ;
An' whase predominant gate has been thro'
life

To mete an' mingle unto ithers grief.
But sober fock whase doon nae feck o' ill,
Has houps aboon, lat death come whan he
will.

This

This sixty Years ye've paid the laird his fee—
 An' to a' man gi'en Justice wi' a sweigh.
 Afore the Court I'd tak a sacred aith,
 Ye'd thole grit hurt 'fore ye'd do ony skaith
 Ye've kept the kirk an' ordinances due,
 An' gane as strait as sinfu' clay can do.
 An' tho' fock do their best—I'm free to swear
 They'll whiles rub shouthers wi' pollution
 here
 Do a' ye can—lat heaven do the lave—
 We'll get perfection south side o' the grave
 That I this mornin' might mair happy had,
 I sent yestreen for cotter's lass and lad,
 A cog o' yill did on the gantry faem
 That an' guid meat I coupit i' their wame.
 Syne took them to the big potatoe bing,
 An' ovr ilk shouther did four firloths fling.
 Sax bowes o' meal, nae mill did better grind,
 I took an' parted 'mang them to a pound.
 A guid fat wadder gae to ilka hearth
 To gar their bairnies loup an' dance wi'
 mirth
 An' Katty gied them a' a pickle woo'
 To cleid their back, fin' I had fed their mou'.
 An' sent them in a kebbuck an' some yill,
 To tak on New Year's morn a hearty sweel.

An' fin' the storm has steekt them i' the
 house
 They'll happy be—an' crack like us fu cruse
 I tentit them this morn, unseen, alane,—
 An' my heart glowed to see them a' fae fain.

ROBIN.

It gars my heart ay loup wi' merry glee,
 Whan my friends turn an' mine fae cosh
 agree.

Yestreen my Jenny dandart ower the gate
 An' brought the cotters ere the hour grew
 late.

What she did gie I cannae really tell,
 But a' their bairns were haddin' her gown
 tail.

Their fathers cryin—'Lord blefs ye, lucky
 wife!

Lang mat your ha' be stow'd wi' bleffin's
 rife!

Sae cosh she pangs their amery or kift,
 That a' my life I never yet did mis't.

Syne round her a' her servants made to
 hoddle,

An' paid them a' their wages to a boddle.

Ilk.

Ilk lad a fark—ilk maid a snood she gae,—
 An' gar't them rantin' had their hog-ma-nae.
 An' few need peenge aneath misfortune's
 glowr
 Wad fock do a' the guid that's i' their
 power.

GEORDY.

The grit-man's gate obsequious rowes the
 hinge
 For lordly guests—while servants to them
 beenge,
 An' stowe the board wi' mair than it dowe
 had,
 While countless teinds gang supperless to
 bed;
 Rise up niest morn mair dowie than the
 lift,
 Whan fable clouds toom down their balefu'
 drift.
 This is the pinchin', scanty, time o' year,
 Whan rich an' bien foud strew their orrow
 geer :
 To wae-worn fock dung doil'd, an' haddin
 down,
 I' the lane village, or the mickle town.

A very little strings the peasant's heart,
Gars his hearth bleise, and does the grit nae
hurt,

ROBIN.

They'll rather guzzle till they cannae
glowr

Ere they had help out to the feckless poor :
An' tho' inclement frown the wintry skies,
They lounge utentive the poor man's cries.
Fortune frae heaven comes couthsome to
ane's house

Wi' guid intent to be of solid use :
She dowe nae bide to glance frae place to
place,

For ostentation's pleasure to embrace :
An' gif we use her this way soon an' late,
She will some time fu' dourly tak the pet,
An' slight us for our lack o' common sense,
That dinnae ken what way to do her mence :
Or foud we dern her in a neuks sae grey
She pettit gangs wi' spendthrift chaps awa.
She likes to tread wi' peace the Sylvan vale,
Wi' canny comrads an' the sober meal :
An' aft she foud be treat to tak a look,
Where poverty fits cauldrie i' the nook.

At

At proper times to tak her to the town,
 An' there'mang liberal fauls to set her down:
 Lat tim'd hilarity upo' her wait,
 And strict œconomy attend her gate.
 An' now an' then lead her to dungeon's cell
 Where misery wi' awefu horrors dwell:
 Whare meagre poor tied wi' the tyrant's
 hand,
 Clank their strange chains i' Britain's feelin'
 land.—
 An' after she's doon there what guid she
 can,
 To tak her back to Sylvan shades again.

GEORDY.

There she foud tent the pleugh-man on the
 lee,
 An' to his ruggit toil her succor gie:
 Tell him the right way to improve his
 haugh,
 Till a fu' barn-yard gleefu' mak him laugh:
 To mak his fields sprout wi' a better green;
 And fleeker woo' upo' his flocks be seen.
 Nienst whare the garden spreads her bosom
 fair,
 At leisure hours, her feet foud dander there:

Whare heaven all-potent veils the power o'
art,

An' wafts a warl' of odor to the heart.

An' aft she soud be led unto the shore,

Whare trade an' commerce ply the eident
oar,

To gie new pith unto the merchant's hand,
That he may fend his wares athort the
land.

These are the bairns that supplicate her ear,
An' she wi' these soud jocund spend the
Year.

Gif itherways grit-fock distort her mind,
They're mockin' heav'n, whafe been to them
fae kind.

It's unco-cruel to tak her to a race;
An' amang jockies stain her wi' disgrace:
Or whare the gamester sits wi' features gair,
To spulzie her o' her pang'd pouches there:
Or whare the drunkarts sit wi' plooky nose,
Wha ower the quegh's strang faem infipid
dose:

Or whare the steghin' gluttons nauseous
dwell,

An' mak their wames the kettle-pans o'
h-ll,

Mish-

Mish-mashin creatures for their greed or
gust,

An' feed a lumber-load for worms an' dust.
Insenfate brutes! the thrif what they de-
stroy

Sae nauseously, wad to God's poor gie joy.
Wad help the lanely widow to dispel
The clouds o' wae, that hing out ower her
cell.

ROBIN.

We'll crack nae mair o' this—we cannae
mend

The unco ills that stain this finfu land.—
We'll ben the hause—I hear my Jane's
after—

An' get her benefon i' the New Year.
Yestreen she made a haggis fat and guid,
An' fingit weel a dainty wather's head,
Her bottle prim'd, came last night frae the
town,

An' a guid pye is ready for the oo'n.
We'll spend the day as harmless as we may,
Like sober fock, bound for eternal day.

ODE *Addressed to a* GUINEA,

I.

O! Thou who giv'st a consequence
 To primate and to peer,
 And rich man's sin mak'st pass for sense,
 And hid'st the crime of impudence,
 Beneath thy yellow leer,
 Come for a moment aid my tune,
 While o'er thy saffron face I crune,
 Then slide ye any where,

II.

You never ne'er shall have my love
 Tho' fair's your ruddy locks:
 Go with the scrub and parson rove,
 And cuckold with the thief their love
 When pregnant in their pocks:
 Or keep them in a shiv'ring fear,
 As thunder keeps the quaking ear,
 'Mid elemental shocks,

Man

III.

Man only needeth daily food,
 And covering from cold;
 As happy he, who oaten bread
 Supports, and wears the russet weed,
 As he who struts in gold:
 Dissolved amid luxury,
 Whom scarce a province can supply,
 Or wasterly uphold.

IV.

O! wherefore all the toil and din
 About a toy of art?
 Gives it the sentimental mien,
 The look where philanthropy's seen,
 A transcript of his heart?
 Can it give vigor to the breath
 Depressed by the shaft of death,
 Or break his deadly dart?

V.

No; Why then should you make the heart
 In devious paths to stray?
 A foe to God and man thou art,
 And many a snare thou dost impart
 To mar the pilgrim's way.

But

But down in yonder yew fenc'd shade,
No money matters 'mang the dead,
Disturb their dinless day.

VI.

No merchant there, beside the till
Deducting loss and gain ;
No sharper's fraud with wicked will,
No robber on the night-clade hill,
Despoils the victim slain ;
No miser there at dawning day,
His portly coffers to survey,
Or wake the night in pain.

VII.

Death is a champion none can beat :
None can resist the bier :
The green grass blade out grows the great :
The green grass sod's a crown of state
Which all the great must wear :
The palace for the fix-foot-cell
They must exchange, and stoop to dwell
Where worms dominion bear.

VIII.

What tho' thou giv'st unto the great
Some momentary ease,

Yet

Yet in the palatable plate,
And high enthron'd mid pomp of state;
 Scowls shivering disease.
And amid plenty, discontent,
And whim and caprice ever bent
 On something new to please.

IX.

Around the man of wealth you bring
 A group of silver friends :
And soft as steals the dew of spring,
Thro' Zephirs, on the twilight's wing,
 Their flattery descends :
That opiate unto the mind,
That balsam of destructive kind,
 Which to corruption tends.

X.

These are your vermin of the spring—
 Your blights of summer day—
As crows unto the carrion cling,
As insects on the rose-bud hang
 Till all its blooms decay :
Your vipers from their holes of sloth,—
Your hateful enemies to truth,—
 Who plague th' unwary's way.

But

XI.

But thin's the levee of the poor,
 Tho' brac'd with honour bold,
 No parasite salutes their door,
 Whilst poverty along their floor
 His fullen sway doth hold.
 Tho' stern, forbidding, is that college,
 Yet it will give a man more knowledge,
 Than books and precepts old.

XII.

And many a beast bestrides a beast
 And to the devil * rides ;—
 Yet kindly treated—warmly press'd,
 And on the road by all care's'd,
 While gold with him abides :
 Until he slides behind some hills—
 Gold left behind an hundred miles—
 His fairy vision fades,—

XIII.

O ! that thou in thy pristine clime
 Had'st ever hid thy face :

* In allusion to a trite adage,—Give a senseless man money he will ride to the devil.

Then

Then had thy many a crying crime,
Lain silent on the lap of time,

And hidden man's disgrace :
And no vile cut-throat on the plain,
Triumphing o'er his thousands slain,
Had courted thy embrace.

XIV.

Without thee every spray would bud :
Nature her charms would wear :

The rural song would charm the wood :
And bursting from the earth, each food
Would fructify the Year.

The gentle voice of love the rill
Would hear in sweeter accents thrill
In love lorn virgin's ear.

XV.

Alas ! each parent placeth love
In amplitude of dower :
The genial virtues from above,
Which might connubial comforts prove,
And foon the evil hour,
Excluded are ; and married bliss,
Consisteth of a monied kiss
Of coldness in the bower.

The

XVI.

The smile sweet, affable, serene,
 The soul informing eye,
 The harmonised graceful mien,
 The breast that owneth virtue Queen,
 Gold never ought to buy.
 Where dignity of thought is found,
 Beneath an olive garland crown'd,
 In sweet simplicity.

XVII.

Heavens ! shall such a maid be won ;
 Her charms a victim made,
 To any mammonitish son
 Whose fordid soul to every tone
 Of sentiment is dead :
 She may beside a vulcan shine,
 But no refinement can refine
 Th' insensate grov'ling head.

ODE to VICE.

Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen.

ESSAY ON MAN.

I.

AWAY! thou execrable ill!

The fiends await thy train;
And all the harpies luring fell,
With all who 'gainst the heavens rebel,
Uphold thy gloomy reign.
How oft hast thou engender'd woe,
And caus'd man in paths to go
Replete with deadly pain?

II.

And but for thee, the world would
With lucid sweets appear:
No day but what would give its good,
No night would set in fable mood
No sorrow in the year:
No kingdom with convulsions rent,
No traitor gloomy, discontent,
Would grasp the rebel spear.

O!

III.

Oh! horrid monster! where shall I
 For thee select a name?
 Expressing the malignity,
 That glares eternal in thine eye,
 An ever burning flame.
 Thou vilest of the vilest kind,
 Rude spoiler of the human mind,
 And blackener of fame.

IV.

Where'er thou hold'st thy gloomy reign,
 And ghastly Sceptre shows,
 Guile and perversion stalk the plain,
 And every kind of human pain
 Point barbed on thy brows.
 Even in the high refined court
 Thou mak'st delusion pass for sport;
 And soft seduction flows.

V.

You preside o'er the masquerade
 The virtues to subdue;
 Diffusing madness to the lad;
 Indelicacy to the maid;
 Stains to the wrinkl'd brow.
 Defil'st the soul with falsest joy;
 Until the ULTIMATE EMPLOY—
 Doth sicken to the view.

But

VI.

But these of Philosophic eye,
 Who make a near approach,
 Thy hate, deformity, descry,
 And see thee wear the hedious dye
 And ulcerated blotch.
 The dying tortures of the bad,
 (Who thy fallacious valley trod,)
 Doth load thee with reproach.

VII.

Ah ! that dread hour, when worldly things
 Become of none avail,
 The diamond crown looks mean on kings,
 To him whose mounted on death's wings,
 Another land to hail:
 He wishes to recall the day,
 Thou led'st his innocence away
 With thy deceitful tale.

VIII.

You whiles the tongue of eloquence
 Invidiously assume:
 And do'st the parasite commence,
 The period, pause and trope enhance,—
 To work a nations doom:

By blowing in the Sov'reign's ear
 Malicious aspersions dire ;—
 And wrap't the truth in gloom.

IX.

Thou ramblest o'er the lawyer's bed
 Full imag'd on his fee ;
 And ay he thicker knots the thread,
 That unto dubious mazes lead,
 The slowly winding plea :
 With ifs and nays, quibs and ha, ha's
 And sophistry he crams the cause,
 When mankind disagree.

X.

Unto discordia, envy's breed,
 And sad sedition's train,
 Detraction, base illiberal maid,
 And all who walk in slander's shade,
 Or live by others pain,
 Thou still appear'st a patron kind :
 And deal'st thy poison to their mind
 To be retail'd again.

What

XI.

What fiend, O! monster, bad thee so
 Delight in doing ill?
 Why dost thou stalk where mortals go,
 With thy red cup of pain and woe,
 Their fairest bloom to kill?
 Why dost thou veil thy ghastly hue,
 And imag'd oft in virtue's shew,
 Deprave the human will?

XII.

'Tis highest wisdom to obey
 The monitor within:
 She points far distant from the way,
 Where vice and folly's children stray,
 In peaceless paths of sin:
 She leads unto substantial joy;
 Where pleasures never, never cloy,
 Nor woes distort the mien.

XIII.

She points where virtue's sacred spire
 Alifts its lofty head:
 Where love, truth, wisdom all conspire,
 With charity, to fan the fire
 That warms the goodly deed:

Where candour, justice ample reign ;
And temperance 'mid the social train
Does all their goings guide.

XIV.

She is Jehovah's candle bright
Plac'd in the human breast ;
To lead thro' error's dusky night ;
The more her radiant beams give light
The more she is address'd :
A cynosure unto the soul,
Attracting to the gentle goal,
Of an eternal rest.

STANZAS *on his Grace the Duke of*
BUCCLEUGH'S BIRTH-DAY, 1790.

AROUSE O rustic reed ! and sing,
Till ilka echo loudly ring,
An' ony thought o' dolor ding
Or warl's wae,
An' lilt Buccleugh a canty spring
On his Birth-Day.

Auld Scotland's tears fell aft in vain,
Lang sat she dowy on the plain,
An' faw her heathery domain
Neglectit fair :
Her herdies playin' the pipe alane
On muirlands bare

Her flocks lean nibblin' on the blade,
Whilk nature had but scanty shed ;
Her sons gane ither whares for bread
To elenge parts ;
Her towns a' dowy, dull an' dead,
Withouten arts.

Her genius saw her fair disgrace ;
 An' to the lift he turnt his face ;
 An' frae aboon he sought solace
 Wi' pith maist ferven',
 To scatter wealth amang a race
 Near ha'flin's starvin'

" See how" Quoth he, " She gets the glaiks
 Frae bairns ; an' tholes wanchancie paiks ;
 An' tyet up to her short stakes
 An' left bare pinglin ;
 An' geer that foud bake her ain cakes
 Gi'en Titty Englan',

Wad a' her bairns but gie her bield,
 Fou soon she wad renew her eild ;
 An' cut her capers on the field
 Fou gleg an' clever ;
 An' the pleugh-staff or whittle wield
 Mair bang than ever,

But whan they seek some ither land,
 An' pettit flight their native strand,
 An' a' the gowd at their command
 Do waste awa,
 The staff that gars her stoutly stand
 They brak i' twa."

The

The boon was heard : a guidly band
 Did smedim shaw on ilka strand;
 An' feude an' slowth athort the land
 War knokit down;
 An' arts an' commerce teuk their stand
 I' ilka town,

An' thou great man, amang the rest,
 Has mickle force o' mind exprefs'd;
 Impruivment tents thy least behest;
 Thy penetration,
 Has bukt gowd feathers i' the crest
 O' this auld nation..

Thou wha wert bred to shine i' courts,
 An' mix i' a' their splendit sports,
 Unto thy kintry ay resorts,
 Maist a' the Year,
 An' her auld rev'rent head supports
 Wi' filial care,

Nae anti-scotian are ye:
 The fare thy kintry has to gie,
 Sic as ait scoans or draps o' brie,
 Or yill fu nappy,
 Wi' caulder herrin's frae her sea
 Mak ye right happy.

An' weel it's kent his winsome Lady,
 Has ay her heapit goupins ready,
 An' is fae couthsome, gentle, steady,
 Wi' feelin's true,
 By her the mouths o' poor an' needy
 Are stappit fu.

Lord fill her amry fu an' bien !
 Wi' rowth at will baith morn an' e'en ;
 An' a' the ills aneath the meen
 Ding frae her hame ;
 Till born on cherubs wings bedeen
 To Thee, Supreme,

An' lat this anniversary Day
 Be ever steekit out frae wae :
 An' ony ane that is his fae
 Blawn south about,
 Mang discontentit gouks to stray
 Their lives throughout,

I ken they like nae mickle phrase ;
 As little ony fleechin' lays ;
 They wha do guid hae rowth o' praise
 Inherent fully,
 Whilk a' the spleen o' cankart faes
 Can never fully.

ANSWER

ANSWER to the DE'IL'S REPLY to Mr. BURNS,

The Devil of Montrose, (it was from that town he
issued his reply), contrary to his established maxims
of encouraging vice, rebuketh that bard for the im-
morality of his writings, and the ebriety of his life.

Since Satan now reproveth Men

They surely sould be guid :

He's lang the Stimulator been

To ilk ungodly deed.

LAST week I read the mickle de'il's reply
To Robby Burns ; yet fure nane can deny,
(Wi' due submission to his majesty,)

His recompense, (high

Has heez'd the Air-shire Bard a step mair

'Mang fock o' sense.

Wha wad hae thought that ane mang Angels
bred,

An' ance frae Michael hap'd to bear the lead,
Mintin' destruction unto heaven's head,

Had been fae dull

O' thoughts fublime, or at the Lyric reed

Ye poor saps-skull !

Waes

Waes me auld cloodie! for your waif defence,

Your scrimpit rhyme, an' lack o' comic sense;

Tho' ye lowns torture i' your brunstane spence,

Yet a' your lair

Guid faith! I fear 'll do ye little mence

I' ony where.

I little kent ye'd been sae badly school'd,

Wha has sae mony chields o' sense beguil'd;

E'en Solomon's grit wit ye over-rul'd,

An' mony mae,

Yet has ye'resel i' union gazette fool'd

The tither day.

Ye souda hae employed a man o' letters,

Wha wad a sens'd your waefu warblin's better,

An' made your puffs an' admonition's fitter,

For fock to read,

I' Milton's time ye tun'd your whistle sweeter

Or epic reed.

But now 'tis plain, sin' ye dwalt at Montrose,

Ye're fairly failt at baith blank verse an' prose:

I'm

I'm rede they gie ye there a logic dose,
 An' gar ye teach,
 Syne a' the ministers their beuks may close
 An' cease to preach,

Flee straught to Lon'on, or St. Peter's place,
 An' for my bleffin' learn some better grace :
 For gif ye stay ye'll whiggish rites embrace,
 An' roar an' rant,
 Syne turn the biggest rascal i' the place,
 Or Pfuedo Saint.

It's said ye ay encourage fock to drink,
 Until they stupit snorin' downward sink,
 Or head-lang loup out owr some rocky brink
 At your comman'
 An' dinnae tak the sma'est time to think
 What gate their gaen.

But I'm nae sic a fool to think, that ye
 Will banter fock for ga'en some time agee :
 Faith ! that wad lay your footy kingdom lee
 To scauld at men,
 Whan they are canterin' as fast's can be
 To your dire ben.

Ye

Ye lie aneath a mask, ye pauky houn',
Gars yill an' whisky slide ay sweetly down,
An' lads an' lasses meet to play the loun,

At rout or plays,
Whare cartes an' dice decoy baith laird an'
clown,

Fast now a days.

But fare ye weel, auld hornie O' Montrose!
Ye whiles may stick a grace ovr Norland
brose;

But O! your poetry fu hirplin' flows

Whan stampt wi' ink

An's fairly muster't you amang the O, O, O's,—

Whate'er ye think

ANNA of ROSE-DALE:—*Or the MISTAKE;*
A Fragment.

YE Maidens fair on Fortha's fide,
 Among the vale-flowers wet with dew,
 Or answering soft the wavy tide
 With music from the summits brow :

Ye who espy from roseate bowers,
 The deep-green ocean murm'ring roar,
 In state majestic round your towers,
 And rolling riches round each shore :

Ye who waft o'er the meadows sweet,
 Where Nature sedulous shews her pride ;
 And the full year with golden feet
 Lays all her glories by your fide :

Ye who can strike the trembling lyre,
 And wake the soul-dilating strains,
 Till every breast th' enchanting fire
 Do feel, and fascinates the swains :

Along

Along the flower enamell'd vales,
 Refin'd with all the woodland choirs,
 Are heard your sentimental tales
 Sublime among the balmy bowers :

I saw your sweet bewitching eyes
 Steal all the lustre from the morn ;
 When orient radiance decks the skies
 On azure wings of summer borne :

I saw (and poets well can see),
 You take the tint from nature's dye ;
 From an high race of heroes, free,
 Who shine in Scotia's annals high.

To you, sweet nymphs, with humble brow,
 The muse inscribes his tragic tale.
 And O ! may nought like Anna's woe
 Your gentle swelling breasts assail.

The bloom of sixteen o'er her face
 Spread all its glories to the day :
 And May had given her all its grace
 Mild as its mildest setting ray.

Her face was fairer than the bloom
 Expanding to the dawning ray :

The

The fairest dye wrapt in perfume
Before her lustre died away.

O! had'st thou been some simple maid
In the sequester'd peasant's vale,
Thou might'st in peace reclin'd thy head,
And laugh'd thro' life's woe-tainted gale.

Ah Anna! pity, e'er thy neck
Had robb'd the lily of her hue;
That e'er the wining sentence broke
And from thy lips like incense flew.

Alas! thou could'st not help the tone
With which fair nature brac'd thy mind:
For nature doth confess her own,
Where'er she meets her native kind:

Whether in princes pompous halls;
Or in the peasant's straw-roof'd cott;
Whether in Laplands frigid wall;
Or equinoctial Negro's hut.

'Tis she who makes the human heart
Dilate with a peculiar glow:

In

In vain ! shall school-men spend their art,
When she assumes the lowering brow.

For Anna vales extended lay :
And rose-dale hills surrounding rose ;
And chearful own'd her gentle sway ;
And liberal lull'd her to repose.

An aged father all her care ;
She more than all his love repaid ;
She wet the turf with many a tear
Where brothers slept within the shade.—

Her father for his country's cause
Had often brav'd the hostile dart :
But simple truth, impels the muse,
To hint the foibles of his heart.

Ambition, guilt enchantress, led
His better senses still astray :
And avarice, that fordid maid,
Within his breast had ample sway.

He ne'er imagin'd honest worth,
Which oft exalts an humble mind,
Could e'er triumphant reign on earth
But where we gold and coronets find.

Away

Away the thought!—the liberal soul,
Which might an Angel's shape adorn,
Oft bends beneath a stern controul;
And brooks the titled villain's scorn.

Yet heaven's decrees are just:—and we
Dare not arraign the boundless plan:—
Th' eternal morn shall dawn—we'll see
Display'd this darkling scheme of man.

One eve, when June, with fervid beams,
Beat sick'ning o'er these northern plains,
And maids fought vigor in the streams,
Far, far from the licentious swains.

But sable o'er the ev'ning star
Embodied, fullen, crept the cloud;
And bursting on the ruddy rear
Of day, the thunder pealed loud.

Thro' the vext air fierce fell the rain;
At intervals the light'ning spread
Its horror, far o'er many a plain,
And turn'd the blackest cloud to red.

The forest oak which scorns to bow
 Unto the common tempest's sway ;
 Smote by the red-bolt, every bough
 Now crashing choke the shepherd's way.

Adown the green-hill's flopping side
 The rills with driven fury ran ;
 And blending with the troubled tide
 Swept desolation o'er the plain.

'Twas then young Alpin left the chase,
 And fled 'fore the tremendous roar
 Of thunder, and the vivid face
 Of light'ning glancing o'er the moor.

He won a hollow sounding rock,
 A stable barrier to a stream,
 Where plaintive, thro' the wild air broke
 A female voice, with dismal scream.

" Where are my fathers friendly towers ?
 O ! that at home this night I'd staid ;
 Assist O heavens ! ye friendly powers !
 And bear me to some sheltering shed."

Thro'

Thro' all the avenues of the foul
Of Alpin, feelings sentry stood,
Still with the wretched to condole,
Or drag them thro' an adverse flood.

"Hail! nighted stranger, sweet," he cry'd,
"Come and partake of nature's bower,
Below this rock come screen thy head
What time the tempest spends her power."

He graspt her slender trem'lous arm;
And strait her filken vestments press'd;
And from him flow'd sedate the charm
To sooth the gentle Anna's breast.

"Hence, hence, away ill-bodding fear,
He who o'er-rules yon thundering cloud,
And wings the light'ning's dread career,
Is watchful o'er the truly good.

Tho' peal on peal the loaded sky
Convulsive dash,—with erring speed
The light'nings baleful bolt shall fly
At distance from the guileless head.

And sure, methinks, tho' the dread sky
Broods darkness, and the burden'd air

Seems morn's sweet dawning to defy,
A part of heaven's own charms are here.

The tempest ceas'd ; yet still the gloom
Hung imag'd on the brow of night,
Till radiant o'er the azure dome
Of heaven broke forth the morning light.

He squir'd her to her father's towers :
His tale harmonious all the way,
Stole on her senses, as the flowers
Receive the morning's mildest ray.

'Twas then, that lisping love essay'd
His first intrusion to her heart ;
His tender tale so sweet array'd
So free from blandishments of art.

O gentle love ! thou giv'st the mind
Thy flames of genial, lively glows ;
Soft as the zephyrs breeze refin'd
When it o'er odorous vistas blows.

Young Alpin born of lineage high :
Tho' shy the brow of fortune frown'd,
She freakish with a partial eye
Him ne'er among her family own'd.

His

His face shone as the break of morn,
 When May entwreathes the summer day,
 With garlands by fair nature borne,
 Upon the fertile lap of clay.

An honest honour, genial, true,
 Had thrown o'er him its golden shield;
 And every vice the wicked woo,
 With keen abhorrence he beheld.

But love had taught him sweet to smile;
 And arch to ope the tender eye;
 To him unknown he wore the wile
 That wrung from virgin hearts the sigh,

Fondly along the primrose path,
 He wander'd with descending dew,
 And down the roe-trod winding strath
 On gentlest feet of love he flew.

To where the hawthorns scent the plain,
 Where linnets thrill with woodland love,
 Nor sing their simple song in vain,
 The rural partners constant prove;

And by the pine-woods woven shade,
 Which oft had witness'd lovers woo,

He met his sweet enchanting maid,
And on her fair cheek seal'd his vow.

And soft in Anna's list'ning ear
He sweetly sung his tender tale ;
Sweet as the rose-bud's fragrant air
Blends with the gentle floating gale.

Ah ! well might he suppress'd his tale :—
Suppress'd the lovers meaning sighs :—
Tho' modesty had drawn her veil,
He read his bliss in Anna's eyes,

Her father frown'd—'twas only gold
That all his fordid passions fed :
And disapproving, stern her told
With Lesmore's puissant chief to wed.

And thus to Alpin's with sincere,
He fullen, gave a rude dissent,
When he for Anna's hand, his prayer,
Preferr'd with knee full lowly bent,

“ Go stripling of the lowly shade !
You have my thanks—nor hope for
more—

Male

Mate sportive with an humbler maid ;
And ay hereafter thun my door".—

Their growing love full nimble ran,
To Norvil Lord of Lefmore isle,
Who shook the iron rod o'er his clan,
The fervile tribes of many a hill.

For he had bowed in Anna's train,
But claim'd her by no tender tyes,
Her hills and many a fruitful plain
Could only his rude heart entice,

A slave was he to guiles behest ;
With rage he ran at self's command ;
He wore the tyrant's purple crest
And avarice bade him waste the strand,

Tho' heedless for whate'er the cause,
He lov'd to rove where blood-shed ran ;
He sheath'd his sword without applause,
And fought because his foes were men.

He heard a father's stern command,
Nor soft persuation's winning art,

Could Anna swerve to give her hand
To whom she could not give her heart,

It rous'd up all his latent guiles;
Loud swore he on his grim claymore,
He'd blend with tears their sweetest smiles,
Or fall his rival's steel before,

He call'd the Hector of his train,
His brother bold,—of manners rude;
“Go, speed,” he cry'd, “to yonder plain
Embosom'd by the green pine-wood;—

There mark you Alpin's gallant mien,
As he comes love-led down the dale,
Strike deep with thy try'd steel so keen—
And let not pity, weak, assail.”

The mandate gives his arm new might,
And desperation to his heart;
And with the fore-front of the night
With speed his dewy steps depart.

As some fierce tyger 'mid the bowers
Of Lybia's thick wood louting lies,
What

What time the twilight's dim-shade hours
Shoot horizontal 'long the skies,

His redden'd eye-balls hunger glar'd,
Infuriate gilds the dim of day:
So Hugo lay ;—as wild he star'd,
And with'd for Alpin's steps that way.

The evening star its silver lamp
Had now lit in the radiant sky ;
The dews of heav'n diffus'd their damp,
And Alpin, pensive, wander'd by.

" 'Tis nigh the hour, so says yon star,
The which my love appointed set ;
Ye guardian angels help my fair,
But O ! let gentle lovers meet."

" You meet no more ! renounce the maid,
Or thro' you glides this tempered brand,
Cry'd Hugo, as he pac'd the glade,
And shining steel rear'd in his hand.

The sun shall from his orbit fly,
And chaos, wild, return again,

Ere

Ere I renounce a prize so high,
Quoth Alpin, dauntless, on the plain.

High rear'd in air, their rival brands
Clash'd, echoing thro' the sounding shade;
Take that, quoth Alpin, from my hands
You've fought—and go and join the dead.

The savage soul of Hugo fled
Thro' trackless air;—a mortal sigh
From his fall'n trunk flow murmuring sped,
And life's sweet radiance left his eye.

A page there was of nimble feet,
Ere sent to see if Alpin fell,
Who hied him back with steps as fleet,
And bore the sad reversed tale.

Perdition blast his better blows!
Cried Norvile, almost chok'd with rage;
And is the fear of all my foes
Now low laid by that servile page?

Now shall I go to Rose-dale stream,
And hurl my vengeance on his head?

Sweet

Sweet shines the moon—her silver beam
Shall ere the morning see him bleed.

No, five of my fierce train shall go,
Who never fled before a spear,
Who never to a fallen foe
Bestow'd the sympathetic tear.

And O! if e'er your chieftain's right
Did make you burn with martial fire,
Let Alpin, by your hands, this night
With many a ghastly wound expire.

Now Clauder, (Anna's father), heard,
The fell mischance of Hugo dead:
He Norvile as a man rever'd,
Selected for his daughter's bed.

He was for Anna doing what
E'en Reason's dictates could not bear;
And bade forc'd vows assume the seat
Where Love and Reason placed were,

As some fond turtle to her love
Wings softly thro' the eve's still shade,
So

So did the steps of Anna move
Her fair form thro' the dew-wet glads.

She found her Alpin on the plain,
Now weeping o'er his fallen foe;
And ah, her lovely cheek grew wan!
And ah, her heart foreboded woe!

He clasp'd the maiden to his breast,
While flow'd immingled tears divine;
Ah! never did the eye's sweet vest
To them in such dim colours shine.

Anna to Alpin :—" Ah! last night,
I dreamt that Fiends did thee pursue;
I wept, I cried, with wild affright,—
I wept—but none would pity you.

I saw you gain this trembling brook,
Where Cherubs taught you how to fly;
And, casting Anna a last look,
I saw you mingle with the sky,

Where a long line of golden light
Display'd to you eternal day;
Whose

"Whose beams did blind my quivering sight:
I 'woke, and trembled fear away."

"Peace to my Love:—dreams are but vain,
And wav'rings of an anxious breast,"
He said.—They wander'd down the plain,
Where streams meander'd to the west.

They flung upon the turf reclin'd,
Beneath the dim sky weeping dew;
Among the green leaves slept the wind,
While birds of eve around them flew.

"Ye maidens say, for ye must ken,
Why strays my daughter from my hall,
So far from the retreats of men,
What time the fogs of evening fall?"

This Clauder ask'd,— unus'd till now
To waste his aged hour alone;
Anna had sat and sooth'd his brow,
And made his wishes all her own.

"O master dear, we cannot tell;"
Her maids with eyes askance did say:
"But

" But Anna loves to walk the vale,
And where the willows weep, to stray.

" She says that we're devoid of taste,
When we her wand'ring footsteps chide;
That Contemplation walks the waste,
As well's beneath the vernal bud.

" That even the murmuring of the sea
Is music sweeter than the lyre;
That flowerets nodding on the lee
Above the pomp of dress appear.

" That something she calls rural shade,
And rural life, and rural ease,
Mock all the city's gay parade,
Which only Trouble-seekers please.

" That those who riot time away
Within Debauch'ry's subtle ken,
Shall leave no traces to display
That e'er they had the mind of man!

" That feast, shew, dressing, kill the day,
And rob us of substantial good :
That

That Virtue, Truth, and Wisdom, stray
'Mong the sweet windings of the wood.

“ That Heaven along the woodbine walk,
Doth inoffensive charms display ;
Nor fashionable city talk,
Of Envy, Scandal, thwarts our way !

“ That when the twilight's brow profound,
Leads on the sable front of eve,
Shade veiling shade, then all around
Displays the mantle of the grave.

“ To court acquaintance with that shade,
She deems no melancholy task ;
To mingle converse with the dead,
Displayeth life without a mask.

“ For soon the year's consumptive day
Draws on, and storms assemblage roar :
Then fades the landscape drawn by May,
And weeping visions shade each shore.

“ So man, divested of his bloom,
Must take a long and moonless sleep ;
Till

Till thundering down the aërial dome
The Angel, sonorous, shakes the deep.

“ That the gay multitudes, unblest,
By grasping baubles light as air,
Which the unfortunate hour doth blast,
And hopes, depressed, breed despair.

“ That Thought, Reflection, soar full high
O’er this stupendous range of things;
While bias’d sons inglorious lie,
And suck the tasteless pride of kings.

“ That the intelligent culls the spoil,
Strew’d fair ’long Wisdom’s flowery path,
With eyes averted from the toil
Of those who growling crawl to death.

Oppose to all the bliss above,
Where Harmony the sacred throng
Melts into loud hosannas, love,
And wraps the ethereal bands in song.

“ These thoughts she finds by hill, dale,
wood,
Slow stealing on the pensive ear;

The

'The foul's ambrosial, drop-ripe food,
Shed liberal o'er the goodly year." *

" 'Tis visionary nonsense all !
Loquacious jades ; no more from you !
I well foresee, within my hall,
In time you'll ape the heroine's too."

He snatch'd his sabre from the hall,
Where long its frowning point had hung ;
And glooming dark as evening's fall
He o'er the castle's fosse sprung.

And now he eyes the fatal spot
Where Hugo's blood distain'd the grass ;
A while he stood there wrapt in thought,
And fury mantling o'er his face.

When hissing dire, from Norvil's men,
An arrow took its curving flight,

* It may be objected here that the speech of the maids is too long : but as it was so found in the fragment, and seems to be the sentiments of their mistress, which they had picked up, we thought proper, therefore, to insert it at full length.

R.

And

And stretched Claudor on the plain,
Dead as the silence of the night.

He falls beneath the willow bush,
Its spiral foliage weeping dew,
His funeral dirge loud sung the thrush,
And o'er his corse the vulture flapping
flew.

Wildly along the drousy air,
The mistake in rude accents flew,
And struck the love-reclining pair,
Revolving what mode to pursue.

To where the sound first struck the gale,
Alpin his gallant footsteps drove,
Whilst Anna trembled up the dale,
Lost in a labyrinth of love ;

And black Despair, athwart her mind
Their blended tumult ceaseless flew :
And still she thought each whistling wind
Convey'd her Alpin's last adieu.

Heroic

Heroic youth ! by courage led,
 How could you cope with ruffian might?
 In the night's indiscrying shade
 To stand the butt of distant fight.

A dart distends thee on the plain,
 And captive bands thy arms entwined,
 And borne away, tho' rackt with pain,
 Thy fate 'mong savage bands to find.

Ah ! woeful did the ruffians dread,
 Ah ! woeful did they fear, their chief
 Would send them tragic to the shade,
 For taking Claudor's aged life.

With firm resolve they swore to go
 Ere yet the night's dull empire fled,
 To give their lord that pond'rous blow
 Which their wild apprehensions dread.

Swift as the roe before the hound,
 They glanced thro' the greenwood shade,
 Fear strung their nerves,—they skipt the
 ground,
 And cleft in twain their chieftian's head.

Ye fair protectors of my song,
 Ye who have wept at others woe,
 When dire misfortune, fullen, strong,
 Has struck her deep desponding blow.

Ah! Anna's on the lurid plain,
 And by the twinkling of the skies,
 She sees her father fallen, slain,
 And Death deep settled round his eyes.

No Alpin there to mitigate
 By nameless sympathies her grief;
 Her stern companion, fullen Fate,
 Stood grinning by, and barr'd relief.

"Awake! O dearest father, wake!
 Or take from me this little life.
 Think how you've smil'd at Anna's talk;
 Think how she smooth'd domestic grief.

"O Heaven! whom Anna high reveres,
 Why hast Thou doom'd me all this woe?
 And why red o'er my maiden years
 Hast made my father's blood to flow?

"To

“To Thee my morning vows were paid ;
 A father claim'd my evening prayers ;
 Then why are my offences laid
 So heavy on his hoary hairs ?

“Why didst Thou not myself arraign,
 And save a father's aged head ?
 For Anna would have laugh'd at pain,
 And for a father join'd the dead.

“I've mourned my kindred, to the shade
 Gone down to unabating sleep ;
 And I am left, a hapless blade
 Uncropt, amid the waste to weep.”

The grief-chok'd accents of the maid,
 And woe-worn periods struck his ear ;
 His death-dy'd cheek, wan on the sod,
 He rais'd,—his Anna trembling near,

He grasp'd her hand, and thus bespoke ;
 “The cheating dream of life is scarr'd ;
 And now Death's rude, convincing stroke,
 Alone points out where I have err'd.

“ And, Oh ! if e’er you Alpin fee,
 Tho’ I have panted for his death,
 I give him you—a gift from me—,”
 He said,—and seal’d it with his breath,

The unstain’d fountain of her heart
 Receiv’d her blood in gelid streams ;
 She stretch’d her father’s corps athwart,
 Till morn emits her soul-enliv’ning beams,

* * * * *

Now many a lurid week is past,
 And seal’d affliction on her brow ;
 And Melancholy’s stern behest
 Streak’d all her lineaments with woe,

“ Ye maidens, bear me to yon shore,
 Where many a wretch reclines the head,
 And where the foul monastic lore
 Does up th’ ethereal ascent lead,

But I to Linlee-green will go,
 And take a long—a last farewell

Of Alpin's father, shedding woe,
Responsive to his comfort's wail."

The old man hail'd her at the door,
And clasp'd her to his throbbing breast,
"My daughter! welcome to my floor,—
And ever, ever, be my guest,

"Thou art my consolation here;
The pleasure of my bitter day;
Comfort that matron weeping there,
For him, alas! now lost for ay."

* * * * *

"My blood shall from its vessels pour,
My heart forget with warmth to beat,
My tongue refrain to praise yon Power,
That day you wander from my seat.

"O! think not, Anna, life was given
To waste in solitude; to scorn
Th' unerring chastisement of heaven,
Which doth correct but to adorn.

“ And who still never frowns in vain ;
 If life is chequered with gloom,
 'Tis to avert some mortal pain,
 To robe the soul with brighter bloom.

“ If heaven shall prosper me to-day,
 And full, luxurious fill my cup,
 Should bitter be my lot next ray,
 Since God's the giver—let me sip.

“ Say, was prosperity to flow
 In one continued, copious stream,
 Where would we see the enchanting glow—
 The speaking tear—the joyous gleam ?

“ And all these colourings of the heart
 Had ever dormant lain, and dead ;
 And ne'er a lineamental part
 Depict the good man from the bad,

“ Nor had we seen the feeling heart,
 Stand modest by the cottage door,
 Repelling grim Misfortune's dart
 From Virtue sinking on the floor.

“ The

" The throb of heaven's own darling kind,
To that heart overflown with woe,
Breaks the entanglements of mind,
That bind the wretch to earth and show.

" Hail then, Adversity ! forefend
And clear yon prospect skirting far ;
Since rugged Honour is my friend,
I scorn each dull, malignant star.

" Adversity shall clear my breast,
The soul refine for purer joy ;
Prosperity shall spread a feast
To drown all thoughts of past annoy.

" With active search go find the haunt
Where Misery brooks her 'lone abode ;
Where Sickness, Penury, are sent
As trials of your love to God.

" Your ample fortune in thy hand
Shall soothe the lowly drooping head ;
And be the angel of the land,
Heaven's benevolence to shed.

" And

“ And of my household be the joy ;
 Tho’ small my fortune, it is thine :
 And thou shalt do that last employ,
 And thou shalt close these eyes of mine.”

“ I yield, my fire,—I will not go,”
 She said, and smiling sweet thro’ tears,
 “ And I will sooth the sting of woe,
 While heaven smiles on my pleasing
 cares.”

But, lo ! loud pealing on the ear,
 The heart-wrung plaudits rend the skies,
 “ He comes ! he comes ! he’s smiling near,
 “ And heaven still beaming in his eyes,

“ He comes ! he comes !” the porter calls,
 “ Now heaven take home my soul with
 speed,

“ I’ve seen thy bounty bless these halls
 “ Profuse, ’ere I shall join the dead.

“ My master’s valiant band, whose sword
 “ Is rear’d but for the injur’d’s right,
 “ Hath

"Hath Alpin to his friends restor'd,
"And sunk in shade our joyless night,"

"Oh, heavens ! 'tis Alpin : ah, a dream,"
Sweet Anna cry'd, " My senses view !"
Then o'er her face th' effusive gleam
Rush'd, and she o'er the threshold flew.

Her joyous heart—her throbbing soul,
Reclines now on his gentle breast ;
His eyes with beamy lustres roll,
And in wild transports his Creator best.

Loud rung the hall and hamlet bells ;
Epithalamiums were sung ;
And Rose-dale cataracts shook the hills,
And green-wood glens and grottos rung.

When, like the rising sun of morn,
The Rose-dale heiress took her way,
Thro' paths of flowerets, fragrant strown,
On that auspicious wedding-day.

I went to mourn my fav'rite darling lost ;
 With tears I went his little cell to view ;
 And as I o'er the dreary mansions prest,
 The tear of anguish these reflections drew,

THE village clock had struck the midnight
 hour ;

The moon was set ;—and no tranflucient
 ray

Did o'er the night its cheary influence pour,
 When thro' the church-yard's mound I
 took my way.

And yet no fleeted ghost did cross my road ;
 Nor haggard phantom from the shades
 below ;

But all was still within that drear abode,
 Save the night breeze that thro' the yews
 did blow.

No

No gaudy pomp, nor all the glitt'ring train,
 That wait on mortals falsely called great,
 Have ought ado within this drear domain;
 The honoured dead claim no obsequious
 state.

The haughty head once rear'd erect with
 pride,
 And other passions which vain mortals
 swell,
 Dull, noxious weeds, luxuriant deck his side,
 His heart and bowels to greedy worms a
 cell.

No robes of state are here;—the green grass
 blade
 Bedecks the head that wore attire so gay:
 The beauteous form once silken vestments
 clad,
 'Mong worms, corruption, moulders unto
 clay.

Away, ye cheating vanities of earth!
 Ye baubling dreams, that tantalize the
 vain!

Ye

Ye airy thinkers, come and see their worth,
Debas'd and cancell'd by this gaol of man.

Nought less than heaven can give substantial joy ;

To souls immortal earthly bliss is vain :
The rose gives fragrance, while its thorns annoy,

And the dull grave oft blends our bliss
with pain.

Ah ! who can say they have not here a friend ?

A friend, a parent, or some fav'rite dear ?
Whose soul, congenial, made our bliss refin'd ;

Now lost,—contracts our joy, and wrings
the tear.

Ye flutt'ring gay, who waste away your days,

Unto whose souls the minutes languid seem,

Unless within the splendid dome ye raise
The voice of admiration or esteem.

O come

O come and see the tomb's all-conquering
ground !

See if it gives a moment's time to spare,
To run with folly the light-footed round,
While all its drousy gates wide open are.

Here sleeps the babe who scarcely liv'd a day ;
The hardy youth arriv'd at manhood's
path ;
The bride-groom, torn from all his joys
away,
By the resistless arm of tyrant Death.

Here too the gentle father lies full low,
And minor infants deck his either side ;
So indiscriminately is dealt the blow,
Regardless of youth's smile, or manhood's
pride.

And you, young Lucy, envied by each maid,
Ador'd and follow'd by each village swain,
Whose smile did wrap in bliss the gayest lad,
Or made thy frown convey him keenest
pain.

Where

Where now your smiles, your charms, your
gay attire ?

The sweet cerulean lustre of your eyes ?
Alas ! they're faded on the drousy bier,
Beneath that yew your moonless nights
arise.

Beneath the blow of Death, th' officious stone
Points to the num'rous casual victims here;
Who without pity, oft unseen, alone,
Dropt, without warning, on th' untimely
bier.

But needless here the Muse to strew her lays ;
Each wheeling moment does the truth
impart ;
Hark ! from the tomb the voice of Nature
says,
Perchance next minute breaks the stoutest
heart.

Tho' eighty years should crown you hoary
grey,
The inevitable hour is sure to come,
That makes you like a taper die away,
And be forgotten in the mould'ring tomb.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH *to a* CHURCH-YARD.

HERE lies a spot of ground, where all the
 great,
 And every rank, down to the simple clown,
 Must lay aside each vestiges of state,
 And among worms and reptiles be laid
 down.

The virtuous soul, when dawns eternal day,
 Shall take from me its dust with smiles of
 love ;
 While the base wretch to tott'ring hills shall
 pray,
 In vain, to hide from the Supreme above.

CHAPTER I

The first of the great principles of the human mind is the principle of association. This principle is the foundation of all our knowledge and all our actions. It is the principle by which we connect ideas and actions together, and by which we learn from experience.

The second principle of the human mind is the principle of reflection. This principle is the foundation of all our reasoning and all our judgment. It is the principle by which we compare ideas and actions, and by which we draw conclusions from them.

The third principle of the human mind is the principle of imagination. This principle is the foundation of all our creative power and all our artistic expression. It is the principle by which we form new ideas and actions, and by which we bring them into the world.

DEDICATION
TO THE
UNEQUAL RIVALS,
A PASTORAL.

ACCEPT, O Eskdale, these a Bardy's lays;
Ta'en frae thy gowany glens, and cowslip
braes:

Accept o' this frae him—a tribute due
Unto thy bold Inhabitants and you.
I on your banks attun'd my rustic strains,
Till fell Misfortune drove me frae your
plains.

Tho' Fate convey me to the Snowy Isles,
Where ne'er a flower reflects the sunny
smiles,

To generous Eskdale I wad tune my lays ;
 And lilt her grottos and her funny braes ;
 Her birken bowers, where Freedom has her
 feat,
 With generous fwains, and maidens peerless
 sweet.
 Where Hospitality, disrob'd of pride,
 And manly sentiments as free preside.
 Sweet are thy hills and velvet-spreading vales,
 Where odours sweet pervade the summer
 gales ;
 Where hawthorn blossoms crown the vernal
 year,
 And sweets in native majesty appear ;
 And every sweet that renders life sublime,
 Are shed, sweet District, o'er thy rural clime !
 Thy maids are fair as lilies sipping dew,
 Their virtues many, and their vices few :
 True sympathetic feeling rules their mind,
 With moral wisdom and with sense refin'd.
 Abstracted from the city's vain parade,
 They walk with innocence the rural shade.
 My winsome ladies fair, by Duglin brae,
 Where shall the bard select some happy lay,
 To paint young Nancy's fascinating powers,
 And gentle Minny in her sylvan bowers ?

Heaven

Heaven stamp't the WOMAN on your gentle
frame,

Bade you and Virtue be for ay the same.

Adieu, kind nymphs !—ye generous fwains
adieu !

May flocks increafe, and grow ye finer woo' ;

May finer verdure bufk ilk outland bent,

May ye hae filler ay to pay your rent :

May nae oppreffing laird glowr on your
plain,

To rack your rents, or treat ye wi' difdain.

May ne'er a tod your lambies tak awa',

May ne'er a fheep be fmor'd amang the fna'.

May ye hae mealtiths when ye're hungry
grown,

And nappy liquors ay to fynd them down.

And when that Death fells ony fhepherd
dead,

May the GREAT SHEPHERD get his foul to
lead

To paffures that do never know to fade,

1910

These are the only two examples of the same kind.

continued on page 10

and back of the head with

1911: 1911-1912

There is only one local gathering and that is

TO THE HONORABLE MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

May 1914

may be the only one which is not

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

And of the same kind is the legend

10. The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various committees of the Board of Directors of the City of New York, for the year 1900:

1942

To persons, it is as follows:

100

PERSONS OF THE PASTORAL

THE
UNEQUAL RIVALS,
A
PASTORAL.

PERSONS OF THE PASTORAL.

Men.

Laird Patria,
Young Patria,
Robin,
Geordy,
Rev. Mr. Moral,
Jamie,
Commissary Shuffle,

Women.

Lady Patria,
Isabella,
Maudy,
Mrs. Moral,
Minia,
Mrs. Flird,

And others,

Scene, Eskdale and Edinburgh.

THE
UNEQUAL RIVALS.

MINIA *and* JAMIE.

Jam. MY Minia, what maks ye fae soon
after?

Are ony dead, or hae ye tyn'd some geer?
Or hae bad dreams been ramblin' i' your
head,

And driv'n my comely lassie frae her bed?

Min. Nae Jamie; a' wi' us are hale an'
fine;

And for my geer, I little hae to tyne.
Am free o' love, o' warl's cares am free,
An' nae bad dreams e'er wake my sleepin' e'e.

Jam.

Jam. Oh! Minia, say nae that o' love
your're free,

Or else the warl' may a' gang gyte for me,
The ground I now possess aneath the Laird,
Keeps twal score ewes fat, nibblin' on the
 fswaird;

Sax guid fat kye feed daily i' the cleugh,
An' four strang owfen draw my weel ga'en
 pleugh:

A score o' goats gang on the craggy brae,
An' that's the feck o' warl's geer I hae.
But gif that ye soud lo'e anither chield,
I'll leave them a' an' seek some dreary wild;
Far, far frae men, an' ever think o' thee,
Till Death steeks up my weary greetin' e'e.

Min. Ah, Jamie lad, ye fair misken your-
 fel',

Or thans ye wadnae tell me sic a tale.
For lads can fleech, and seemingly be kind,
Whan naething like true love is i' their mind.
And soud ye rove unto some ither plain,
Whare comlier maidens lilt the past'ral strain,
Anither las wad cleek your youthfu' e'e,
An' be caed fairer than ye e'er caed me.

For

For me, I'll keep my heart as weel's I can,
 An' ne'er be flecht frae innocence by man.

Jam. Yon wainin' moon, 'lane wand'rin
 yet i' fight,

Sal cease to change, the sun refuse his light,
 This cryстал burn nae mair reflect his beams,
 An' the pale primrose cease to deck its
 streams,

An' ewes nae mair for worried lambs sal
 grieve,

An' lifeless I mysel forget to live,
 That day I e'er forget my plightit vow,
 Or yet prefer anither lass to you.

When first I saw you at the July fair,
 In easy ringlets hung your flowin' hair ;
 Your iv'ry teeth, an' coral lips sae red,
 Your lilied cheeks, on whilk the grove
 had shed

The faintest flush, frae the carnation bed. }
 Your risin breast, and slender waist sae sma',
 Evinc'd ye had nae rival there at a'.

To dance I askt ye, straight awa gaed we,
 Sae feat ye tript it, an' sae fou' o' glee ;
 Ye stealt the heart, and a' mysel', frae me.

An'

An' you alane fit peerless i' my heart,
It's fleech'rin' now, an' claims its better part.

Min. Ah, fleechin' Jamie! had your hinny
tale;

Ye fain wad gar me trow I'm nae mysel,
But some grit princess, come frae ower-sea
parts,

Buskit in gowd, to steal a' body's hearts.
But tho' ye ca' me emprefs, queen, or hinny,
I ken mysel, am noucht but simple Minny.
But there's my father wadin' thro' the dew,
Sae we maun part—we've ither pears to pou',
Exit. Jamie.

ROBIN.

O Minia, fair I blame your want of thought,
By this I reckt ye had been at the boucht.
There's naething but industry now will do;
Our rents are high, and fa'en's the price o'
woo;
An' lambs gie less by half a crown a head,
An' this ill spring ye ken we've mony dead.
The

The cheefe maun now mak up the want, I
 trow,

O' claith an' waste, an' gie the laird his due.
 An' yet Ise pawn twal o' my fattest sheep,
 The milkers a' are fast an' found asleep.
 Gang reel them up, an' I sal ca' the men,
 This day we hae our suckler lambs to spane.

Exit. Robin.

*Young Patria, meeting Minia, coming from the
 Bought with a milking Pail.*

Y. Patria. Ha! by the glories of the rising
 fun!

And all the flowers that wreathe the brow
 of June!

Your fairest dyes are turn'd to very shade,
 Lost in the lustre of that charming maid.
 I've past and repast here this many a day,
 Yet ne'er such beauty cross'd my devious
 way.

To Minia.—What goddess has from fair
 Arcadia's vale
 Sent so much beauty to enchant this dale?

Min.

Minia. Nae beauty am, but ane o' low degree ;

An' come frae milkin' ewes on yonder lee.
My fock do won among yont distant bent,
An' to your father pay their yearly rent :
But I've been i' the town thae towmans three,
Or else ye might hae aften tentit me.

Y. Pat. Then I've lost three twelvemonths
of my life,

Or by your scorn consum'd with hopeless
grief.

Set down your pail—let some robusfter maid
Transport your burden o'er the marshy
mead ;

While you and I to flowery glens will rove,
And kifs, and toy, and love, and talk of love.

Takes Minia's hand, and kisses her.

Minia. Ye'll lose ye're pains to ware your
jeers on me,

Ane that ye ken's sae far 'neath your degree.
I am confign'd unto an humbler lot,

To guide the board of some sequester'd cot :

Nae

Nae daft ambition e'er my bosom fwalls,
But woos the path whare sweet contentment
dwalls.

Lat gang my hand—nae mair sic freedoms
tak,—

I maun awa—I've butter,—cheese to mak.
An' near already the careering fun
Has a third part o' his lang journey run ;
An' frae the boucht my father's following
me,

An' will gae daft gif he sic doin's fee.

Y. Pat. O would ye give your willing
hand to me,

I would to you a kindlier father be.

Instead of milking ewes, and making cheese,

Ye should on fatten couches sit at ease ;

In silken robements, maidens at your will,

Your sweet and gentle mandate to fulfil.

And no rude blast, nor summer's sultry heat,

Should ever on thy polish'd temples beat :

A chaise shall waft ye o'er each flowery dale,

And neighbouring gentry you obsequious
hail.

At your return, a richly carpet room,

A marble hearth—an alabaster dome,

And

And meals that might an Epicurean please,
 Each day shall with variety surprise.
 When snowy clouds veil th' etherial blue,
 And skies no more weep with the dawning
 dew,
 When shepherd swains wend cheerless to the
 fields,
 To drive their shiv'ring flocks to blinkan
 bields,
 I'd you convey strait to Edina's town,
 And you at plays, 'mong gentle folks set
 down;
 Where you the prime 'mang beauties of the
 place,
 Should shine and blaze with elegance and
 grace.

Minia. I ken ye're mockin', but maun pass
 it ower,
 'Cause ye're fae great, fae rich, an' me fae
 poor.
 Your proffers a' are sensual, I see,
 An' nae at a' congenial to me.
 Mair I delight at morn my ewes to milk,
 Than sit at ease a' fefiling wi' filk:

My

My limbs weel brac'd, can trip the boggy
green,

Nor hae I fear o' vapours or the spleen.

Whan cranreuch snaw blaws pirlin' on the
plain,

An' burnies a' rin ovr wi' fa'en rain,

I sit fou cosh within my rushy cot,

An' hears the tempest rudely rave without ;

An' now an' than flings by my spinning
wheel,

An' up Parnassus' brae wi' poets speel ;

Laughs at their jeers—cleeks' sentences
refin'd,

An' steeks their ilka moral i' my mind.

Nae fear o' poortith comes athort my head,

I lean on heav'n, and hae nae cause to dread.

But look 'mang snodit circles o' the great,

How sair they're fasht wi' supercilious state.

There stiffs a poker Ceremony gangs,

And Scandal points her doubly forkit stangs.

That thing, Politeness, whilk they a' profess,

Is nought but guile clad in a gentle dress.

The word sincere, reelt rattlin' frae the heart,

Amang their sleekit converse has nae part ;

They tent ilk look—examine ilka dress,—

An' wha they hate, they fausely do carefs.

T

Tho'

Tho' Happiness is seldom frae their view,
They bickering pass't, and Will-o-wisp pursue.

Sin' that's a' true—ye cannae ca't a lie ;
How wad it suit a hamlet lass like me ?
An' tho' it did—to end the plea at ance,
There's ither bars to nully your pretence.
How wad your friends a' glunch an' gloom
at me,

To see me heez'd an equal height wi' thee ?
Gif your accosting has been meant sincere,
I gie you thanks—I cannae gie you mair.
But if you meant to mock a country maid,
You've left your sense an' honour baith in
shade.

Exit. Minia.

YOUNG PATRIA *solus.*

As slides the sun adown the western steep,
And gives the world to drowsiness and sleep,
Or as some meteor shoots along the sky,
And gives amazement to the gazer's eye,
So hast thou serv'd me, fascinating maid,
And left my senses, as you say, in shade.
But I should think, for all thy leering fun,
One of thy station can't be ill to win.

I want

I want no riches—nor no gaudy maid
Dress'd out for show—all glitt'ring in bro-
cade.

When beauty is to real merit join'd,
'Tis sure enough to satisfy one's mind.
Tho' other men may differently define,
Let them take their way, and I'll follow mine.
For Virtue sure 's confined to no state,
And by it only marriage is complete.
And the short time we have here to remain,
Should ne'er be mixt with greedy views of
gain.

The lordly maid oft rates her merits high,
And blends with dowry, pride and misery.
But here, alas! my heart has all to fear,
I dread my father's frown, and mother's
sneer;

And meddling world with its fly passing
hoot,

Will call her mean, ignoble, and what not.
Weel be it so;—e'en let them say the worst,
'Twill all subside, if boldly I resist.
And while I'm happy in domestic bliss,
Whatever's said I shall not take amiss.

Exit. Y. Patria.

GEORDY and JAMIE.

Jamie. Good e'en t' ye, Geordy, are ye
hale an' weel?

Geordy. I thank ye lad, I cannae fay I'm ill.
But am fae thrang, I ken nae what to do,
I've lambs to shed, and sheep a clippin' too.
An' gif ye hae an orrow hand to spare,
Ise help ye neist, ye ken I am nae sweer.

Jamie. Your back's nae lang be haddin'
at the wa',

Ise come mysel, an' ablins ither twa :
But its an hour yet frae the gloamin starn,
I see by the sun's shadow on the barn ;
Sit down a bit, nae ony ane 'll hear,
I something hae to whisper i' your ear.
I hae a lass, the bonniest o' the green,
Wi' person neat, an' twa beguillin' ein :
An' tho' I've wooed her lang wi' a' my art,
The least return she mints nae to impart.

Geordy. Lad, are ye daft ! to seek a wife
fae soon ?

To had your head ay afterwards cour'd
down.

Ye

Ye want twa tomans to wear out your teens,
 An' only ha'flins stockt i' gear or means.
 I was full fax an' twenty years an' twa,
 As fure's a gun, upo' my weddin' day;
 An' walth o' claes I had o' hamelt mak,
 A big barn-year'd wi' mony a beirdly stack;
 A thousand sheep gaed nibblin' on my bent,
 An' in my keft complete lay twa years' rent.
 An' twal guid kye gaed daily frae my byre,
 Twa pleughs that wrought the best ha'f o'
 the year;
 A' that I had, to mak that happy day
 Blinkingly sweet, steek out a' thoughts o'
 wae,

Jamie. My father died afore my natal
 morn,
 My mither frae my infancy was torn;
 An' aft for them I hae let fa' the tear,
 But never pin'd for scrimpitnefs o' gear.
 For its nae walth that maks a body blest,
 Or misers heads might ay sleep fou o' rest:
 Its peace o' mind that gars ane chearfou nod,
 Maks straw beds down, an' clears our ruggit
 road.

But a' the gowd that comes athort the main,
Can ne'er had down the greedy bosom's
pain.

Had I my lassie fittin' i' my nook,
A bleisin' ingle, an' a moral book,
My amery serv'd wi' hamelt country fare,
Sic as might nature help, but nae ower-bear,
Health i' our leuks, an' love within our
breast,

An' wi' our Maker an' oursel's at rest,
Twa weans, the picture o' herfel' an me,
Ga'en lispin', toddlin', nightly at our knee,
Then kings might fight for blawds o' foreign
yird,

An' fogers dye wi' gore the gowany fwaird,
An' statesmen strive for gleams o' kingly
power,

An' parliamenters bicker i' the stower;
Lawyers might flyte, an' strungely fence the
plea,

An' bear frae branglin' sumphs the ha'f
stealt fee,

I'd sit fou happy i' my lowly ben,
An' laugh at follies that I cannae men',

Geordy,

Geordy. I ance had notions o' the very
kind,

That span their limber cobwebs i' my mind ;
Till manhood came wi' wary steps bedeen,
An' soopit a' the glammer frae my ein.
An' then I saw, as ilka ithers see,
That there is noucht like to the penny fee.
It lights up love, hads poortith far awa,
An' friendship's bands lies stenter i' ane's ha'.
It keeps the cawfie's crown baith e'en an'
morn,

While feeless merit lies i' dens of scorn :
An' gang to outhier market, kirk, or fair,
Ye'll see that gowd maks ay distinction there.
Yet ye imagine, as do mony a fool,
That your het love 'll never hae a cool ;
But love an' poortith, tak advice frae me,
War never seen at ony time to 'gree.
Lat warl's thrift your butt and ben swith fill,
An' double twice your flocks upo' the hill ;
Be hainin' lad, an' had your gear the gither,
An' gar ae penny bring ye in anither :
An' whan that ye are turn'd fou bein' an'
snug,

Ye'll wed the better, or Ise pawnd my lug.

But ablins lad, the lafs that ye are wooin',
 Wi' tocher guid, is a ripe pear for pouin';
 An' ettles fair, (for weel I ken ye're fnack),
 To mak anither's gear mak up your pack.

Jamie. War nane to marry 'ere they get
 a stock,

The warl', I trow, wad soon wear toom o'
 fock.

But Ise rin chance, as mony a ship has done,
 An' gif we're canny, bleffin's frae aboon
 Will fa' on us; and gar the warl's guid
 Row in at door, the winock, an' lum-head.
 For never nane i' wedlocks bands e'er join'd,
 An' thrifty war, but what made ay a fend.
 For me, I hae fear o' warl's grief,

Come weel or wae I mean to hae a wife.

She'll tent the cheefe, an' better sell my woo',
 An' help me weel to gie the laird his due:
 I' weedin' time, when laverocks sing wi' glee,
 She'll to the field gang hand-in-hand wi' me;
 To pou the weedocks frae amang the corn,
 An' mix amang the melody o' morn.

A' things aneath our fosterin' hand 'll thrive,
 An' meet progressive guid ilk hour we live.

An'

An' ony ills that crook the road o' life,
 Ife ne'er mak war wi' snell reproach or strife,
 Ye ken the hight o' a' my warl's wifs,
 An' ye hae pow'r to help me to the las.

Geordy. Tell to me lad, what las wi' wily
 e'e
 An' fouth o' charms, has stown the heart
 frae thee?

Jamie. Ye ken when we were herds, and
 poued flaes,
 Or gather'd brambles on the sunny braes;
 Our fauls did then keep tune wi' ane anither,
 An' aft ye wist I was your ain guid brither;
 An' I protest, for faith I winna baun,
 I'll ne'er sleep sound till I'm your Titty's man,
 She's sic a sample drapit frae aboon,
 Her nane can ding that gangs i' leather
 shoon:
 An' gif that ye my kind intent soud blame,
 Ye'll ding me doil'd, or Jamie's nae my
 name.

Geordy.

Geordy. I'll never play to you fae fause a
part,

Gif ye can win my wily Titty's heart,
Ye've my guid will, an' wishes best, that ye
May a' your fond forebodin' wishes prie.
But min' ye, whan my father stockit me,
He did nae leave himsel' a spare babee ;
An' fin' that time he's gather'd little gear,
An' consequent' nae tocher has to spare,

Jamie. Lat niggarts wed for gowd, an'
thole the pain

O' scauldin' wives, whan hinny moons do
wane ;

They wale far wrang, an' need nae think it
queer,

Gif warl'ly ills divest them o' their gear.

The hamely cottage, an' the canny wife, }

Young healthfou bairns ga'en reeling in
it rife, }

Seem aye to me the sweetest joys o' life. }

The cottage standin' i' some gowany down,

Steekt out frae a' the bickerin's o' the town,

Green

Green floopin' braes, lyin' face-wyfe to the
 fun,
 Whare burnies clear 'mang flowers flow
 windin' run;
 An' here an' there some buffes spread wi'
 taste,
 For birds to nestle, an' steek out the blast :
 Aneath their roots, the flowers with bosoms
 sweet,
 Entice to spangled shaws the danderin' feet,
 Some crystal pools, whare trouties loup an'
 play,
 Till whirl in whirl around them die away ;
 Nor fisher flie, wi' his elastic rod,
 Soud ever dare to hurt the fecklefs brood.
 Thae, an' a hantle scenes that I cou'd name,
 Sal ay mak mine to me a happy hame.

Geordy. Jamie, ye hae sic notions in your
 head,

That will gar you gang fingin' ay to bed :
 An' warl's gear, for whilk a' bodies strive,
 Will ne'er besturt you a' the days ye live.
 An' fock whafe to that lightsome way in-
 clin'd,
 Are sure to meet contentitnefs o' mind.

But

But see the lift's spread ovr wi' gloamin'
grey,
Sae we maun part—I'm rede I tine the way;
An' whan the sun first blinks upo' the dew,
Come west the gate, and ither twa wi' you.

Jamie. I sal nae be a ha'f a minute later,
Or else there's mair than ordinar be the
matter.

Exit. Geordy.

Jamie sings.

I.

There's rowth o' pleasures 'neath the sky,
Cou'd mortals but thae pleasures spy.
Contentment is the greatest gain,
It leads me happy ovr the plain;
It lulls me on the hills asleep,
It maks me blyth whan ithers weep;
In short, whate'er ane's station be,
They're blest gif they're content, like me,

II.

It maks me sing beside my flocks,
Tho' fewer far than ither focks.

Riches

Riches tak their wings an' fly,
 Fame's a changin' winter sky.
 A' things change aneath the moon;
 But sweet Content is ay in tune.
 Gie me my las, wi' what I have,
 Ye Powers ! nae ither blifs I crave.

III.

The king's unhappy on his height,
 An' plagu'd wi' mony fashious wight.
 The statesman, when he's laid his plan,
 Has oft to wind his wiles again.
 The merchant's hopes hing on the sea,
 Thae wind an' waves ding aft aglee.
 My blifs is center'd in the shade,
 Wi' sweet Contentment an' a maid.

Exit. Jamie.

Laird Patria's House.

Lady Patria. How dull and languid glide
 the tedious hours,
 Amid your glens grotesque and country
 bowers !
 The elegancy of the airy ball,
 The conversation of the splendid hall,
 The

The brilliancy that sparkles on the brows
At theatre-royal, when wakes the Comic
Mufe ;

The mafquerade, routs, drums, and the ri-
dottos,

That ftill attract each gentle circle's notice,
Are here unknown :—the very human mind

'Mong morbid Melancholy lies confin'd.

The pleafing privilege thefe fcenes to fee,
All ranks enjoy—excluded are from me.

Here I muft wander among furze and
broom,

Where bleak heaths frown with eternal
gloom.

My ample dowery which I brought you here,
Might claim indulgence from the higheft
peer.

Laird Patria. I gave indulgence, Madam,
till I found

You would my fchemes of happinefs con-
found.

Our ample fortune claims our beft regards,
And never fhall be diffipate at cards :

For you have fuch propenfity to gaming,
And other vices fhunn'd by virtuous women,

Allow

Allow you freely liberties to take
You'd risk five thousand with the vilest
rake.

Last time your presence honoured the town,
For a round sum I debtor was set down.
I paid it punctual, with the pleasing hope
'Twould cure you final of your bias'd scope.
The last indulgence that I gave you there,
Sly predatory sharpers fleec'd you bare.

Lady Patria. Poor grov'ling man! you
should with misers plod,
Your money is your all, your earth your
god!

Without enjoyment money cannot be
Of any value unto you or me.
And what we spend so paultry in this place,
Would sure the most conspicuous circles
grace.

But, by the powers that rule the angry sky,
When winds from Boreal dens rude burst-
ing fly,

I ne'er will be by mortal thus controll'd!
Pox take all maxims! gold is only gold!

And

And human life without the modes of pleasure,
 Is an inanimated load of treasure.

To-morrow's fun shall light me to the town,
 And among creatures like myself set down.

Laird Patria. And pray, what appellation
 do you give,
 To these good folks who round about us
 live?

Lady Patria. Why human brutes ; men of
 inferior kind ;
 Vile in their persons, and deform'd in mind.
 I bid to one good b'ye, the other day,
 He gave a grin, and whistling went away.
 A storm o'ertook me on yon distant plain,
 Rude beat the wind, and heavy fell the rain,
 Within my view there stood a peasant's
 bower,
 Thither I went to shun the pelting shower :
 Some crept 'neath beds, and some ran to the
 door,
 And left me full possession of the floor.
 Tho' numb with cold, and almost like to die,
 The ne'er a fire, nor any chear got I.

When

When I came off, as wolves the prey pursue,
They gazing ey'd me till I lost their view.

Laird Patria. What you do look upon as
blunt neglect,
Perchance another would have deem'd re-
spect.

Such guests as you do seldom 'mong them
range,
And makes the sight seem wonderfully
strange.

Would all the great refrain the mixed ball,
The pompous dinner, and the gaming hall,
And with their tenants jocund spend the
year,

Old Caledon a diff'rent face would wear.
T' instruct th' unletter'd tenant to improve
His fields with grain, and where to plant
the grove,

What plants adapted to his various soil,
What will reward, or not reward his toil;
What way's most proper to improve his
stocks,

His wool,—his cheese,—and multiply his
flocks:

U

To

To point the plan for shelter to his field,
To give the tender blade a nursing bield,
To make the herbage greener gloss the vale,
Till all around him to perfection swell,
Are the exertions of the patriot's hand,
And give life, soul, and gladness to a land.

Lady Patria. You've oft deluded me with
country scenes,
Said no wild passions discompose the swains,
But love, peace, pleasure, smiling to the day,
Went hand-in-hand, while Virtue held the
sway.
And one would think to read the pastoral
strains,
That men were gods—Elysium their plains.
Away the thoughts!—Hear me describe the
scene,
And sap the fabric of the idle brain.
Instead of nymphs all chastity so mild,
One woman see with brutal passion wild;
Instead of heroes, demi-gods, you see
Some clumsy forms of animation free.
Of no ideas, but what the liberal note
Of Instinct crams per force adown their
throat:

And

And flocks half starv'd, beside them bleating
feed,

On the shagg'd heather, or the boggy reed.

No pipe nor tabor strike the dulcet sound,

But all is gloom—aridity around.

The hills describ'd of never-fading green,

Their barren tops amid the clouds are seen,

Frowning perdition to the thifty plain,

Or drown it deep with deluges of rain.

Or drifty snow, at battle with the wind,

Leaves a dread melancholy cast behind ;

Streaks up the plain, till 'fore th' averted
eye,

Snows o'er the waste in wild confusion lie.

And scarce does Summer show her languid
head,

Ere Winter comes, and fells her blossoms
dead.

No sylvan shades, but here and there a tree

All blasted stands, to shew where trees should
be.

No hapless swain mourns ceaseless in the
shade,

But falls slap-dash on the fast yielding
maid.

The milk-maid's song of jargon got by rote,
Is a key harsher than the raven's throat.

No crystalline streams; but peaty puddles
flow,

Of hue as black as Stygian lakes below.

Yet such the scenes that light the poet's fire,
Give wrong ideas—and licence to desire.

And full of wild enthusiastic rage,

He strews his gilded fictions on the stage.

But now the fallacy I clearly see,

The town! the town! has only charms for
me!

Laird Patria. Here in the country we can
live at ease,

But in the town, as modes and customs
please:

Nor must we speak a sentence of the heart,
Till it is cloath'd and varnished with art.

The mind right turn'd is pleas'd with soli-
tude,

Deems contemplation still its greatest good.

Abstracted from the world, and gay parade,
It walks with innocence the past'ral shade;

Affimi-

Assimilates itself to Nature's walk,
 With the choice friend,—the serious, sober
 talk,
 Is pleased with each season of the year,
 Whether the summer glow, or storms appear;
 Whether th' All-potent stirs the angry gale,
 Or smiling paints the posies of the vale.
 But since I see no soft persuasion can
 You rectify, go follow out your plan
 Where follies fly, to taint th' unwary heart,
 And stings in serious moments to impart.
 But whatsoever mode of life you sue,
 Keep honour, health, and fortune still in
 view;
 When these two former are from women
 gone,
 Of every creature they're the most undone.

Lady Patria. I almost could him kiss with
 raptures now, (*aside.*)
 But sweeter pleasures open to my view.
 (*She curtsies, and flounces out of the room.*)

LAIRD PATRIA, *solus*.

I fee that man's companion unto grief,
For misery fills with bane the cup of life,
The smile that glances on the face to-day,
The tear at night doth rankle oft away.
But must devise, to win from shew and game,
This giddy, thoughtless, and depraved dame.
But O ye Powers ! though I am stung with
gall,
It tells me here, that I deserve it all.

(*Laying his hand on his breast.*)

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here is Robin of the green dale
here,
Wha claims this night a while your private
ear.

Laird Patria. It wants an hour yet to the
supper bell,
Bring Robin in, that I may hear his tale.

LAIRD

LAIRD PATRIA and ROBIN.

Laird Patria. Come, Robin, tell me how
ye wear your life?

How's bonny Minia, Geordy, and your
wife?

But Rob, am tell'd your wife does never
steer,

Out from your ha', to look at goods or
geer,

And goes to neither market, kirk, or fair. }

Robin. She's unco tender, Sir; and has
nae been

Out o' the house thae fifteen years I ween;

Sae melancholy, that she dowe nae see

Nae ither faces but the bairns an' me,

Laird Patria. That's very strange: from
whence does it proceed,

That's given her such a turn for solitude?

Robin. Some flights an' crosses whilk she
got, when youth

And rosy graces play'd around her mouth.

But I maun tell you o' anither cause,
That's gi'en me mickle fash thae twa three
days;

An' canna rest till I to you declare,
The outs an' ins o' a' the hale affair.
I sent my daughter unto E'inbrugh, where
A hantle maidens gang for polish'd lair :
Your Honour kens, and mony ane I trow,
That she's brung hame accomplishments
anew;

Mair than's sufficient for a country stead,
Whare fock maun toil an' work for the bit
bread.

She is owr bonny, tho' she war nae mine,
An' may wi' ony grit-bred beauty shine.
To her unken'd, and free frae ony art,
She's stowen a corner i' your son's young
heart.

He fees her aft, an' winna bide away,
But hankers i' my house the li'e lang day.
I thought at first he ettled her harm,
To rob my lassie o' ilk virgin charm :
Till late last night he solemnly did sweer,
Had he your will, he'd join in marriage wi'
her.

Ye

Ye maun forbid him wi' a strick command,
Or fend him shortly to some owr-sea land,
Whare ladies braw, an' ferlies that he'll see,
Will fend him hame o' this wild passion free.
Or ony plan your better sence may catch,
As the maist likely to prevent the match.

Laird Patria. Robin, I e'er lookt on you
in the light
Of honesty—which you have prov'd this
night.

Am sensible high birth should never wed,
Or take a peasant to the marriage bed ;
But all should keep the equitable sphere,
Which Providence allots to mortals here.
But yet your daughter is so virtuous, fair,
That cancel my objections I declare.
And Jamie Patria may as happy be
With her, as one of nobler degree.

Robin, (shaking his head), Nae, nae, fie
Sir ; it really winna do ;
I hae my reasons that lie hid frae you.
To tell the reasons now might be a crime,
But ye sal ken at some mair proper time.

Sae

Sae mak him soon his youthfou love for-
 fwear,
 My reasons after solid will appear.

Laird Patria. Since ye disclaim connec-
 tion with your laird,
 I'll interfere, I solemn give my word.

Exeunt.

ROBIN'S HOUSE.

ROBIN, ISABELLA, GEORDY, MAUDY, and
 MINIA,

Geordy. FATHER, what said the Laird? he'd
 contrar be
 To ony match wi' sic low fock as we.

Robin. Nae; you're mista'en. I tauld him
 the affair,
 Whilk to an end he patiently did hear;
 Surprise and wonder startled ower my face,
 When he declar'd he wist it might tak place.

Geordy.

Geordy. That is my dream read, that I
dreamt yestreen :
I thought I lay upo' a gowany green,
Whare 'stray'd our Minnie, clad i' brithal
dress,
Whafe gowden sheen kiest lustre on the
grafs.
Syne by came Jamie, drest weel like hersel',
An' took her wi' him dandering down the
dale ;
An' for to screen her frae the noon-day hour,
He buskt her head wi' mony a fragrant
flew'r :
Till the young Laird came up, an' to her
bow'd,
Dang aff the flowers—and buskt her head
wi' gowd.
Four gowden rings, wi' di'monds glancin'
fair,
He pat upo' her gentle fingers there.
Syne laughin' leadin' her to whare I lay,
An' bade me blefs them on their weddin'
day.
Up came a chariot, drawn wi' horses gight,
In whilk they gat, an' gallop'd frae my sight.
Sair

Sair Jamie grat, his cries did deave the air,
An' ower the heights he ran wi' wild despair.

Minia. The lav'rock fweet nae mair fal
mount on high,
To usher in wi' glee the dawnin' sky,
The summer blooms their scentit powers fal
tine,
An' thro' the lift the sun nae langer shine;
An' rowan waves nae mair disturb the sea,
Or e'er your dream fal realised be.

Geordy. Whisht, gleckit hizzy! had your
stupit tongue!
Or else Ise thump ye wi' a hazel rung.
To scorn the Laird for ony clownish kiss,
Ise warn an offer ye'll ne'er get like this.
It's gear that haps fock weel, an' fetches
praise,
An' nane can mak hay but i' sunny days.
An' fin' his Honour seems sae weel content,
The match wad free us a' o' yearly rent.
We'll gather gear fu' rowth like cauf an'
sand,
To buy us houses, an' grit blawds o' land;
An'

An' dinnae tantalize or ca't a whim,
 Our bairns an' os may gentle be like him :
 Hae houfes bien, an' in a chariot ride,
 An' rents receive frae ha'f the country fide.

Maudy. O, Guidfake ay ! an' than I'll be
 a lady,
 An' get nae mair the hamelt name o' Maudy.
 For fin' the day the Laird did mint his love,
 Still dreams o' greatness ovr my fleep do
 rove.
 O tak him Minnie, an' lay by ilk flight,
 For what's refus'd at morn, whiles roo'd at
 night.

Minia. Ye need nae lat your thoughts foar
 fic a height,
 For pride at morn whiles gets a fa' ere night.
 Tent ye the gracefou cedar fpreadin' wide,
 An' birdies nefts amang its branches hide ;
 Till the rude ftorm, wing'd wi' an angry fky,
 Gars branch, ftem, root, i' fhatte'r'd ruins
 lie.
 While lowly plants, that grow upo' the vale,
 Bide the rebuffs o' the maift gurlg gale.

Wad

Wad ye hae me to sacrifice my ease,
 The flights o' ony dautit thing to please?
 How wad it bowden you an' me wi' grief,
 Gif he a mistress took, an' scorn'd his wife?
 For mony o' the gentry whan they wed,
 Frae the first month ay slight the marriage
 bed :

An' ware on jades caresses, fortune, fame,
 An' leave their wives to sigh an' sob at hame.
 Drown wi' sa't tears the dowy hours o' night,
 (While at the play their minxes shine fou
 bright) ;

And dare nae tell them o' the cryin' ill,
 Nor gie advice, tho' it sould bauk the de'il.
 While burnies clear meander down the dale,
 An' scentit flowers wi' odours mix the gale,
 While birds inimitable chant an' sing,
 Till a' the groves an' woodland echoes ring ;
 While calmest Reason actuates my breast,
 While doup o' night can lull me unto rest,
 No higher than the cot I'll lead my life,
 Nor frae the cot to ony be a wife.

Geordy. Thae're just the whimsies o' the
 boardin'-school ;
 She's there left Minnie, an' come hame a fool.
 Wi'

Wi' rags an' poortith she a match 'll mak,
An' upo' rowth an' plenty turn her back.

Minia. George, your remarks are aften
unco rude ;

But fal nae put me in a cankart mood.
Ye hae ae way o' thinkin', me anither—
An' that aft happens betwixt friend an'
brither.

Gie owr your jeers—they're sure to mis
their end,

I'll wale the way that I lo'e best to wend.
I look nae high,—I stent ilk pridefou view ;
An' if joy comes, 'twill gie mair joy I trow.
Than senseless gouks, wha climb owr high a
tree,

An' whan they fa', hae few to say, Wae's me !
War ye acquaint wi' ilka state o' life,
Ye'd see that ilk ane has its ain bit grief.
A fardin' lost gies ony miser pain,
The prodigal ca's nought but wast'ry gain.
The grit projector's blessed wi' a whim,
The beau in feathers, thinks there's nane
like him.

The least ill luck gies to thae ficen grief,
As dims their joy, an' aften shortens life.

As

But solid fock do sober maxims tak,
 An' guid or ill to sic sma' diff'rence mak.
 Gif guid is gi'en, their humble thanks is
 given;

When ill is sent, they ken there is a hea-
 ven

That soon or late will mak the odds turn
 even.

Ills are not ill but to the short-sight mind
 Of discontentit an' of fretfou kind.

An' evils sweeten unto ilka man,

Whase fortitude can blunt the pith o' pain.

There's something here, (*laying her hand on
 her breast*), altho' mysel' I speak it,

Will mak life's road to me fou snodly sleekit.

An' gif I am nae blest'd wi' Grandeur's
 things,

I'll be as free o' their attendant stings.

An' in my little, rushy-theekit cot,

Wi' sweet content I'll brook my humble lot.

Whan Heaven ca's me up to his bar aboon,

I'll willin' bend,—an' lat his will be done!

Geordy stares her eagerly in the face.

Wherefore that glowr?—Your heav'n's your
 penny fee,

An' start whan ithers do nae think as ye.

But

But bide ye lad : 'twas after mickle thought
 Ere to this way o' thinkin' I was brought.
 Thro' ilka state o' life I've ta'en a glowr,
 An' find the rich as grit to mean's the poor :
 Suppose the great hae mair o' warl's guid,
 They hae anew o' maundrels i' their head ;
 There's some fause wants that winnae gie
 them rest,

An' keep them amang rowth frae bein' blest.
 Some crank, or maggots, dand'rin' i' their
 head,

That mak them waste their walth on little
 guid ;

Some ideal thorn that gies them mickle fash,
 An' gars their bluid rin boilin' thro' their
 flesh.

(Minny takes up a straw.)

Suppose I place contentitnefs i' this ;

And nought but flocks an' gear can gie you
 blifs ;

My straw is tint—or winds blaw it awa,

Your flocks an' herds are smoor'd amang the
 snaw ;

Whilk o' us think ye tholes the grittest los ?

Come, tell at ance, an' lat the diff'rence close.

Geordy. Me, to be fure ! but de'il clip out
your tongue,
Ye've sic a glib way speakin', tho' ye're
young.
But de'il care I, I see a plan 'll do,
I'll speak to the young Laird unkent to you.

Minia. I'll say nae mair ; but Geordy
here's a heart,
Laying her hand on her breast.
That will ding down your hiddlin' heaps o'
art.

*Isabella rises, and takes Minny by the hand,
looking wistfully in her face.*

Isabella. O Minny dear ! I cannae had my
tongue,
When ficeen sense flows frae a las' sae young.
The guid advice I've gien ye, I hae found
Is nae like water spilt upo' the ground :
Your solid sense dispels a weight o' wae,
That's hung about my heart this mony day.
But ablins las', ye'll live an' see the day,
That will gie you far diff'rent thoughts frae
thae.

For

For youth sees pleasure in the very thing,
That to old age shaws mony a venom'd
sting.

Love aften leads fock up some towerin'
height,

Places them there, syne bids them a guid
night:

Syne dorty looks, an' mony pettit word
Are flung at ither, sharp as ony sword;
Till frae the height they tumble wi' a bang,
An' rin stark mad, an' thrum a cankart sang.
An' flowery meads, late seen replete wi'
blifs,

Are fullen dens, whare stangin' serpents hiss.
Love therefore leads the youthfou mind
astray,

Unless it's rul'd by sober Reason's sway.
When that's the case, smooth glides the
stream o' life,

An' mortals ken they're only man an' wife;
Made up o' frailties, ready to mistake,
An' ovr-look fau'ties for the owner's sake.

This far, nae farther I wi' Geordy 'gree,
An' disapprove o' what he aims for thee.

Had up your head, my lass, this cloudy sky,
That's lang hung lourin' over you an' I,

I hope will clear ; an' a mair genial ray
Will shine conspicuous ower your weddin'-
day.

Robin. Lord send it, Isabell ! ye have thol'd
grit wrang,
But things will tak a turn or it be lang.
There's news frae town, last night war tauld
to me,
Whilk to your breast will nae sma' pleasure
be.
This I some canny time maun tak to tell,
For nane maun ken o't yet but just yoursel'.
Geordy an' Maudy dander ower the gate,
An' gang to bed, for it is wearin' late.
We'll a' to bed—for I maun rise fou soon,
There's mair to do the morn than we'll get
done.

Exeunt all but Minny.

Minny sola.

There's ay some mystery i' my mither's
e'e,
Whane'er she thraws maternal looks at me.
An'

An' I have tried fou aft wi' mony a wile,
 The hidden secet frae her to beguile :
 Whatfor the tear dings lustre frae her e'e
 She winna tell—tho' dear she liketh me.
 An' fure nae father mair can daut a woman,
 Than mine does her, frae day-break to the
 gloamin'.

Could I by stricker duty blunt her wae,
 O! what attention to her I wad pay.
 But that's nae it;—wi' that she finds nae
 fau't;

But time 'll tell, fae I maun wait on that.

Exit. Minny.

A FIELD,

Whare Jamie dowysome an' wae,
Walks lanely ovr the cowslip brae;
Scarcely can he tent his lambs,
Or ken the sucklers frae their dams.
At last his his passion, wi' a bang,
Lilts out his anguish in a sang.

CAN Lairds nae gang to kingly courts,
Whare Ladies are fou plenty,
And gif that ane foud tak the dorts,
They'll get their wale o' twenty.

Now birdies a' gang quat your tune,
An' dinnae chant sae merrie;
There's mickle grief hads my heart down
An' winnae lat me hear ye.

But bees fal a' forsake the hive,
An' loath delicious hinny;
Before that ony ane alive
Sal twine me o' my Minny.

I'd gie a' the warld ilka part,
 War it at my devotion,
 To ken for me gif Minny's heart,
 Has ony hank'rin' notion.

But foud my lassie still prove coy,
 Or willin' wed anither,
 I'll leave the glens, ance a' my joy,
 An' gang I care nae whither.

For O, ye Powers! wha sit aboon,
 An' ken my kind intention,
 How my bluid boils, whan ony clown
 Her name does rudely mention.

I'd stap the very wind that blaws,
 Cou'd I, to blaw upon her;
 An' break the clatt'rin' coofish jaws
 That speak to her dishonour.

But Hope is tint, fin' ane so high,
 His hand does to her offer;
 Wi' women riches far out weigh
 The faithfou lover's proffer.

Yet can I think that Minny's e'e,
That's gien me glances kindly,
Will ruthless lat her lover die,
And mint nae mair to mind me?

Sae I'll nae act the whinger's part,
Like bairnies diicontentit;
I'll manly fey to won her heart,
Lat wha e'er will resent it.

But wha is yon I see? It's the young Laird,
An' Geordy meetin' him upo' the swaird.
They're gaen, I see unto the hazel brae,
I'll follow them, an' hear what they will say.
Nae: I'll be shot ere e'er sae mean an art,
Sall gie the least disturbance to my heart.
I'll dander up the brae amang the broom,
An' see gif sleep can lull my present gloom.

Exit. Jamie.

*Young Patria, with his Gun, and Geordy in a
cringing Posture.*

Geordy. Guid mornin' to your Honour;
but forgie
The little 'havin's that ye see i' me.

I am

I am nae us'd to speak to sic as you,
An' words 'll scarce compluther i' my mou',

Y. Pat. Speak and be done ; for I am in
a haste,
And long the pleasures o' the wilds to taste.
Yon bull-finches I'm come this way to shoot,
They waste the buds of every growing fruit.

Geordy. Lord send that ye may kill them
ilka ane !

They gang wi' a' my aits an' ither grain,
But I am brither to the las's wham ye,
Hae lately honour'd wi' your courtesie.

Y. Pat. I know you are. But tell me
what of that ?

Geordy. An' fae I will ; but dinnae ding
me blate.

My father, Guid forgie him ! late last night,
Did your Honour's honoured proffers flight.
An' fair, I wat, it stang me to the heart,
To see him act sic a ridiculous part.

He

He fou'd hae fa'en afore ye on the floor,
For boddin' sic grit honour to his door.
But gif that ye will lay your head to mine,
Ise put ye in a way 'll mak her thine.

Y. Patria lays down his gun,

Y. Pat. Come, let me hear; and if it clearly
seem,
You ever after shall have my esteem.

Geordy. There's Willie Buystock does to
Jamie awe
The price o' woo', his lambs, an cheese an' a';
His credit's shaken, an' he cannae pay
The third o' what he owes to scores an' mae.
He owes me forty pound—a mickle sum;—
For that I'll clap i' jail the shaver scum.
Syne Jamie winnae can mak up his rent,
An' he to jail 'll after him be sent.
An' Commissary Shuffle is the factor
Unto your father—at the law a Hector.
We'll tell him a' the story out an' in,
An' Jamie's gear he'll poind wi' little din,
An' thus reduc'd, he'll fune a vagrant be,
An' be sent aff wi' fogers ovr the sea.

Y. Pat,

Y. Pat. But after all, your sifter will not
be,

By these efforts, e'er made a bride to me.

Geordy. My sifter aften danders to the
height,

To lanely places far frae human fight ;

Ye weel may catch her some night frae the
laive,

Syne need I tell you how for to behave.

Y. Pat. I can't mistake ;—you are so
wond'rous free,

She's doubly curs'd with such a brother's
thee, *(aside.*

Geordy. Syne sleek her up fou canny after
hend,

An' marriage bands 'll ony breaches mend.

Y. Pat. Give me your hand ; and let this
morning clear

Bear witness, that none shall these counfels
hear. *(Geordy gives him his hand.*

Geordy.

Geordy. And whan that ye are wed an
happy be,
Yell nae forget to lend a lift to me.

Y. Pat. Faith you deserve a heeze above
mid air,
Upon some gibbet for a pattern there. (*aside.*

Geordy. My rent made low, or hae my
mailin' free,
Wad ne'er be mist by ane fae rich as ye.

Y. Pat. What's in my power, I'll gladly
for you do.

Geordy. Fock can do mickle wha are rich
like you.

Y. Pat. Well, say no more: for I must
wend my way.

Geordy. Keep to the plan that I hae laid
this day.

Y. Pat. I will, I will; your counfels give
me joy!

Geordy

Geordy. Ne'er tent a maiden tho' she's mim
an' coy.

For shell come to, gif ye deal bauldly wi'
her,

An' gar her ain tongue mak herself a liar.

Y. Pat. I'll do my best, the first time that
I see her.

Geordy. Ye'll won her then, I hae nae ony
fear.

An' mind my mailin on that canny day,
Whan ye hae got the wifs that ye wad hae.

Y. Pat. Confound your greed ;—I can no
longer stay. *(aside.*

Exit. Y. Patria.

Geordy solus.

Now Minny, gang, an' fleekit tell your
tale,

Ye'll soon be learnt a new road to the well.

Whan fock wad fet ye in a cozie seat,

Ye are fae doil'd and blind ye cannae see't.

Ife

Ise lat ye see that I hae got a head,
 To work out yours, an' a' our family's guid.
 But I maun gang straught away hame to
 Maudy,

An' tell her a' the news ere breakfast's ready.
 An' fyne I'll unto Master Shuffle gae,
 An' gar him do a' things as I wad hae.

Wi' twa three guinea notes I'll creash his
 loof,

An' gar him work my ends, the greedy coof.
 But war't nae to bring in some hundèrs mae,
 I'd see him strangl'd ere he soud get thae.

Ane at the first I'll only to him offer,
 A second neist, gif he soud scorn that
 proffer;—

A third Ise gie, an' that 'll do the wark,
 An' strip yon birkies o' their hindmaist fark.

Exit. Geordy.

A GLEN.

A G L E N,

Where Minny's walkin' her lane,
 Sweet as the mornin' fair;
 Whan dewy draps glent on the plain,
 And odours scent the air.
 Her stately steps point out the lafs,
 The whitenefs o' her brow,
 Does ilka floweret far furpafs,
 That in the garden grow.

Minny fings.

'TIS here that Jamie likes to stray,
 Among the buddin' buffes;
 Their scentit sweets are nought this day,
 Compar'd to his careffes.

'Twas here I tried ilk harmlefs art,
 To won his young love frae him;
 But he no kens that my ain heart,
 For it I freely gae him.

An'

An' now I see that my nae fay
 Maun be with speed revokit,
 It's dangerous langer to delay,
 Or keep my bosom lockit.

But how fall I my love display?
 I'll die while I confess it;
 My cheek I'll on his shoulder lay,
 An' figh—an' let him guess it.

An' I'll nae frae him rin away,
 As I've aft done fou gleckit;
 An' while I willin' wi' him stray,
 Lat downcast silencè speak it.

Yet sure there's nought amiss in love,
 Or else my breast wad tell'd me;
 An' it did never me reprove,
 When in his arms he held me.

Na; there's nae fau't, when that our love
 Is meant sincere an' tender,
 An' Jamie's nane o' thae that rove
 Whare fause deluders wander.

An'

An' weel he kens at ilka fair,
 Whan bonny lads did chuse me,
 I keepit by him constant there,
 An' bade ilk ane excuse me.

But yonder he comes down the brae,
 He thinks am ga'en to flee him;
 But tho' warst fortune was his fae,
 I'll willin' wander wi' him.

Jamie.

Nae wonder, Minnie, that ye sing so gay,
 I'm tauld that soon's to be your weddin' day.

Minnie. Heh, lad: that's news, and whan's
 that day to be?
 Gif ye do ken, it's still unkent to me.

Jamie. I cannae tell: but a' the country
 round,
 Has been thae three days ringin' wi' the
 sound.

Y

Minnie.

Minia. Gif fock build truth on ony kin-
try's clash,
They're fure ilk day to meet wi' mickle fash.

Jamie. I wifs it gae nae fash ; but, O! am
fear'd—

Yestreen your father was late wi' the Laird,
An' tauld him how his heir is seeking you,
An' wist he wad sic doin's disavow.
The Laird said ye war virtuous, sweet, an'
fair,
An' thought ye a meet equal for his heir.
This mornin' I was out ere fled the dew,
Saw Geordy an' your Lover cheek for chew ;
Lang did they crack, an' mickle did they
fay,
At length they baith shook hands an' gade
away.

Minnie. But tho' that ilka laird in ilka
land
War seekin' me, am I at their command ?

Jamie. Nae, that ye are nae ; but then sic
a bode
Does seenil cross a country lass's road.

Minnie.

Minnie. But Jamie, if that bode sou'd gie
ye pain,
It ne'er sal mak me outhier blyth or fain.

Jamie. O, dearest las! your words hae
fell'd my grief;
My very faul is loupin' wi' new life.

Minnie. I'm glad I hae chas'd aff your
wildart stare,
I seenil faw but blythnefs glancin' there.

Jamie. There's nought on earth can gie
me ony wae,
But you unto anither gi'en away.
But Minnie say't again—an' tell to me,
That to the Laird ye ne'er will married be.

Minnie. I wed the Laird! poor spindle-
shankit thing!
An' bleacht as white as ony web o' spring.

Jamie. An' then he gangs wi' sic a cap'rin'
dance,
Like ony barber new come ovr frae France.

Minnie. Frae place to place rampages wi'
his gun,
An' murders harmless creatures for his fun.

Jamie. An gif he meets nae sport upo' the
moor,
He'll shoot the hens at ony cotter's door.

Minnie. Yestreen at fun-fet, (I was like to
greit),
Wha did he chance upon the road to meet,
But the auld herd,—your fav'rite Willy Hog,
He fir'd his gun, an' shot his colly dog.

Jamie. Weel, weel I ken: whan Willy
did him quarrel,
He damn'd him for a nasty fullen carle.
But then ye ken his great respectit father
A guinea gae to Will to buy anither.

Minnie. The lintiwhite ye tam'd laist spring
to me,
That sang fae sweet at morn an' merrilie,
He nipt its neck, and painfou gart it die.
My

My heart was fou, I cou'd nae to him speak,
An' the sa't tears ran happlin' ovr my cheek.

Jamie. I'll soon get ye anither, never mind;
But wae to him for bein' fae unkind.
His breast maun furely be made up o' iron;
(A pratefou callan' lately set a girn;
The hare was grippit—but nae near hand
dead,)
When he came by, an' fell'd her on the head.

Minnie. We'll speak nae mair 'bout him,
it's nae worth while,
Or ony ither that behaves fae ill.

Jamie. Weel, I am pleas'd ;—but ere the
mornin's spent,
Fain wad I hae, dear lassie, your consent,
To lead a low, tho' dautit life wi' me;
I wad, I cannae tell, how happy be.

Minnie. O Jamie, Jamie! hae ye never
seen,
Or read my answer aften i' my ein?

Jamie. Then o' a' mortals, outhar east or
west,

I count mysel' this day the highest blest.
Come seal the bargain, sweetest lass, wi' me,
(*He kisses her.*)
An' war than this Ise ne'er behave to thee.

Minnie. I weel believe your word; ye're
nane o' thae
That promise fair, but do nae as they say.

Jamie. I see nane near that can disturb-
ance gie,
Sit down, my winsome lass, I'll sing to thee,

The fause, fause loon that wooes his lass,
An' wooes but to betray,
He will repent,
Gif time is lent,
An' find grit cause for wae.

It's far, far wrang to jeer wi' love;
The simple mindit maid,
Trusts the fause tale,
An' recks it liel,
Till her unconstant lad

Leaves

Leaves her, an' amang cronies gangs,

An' blots the maiden's fame :

He laughs wi' glee,

Nor kens that he

Is boastin' o' his shame.

But happy, happy are the pair,

Wha are to ither true ;

Let ills o' life

Reel ne'er fae rife,

Kind heaven will bear them through,

A constant love comes frae aboon,

A fickle, frae the earth ;

Whan blades do pass,

Frae las to las,

An' wale nae ane o' worth,

But I've got you—an' that's my wis ;

The powers aboon do hear me,

I'll you defend,

Till my life end,

An' ever strive to chear ye.

Minnie. I thank ye lad. Lang may we
live the-gither,
To gie contentment unto ane anither.
Weel do I ken I hae my fau'ts anew,
But Ise ne'er willin' stir up grief to you.

Jamie. We a' hae fau'ts; an' ilka earth-
born son
Has just a turn or bias o' his ain.
But whan ane sees a fau't unto anither,
They foud say, I'll forgie't; I hae its brither.
But fock conceitit thinks their ain way best,
An' contradiction soops their minds o' rest.
The pettit wife ay cankers when she hears
The filliest tale rin opposite to hers.
A surly man wants his to humor him;
The fool! that his foud bear his ilka whim.
But baith their wives 'll nae admit thae rules,
Syne carks an' quarrels shaw the four are
fools.
An' here ane might ye a' the errors shaw,
That 'mang the unhappy stir their cup wi'
ga':
It's just bad temper wi' bad temper met,
That breed the brangles i' the marriage state.
For

For nouthar party 's tentive how to please,
 But ilk ane seeks its ain particular ease.
 But man an' wife on equal terms foud be,
 E'en to the movement of the hand or e'e.
 For instance—I like you, an' favour thee;
 Ye in return fling your good will at me.
 My love meets thine ha'f way, an' baith ca-
 refs

In union dear, an' form the marriage bliss.
 But fools lat Folly dander i' their ha',
 An' cherish him until he works their fa'.
 Fock foud tak tent ere marriage aiths are
 ovr,
 An' bring a faul congenial to their floor.
 Or else they'll be like fire an' water met,
 In constant strife, till ane the mastery get.
 An' thae kind chains do aften gallin' prove,
 Ane may them wear, but winnae do't wi'
 love,

Minnie. O, Jamie! I aft wonder whare
 that ye
 Get a' thae blawds o' sense that fa' frae thee.

Jamie.

Jamie. Nae sense hae I, wat weel, but what
I've seen,
The world aft shaw before my open ein.

Minnie. But maidens bairns, they say, are
ay weel bred,
An' life seems smooth to the unpractis'd lad;
Till on, an' farer on, he by degrees,
Is left breast deep 'mang shoreless drumly
seas.
Now Jamie lad, suppose that happen you,
Think ye'd hae courage for to wade them
through?

Jamie. Fock cannae tell weel, troth, until
they're tried;
But yet I think I'm gay weel fortifi'd.
What's in the world for ony cause o' grief,
Whan ane is helpit by a faithfou wife?
The loss o' friends an' gear we aften see
Afflict the best, an' why not you an' me?
This life's a trial:—ane aboon, mair dear
Will us requite for ony sufferin's here.
We'll live fou sober here, like fock o' sense,
Wha houp aboon to get sweet recompense.
But

But Minnie, 'tis nae time for thoughts like
 .thae,
 Or look at ills that may be far away.

Minnie. I was but tryin' ye lad, for weel
 I see,
 A humble manly fortitude in thee ;
 An' steadiness, that far excels the rest,
 Wha are a wheen o' senseless gouks at best,
 But we maun part, my turns are ly'n to do,
 An' only stole an hour to crack wi' you.

Jamie. I wifs that tide had been a lang,
 lang year,
 Your company to me 's fae very dear.
 An' little peace 'll reign about my heart,
 Till we do meet nae after hour to part ;
 Ere auldest eild gies baith a hoary head,
 An' lays us peacefou down amang the dead.
 Farewell, dear lass ; an' at the gloamin' grey,
 I'll wait for you aboon the hazel brae.

Minnie. Ye's nae wait lang, for whan it
 doupeth dark,
 I'll kilt my coats, an' come athort yon park.
 Whap

Whan ye me see, lilt up a whistle clear,
An' that 'll lead me unto whare ye are.

Jamie. I'll nae do that—but like a huntit
rae,
I'll flee an' meet ye mair than ha'f the way.

Exeunt.

MR. SHUFFLE'S HOUSE.

Mr. Shuffle, Geordy.

Mr. Shuffle. What plague do you mean?
Must I do the the thing
That will on me the country's censure bring?

Geordy. I'll hae that business done.—I've
money hither,
Whilk I think ye may tak as weel's anither.

(Mr. Shuffle rises and muses by himself.)

Buystock's credit 'tis shaken, that I know:—
He may be drove to ruin at a blow.

His

His fall no doubt, brings Jamie to the
ground ;

I'll do the deed with secrecy profound.

And Geordy's rich ;—knows nothing of the
law —

I will a round sum from his pockets draw.

Such fools as he are sinews unto me :

The third of mankinds's fools and ay will
be ;

Geordy. I ken he'll do't: for money can
do a' :—

They wha hae it need never fear a fa'.

Whane'er I spake o' fill'er frae my pose

It smooth'd his brow an' gart him cock his
nose.

I'll down three guineas ; whan he does them
fee

He'll jump bauke hieh, an' be fou pack wi'
me.

(Mr. Skuffle comes up to Geordy.)

In cases like to that, I don't appear ;

But make my agents do the whole affair.

And ere that ye can e'er raise reek at law,

Four times that sum I must upon ye draw.

There's

There's horning, caption and the L—d knows
what,—

And their own agents for to bribe or beat.

Geordy. Four times that sum! the L—d
keep me frae fear!
That is the thrid o' what I pay a year.

Mr. Shuffle. To take your money I'd be
very loth,
Did not I know I'm sure to ruin them both.

Geordy. May I be elf-shot, gif I had come'd
here
Had I been warn'd your askin's war fae dear.

Mr. Shuffle. Then want your forty pounds—
be null your plan:—
And let young Jamie be your sifter's man.

Geordy. Na, Sir, I'll rather gie you your
demand,
Gif ye think ye can chafe him frae the land.

Mr.

Mr. Shuffle. I'll not say that—But if that
misery

And want can do't, he shall have cause to flee.

Geordy. Then here's your money, Sir;
and manage weel;

An' to the boot, I'll gie ye frae the hill,

Twa wather sheep, wi' rumps fae primely fat,

Willgarthe scum stand inch thick i' your pat.

An' I'll gar Maudy wale as weel's she can,

For sax guid hens, as fat's the Laird's ain kaim:

A stane o' barley, grind so white an' nice,

Sal wallop i' your pat like ower-sea rice:

Twa pounds o' butter for to spread on bread

As gowden yellow as the primrose head.

A' that I'll gie, gif ye can manage fae,

That Jamie's love fall nae mair be my fae.

Mr. Shuffle. Well boded Geordy! that's
the way I trow

To make the law rin parallel with you.

So go your way—ere cocks the morning hail

I'll have them both laid firm and fast in jail.

*As Geordy is going out, enter Young Patria, and
Jamie guarded with Constables.*

Mr. Shuffle.

Mr. Shuffle. Am glad to see you Mr. Patria—who
 Good L—d! has so ill-natur'd treated you?
 Your pale—your bloody—in a woeful
 fright;
 You've met with some strange incident this
 night.

Young Patria. Sir, as I took a walk o'er
 yonder height,
 Betwixt the birds song and the setting light,
 I met old Robin's daughter of the dale,
 Walking nigh to the out-skirts of a vale,
 I took a simple kiss—no harm meant I,
 But hill and dale resounded with her cry.
 This clownish herd who had been straying
 near,
 Come, and abus'd me, as you see me here.

Mr. Shuffle. You daring dog! for such a
 conduct say
 What prompted you?—Come speak—make
 no delay.

Jamie. I grant I did the deed—an' will
 again,
 Gif he's as rude—tho' law foud gie me pain.
 The

The lafs is mine by vows that's feal't aboon,
 An' nane fal harm her outhar late or foon.
 He's tauld his ftoory fair—but he's to blame
 For ettlin' to work ony laffie fhame.
 Had I nae been, as he fays, wand'rin' near,
 He kens himfel' how he wad ufed her.
 Lat him tak what he's got; an' gif he do
 The like again, Ife fairly gar him rue.

Mr Shuffle. You would infinuate, my da-
 ring chap,
 That the young Laird meant to commit a rape.

Jamie. You may rant o'er your law words
 ne'er fae lang,
 But I ken weel the odds 'tween right and
 wrang.
 Gif he likes truth, lat him afore my face,
 Tell whafe the fau'ter, ere we leave this
 place.

Mr. Shuffle. That is my bufinefs.—Go;
 there's no denial,
 To prifon ftraight,—and next court-day's
 your trial.

Geordy. That is weel said : ye ken it's the
command,
That nae man soud tak law at his ain hand.

Jamie. Geordy, I see fou weel your friend-
ship now :

But, lad, I hae seen ither days wi' you.
An' ablins I o' troubles may get free,
For innocence has ay the better plea.
I'll gang to jail ; lat heaven wha cares for a',
Look down, an' friends to my assistance draw.
But Gif that ony ane amang ye here
Soud harm that las, they mickle hae to fear.

Exit Jamie, guarded.

Geordy. Weel that is queer ; I never saw
sic fun ;
He'll be hang'd now, or banish'd, sure's a
gun.

Mr. Shuffie. Well, Geordy lad, you see
the job goes on,
And to your wish the business shall be done.

Geordy.

Geordy. I' faith it's true! ye law-fock see
throughout,

Hae Black Art, an' ken what will fa' out.
But my young Laird, I'd fa' upo' my knees,
Gif that wad gie your cuffin' ony ease.
Jamie's a de'il: I ae time wi' him yokit,
Frae mou' an' nose he gart my red bluid
bock out.

An' nevell'd me sae fair, that for a week,
I cou'd nae draw my breath, or freely speak.
Yet aft the fause lown sat wi' me an' grat,
For that same ill o' whilk he was the wyte:
But I hae gotten penny-wo'th for't a',
They gang fu' sure that never get a fa'.
But ye hae not found out the weakeft side,
By whilk to undermin'dit Minnie's pride:
Ye soud hae coaxt her up wi' ribbons braw,
Fine fil'er buttons, an' sic things o' shaw;
An' fangs fou winnin' liltit in her ear,
Syne ye wad gotten your ain gate wi' her.

Y. Patria. Your sister's soul's superior to
thine,
Far as the di'mond does 'bove copper shine.

Geordy. Whatever way she shines I cannae
tell,
But there sal nae ane get her but yoursel'.

Y. Patria. I love her better since she's
shown to me,
That she has virtue in a high degree.
But my regard still draws on me her frown,
She's so attached to her country clown.

Geordy. Gang wash your face into yon
burnie clear,
We'll no be nae mair fasht wi' him the year.

Mr. Shuffie. No, Master Patria, I'll you
water get,
And then I'll put a patch on every cut ;
And when it's dusky I'll convey you home,
Eluding observation 'neath night's gloom.

Geordy. An' Jamie fairly sal be made to
rue,
That e'er he liftit a fowl hand to you.

Y. Pat.

Y. Patria. But if that Jamie's friends
 should take alarm,
 My fortune; character, they both may harm.
 And you well know I greatly was to blame,
 For offering to blot a girl's fame,
 My father justice loves full well, and he
 Will take the right side, tho' it were 'gainst
 me.

Mr. Shuffle. Jamie ne'er shall, I swear,
 give you difmay.

Geordy. Ye'll no leave him a cock to craw
 him day.

Mr. Shuffle. A poor man at the law has
 little share.

Geordy. It's only pouches fou that answer
 there.

Mr. Shuffle. A rape committed on a coun-
 try girl !

Geordy. Was that the word that gart her
 squeel an' skirl ?

But now I think on't, I've a plan 'll do,
I'll gie our preacher's wife twa stane o' woo',
Syne 'fore the minister by chance ye'll meet
Wi' Minnie, an' get marriage prayers complete.

Mr. Shuffle. Ah, Fool! forc'd marriages
did never do,

Geordy. Then ruin Jamie, an' she will
come to.

But I maun scowr awa up to the brae,
Sae I wifs baith your Honours a guid day.

Exit. Geordy.

Mr. Shuffle. We'll to the dining-room ; a
glass of wine
Will cherish you, ere we fit down to dine.

Exeunt.

A PRISON.

A PRISON.

Jamie solus.

FOU aft I've gruttin, whan the prison door,
 Flew open to receive th' insolvent poor :
 An' ay whan I had ony gowd to spare,
 I gae its dull inhabitants a share.
 My heart did loup to gar my brither man
 Sit eafy 'neath the tyrant's clankin' chain.
 But little did I think that e'er mysel'
 Soud be a tenant in its dreary cell,
 Sure nane can pay their debt, or be o' use,
 Within the bound'ries o' this cursed house.
 The thief or murd'rer it soud only had,
 An' ne'r gie wae unto the hapless head.
 I'll nae repine, or casten down fall be,
 Whan Heaven's time comes he'll open it for
 me.
 I've done nae fau't;—but, O! war Minnie
 here,
 She wad a dead weight frae my bosom bear.

She is unkind ; had she been in my stead,
 I'd it unrooft to gien her faithfou aid.
 Hark ! how its door creaks on its droufy
 band !
 'Tis for some ither cruish'd 'neath Fortune's
 hand.

Mr. Moral and Minnie.

Minny. Dear, gen'rous youth ! gie owr
 that rackin' mane,
 Your Minnie's here, you sal nae pine alane,

Jamie. O blessed fight ! I'm in a palace
 now,
 Sin' I delightfou fix my ein on you,

Mr. Moral. You've done no fault, The
 Laird will set you free,
 He heard the truth told patiently from me.
 Here, tak this purse, I will far rather want,
 Than you shall be behind hand with your
 rent.

Minnie,

Minnie. And but for him your gear had
poindit been,
And stript o' a' your flocks upo' the green.

Mr. Moral. I will him own, for Nature's
call infist,
My heart does burn to press him to my
breast,
Come here, dear youth! see if you can descry
A faint resemblance between you and I.
Yes, you're surpris'd! come here my dar-
ling, see
Thy friend, thy father, ever true to thee.
Yes, you're my son—as such I you avow;
Your mother wishes to embrace you too.

Jamie. O! interposin', wond'rous, heav'n-
ly Powers!
An' do I live, and live a son o' your's?
An' can I unto parents homage gie?
Names that's fae dear, but still mair dear to
me. (*Jamie rushes to his father's arms.*)
I hae nae doubt—the tale's to me fae dear—
I see your cheeks confirm it wi' a tear.

But

But whare my mither ? O, that tender name,
Has set my heart in a mair tender flame.

Mr. Moral. Ye'll see her soon :—but or-
ders will come here,
To set ye of this noisome dungeon clear.

Minnie. Sir, may I ask it on my bendit
knee,
Gif I deserv't, to claim a part in thee.

Mr. Moral. My lovely Minnie, why that
trem'lous fear ?
I hold you in my heart as Jamie dear.
Come to my arms ; my Minnie, why so pale ?
Auld honest Robin's daughter of the dale.
Oft have I in his hospitable home
Taught your young budding virtues how to
bloom.

Minnie. An' I too, Sir, altho' a lassie young,
Did like to kep the accents frae your tongue.

Jamie. I too might tentit weel a parent
kind,
When he did sweetly mend my rovin' mind.
When

When he came to me aften on the hill,
 Pou'd out a book, an' did explain't sae weel,
 Like mufic it did found unto my ear,
 An' things abftrufe like broad day made ap-
 pear.

I fat befide him—catcht what he did fay—
 An' grat, an' wearied, whan he gade away.

Mr. Moral. 'Tis virtue early planted in
 the mind,
 That makes it either gen'rous or refin'd.

Jamie. But maift o' fock breed up their
 bairns like kye,
 An' lat the faireft minds 'mid ruins lie ;
 Wi' ftupit notions clouded an' ovr-cast,
 Like nightit trav'lers in fome outland wafte.
 To whilk fide e'er they turn, they gang
 aftray,
 An' doitit dander till their dyin' day.

Mr. Moral. Be thankful then, ye met with
 better fkill,
 That taught you the wide odds 'twween good
 an' ill.

Jamie.

Jamie. O happy minute! whilk cancels
 the wae,
 An' a' the tricks e'er Fortune did me play.
 But may I ask it, father, why that ye
 Hae to this moment never owned me?

Mr. Moral. Full twenty years ago, west
 from this plain,
 A haughty laird did rule a wide domain,
 Was bold and rich;—I was preceptor there,
 And taught his children with attentive care,
 His second daughter—harmony of mien,
 And shining virtues, rul'd her soul serene.
 But vain to speak! no language can import
 The colourings fair of her ennobled heart.
 She thought she saw—or love did make her
 see,
 Something similar to herself in me.
 I strove at first my passion to restrain;
 And hard I strove, but found the conflict
 vain.
 My playful enemy did still intrude,
 Laugh'd at the efforts of my fortitude.
 Her father frown'd,—stern disapprov'd our
 love,
 And her at distance from me did remove:

Fell

Fell foul on me, and loads me with abuse,
 And drove me like a vagrant from his house.
 And Edinburgh held my charmer fair,
 With an old aunt who liv'd superbly there.
 That aunt, her love I never will forget,
 She sent for me, and made our joys complete.
 And yet so private kept our meetings there,
 That to his death her father did not hear.
 But now that hour is come, and you shall
 see,
 A mother and a father doat on thee.

Jamie. An' till that Death does brak my
 heart i' twa,
 I'll cry to heaven to keep ye baith frae wae.

Mr. Moral. When nigh sixteen, that I
 might o'er you guard,
 I took that ground for you beneath the
 Laird.
 And oft when dusky darkness veil'd the
 earth,
 Me and your mother cracked by your hearth.
 To our advice you due attention paid,
 And was unhappy when we short time staid.

Jamie.

Jamie. Weel I remember :—was't yon
lady fair
That aften came and vifited me there ?

Mrs. Moral in Mournings.

Yes, yes, my darling boy ! from gaudy
state,
'Mong nightly dews I wander'd to your feat ;
And when we parted, oft I turn'd to view,
To blefs the hut that held my fav'rite, you.

Jamie falls on his mother's breast.

O, mither ! dearer this falute to me,
Than gif the king wad his dominions gie :
An' gif ye're happy, here ye fee your boy,
Wham heaven has fill'd wi' mair than earth-
ly joy.

Mrs. Moral. I'm fully blefs'd, when I can
freely own
One of fuch blooming virtues for my fon.

Jamie. Virtues, alack ! but mither, turn
an' fee,
That ye hae now your love to part in three ;
My

My father, sure, maun claim the grittest part,
(Taking Minnie by the hand.
 But here is ane I wis fow near your heart.

Mrs. Moral. Comé here, dear maiden, for
 my Jamie's sake,
 You shall my fond careffes ay partake.
 I knew your love, and curious went to see
 The blooming maid that captivated thee.
 She then was milking cows upon the green,
 And tho' not grand, the neat was dress'd
 and clean.
 I ask'd a draught of milk—said I was dry—
 She smiling sweet—low curtsying did com-
 ply.
 Ran for the filter—serv'd me with such
 grace—
 As won within my heart a lib'ral place.

Minnie. Now, madam, whan I think, it
 has been you,
 Wha sent me for't, a dress complete an' new.
 Whan first I put it on, fae grand the dress,
 It drew me envy maist frae ilka lass.
 I laid it i' my keft, an' said again
 It ne'er foud gie to ony neighbour pain.

Mrs. Moral.

Mrs. Moral. Yes, it was me ; but I must
free confefs,
Your worth will dignify the lowest drefs.

Jamie. Aye, Minnie ay obligin' was, an'
wan
The love o' lad, an' lafs, an' aged man.
Whan ye her better ken, ye will agree,
'That she's a match for better far than me.

Mrs. Moral. I have no doubt, my fon,
but you will prove
A partner meet, and worthy of her love.
You've both our blessings :—but my Jamie,
fee,
Here is the jailer come to let you free.

Jailer.

Aye, free ! O madam, ye hae got a fon,
Whafe like's nae aften feen aneath the fun.
War I to tell ye a', ye'd ca't a whim,
But I coud live here a' my days wi' him.

(Minnie gives the jailer two guineas.)

Here tak ye that for bein' to Jamie kind ;
Wha gies him praise are angels to my mind.

Exeunt omnes.

Lady

Lady Patriu, Mrs. Flird.

Lady Pat. MY honour's gone—my fortune
 wholly spent,
 On any thing that's desperate I am bent.
 More in the country with my boor to dwell,
 Is worse than th' ideas I have of h—ll.
 Yet charms and wit forbid me to repine,
 Some other where I may conspicuous shine.
 And Master Shuffle me in secret told,
 If I were his I should not be controll'd.
 The fellow's lusty, young,—and in his eyes
 I've often read he highly does me prize.
 And I expect him this same night in town;
 I will go dress,—fly girl, bring my gown!
As she is going, a rap is heard at the door.
 Go see whose that.—What, master Shuffle,
 you!

Mr. Shuffle. Madam, I'm come to take a
 last adieu.

A a

Lady Pat.

Lady Patria. I'm forry you have caught me in fuch drefs.

Mr. Shuffle. Make no excufe;—I want a parting kifs.

Lady Pat. Why in fuch hafte?—You feem as in a fright.

Mr. Shuffle. I've quarrell'd fadly with the Laird this night.

Lady Pat. Well, fo have I.—Will you accept this hand?

Mr. Shuffle. With pleafure, Madam, if you give command.

Lady Pat. And with this kifs, you promife unto me— (Kiffes her,

Mr. Shuffle. More gen'rous than the Laird I'll be to thee.

Mrs. Flird,

Mrs. Flird. Curse on my stars! the two
will make a match, (*aside.*
I thought myself the Commisfar to catch.

Lady Pat. Command a coach and four
this very night,

Mr. Shuffle. For to transport us from his
hideous fight.

Lady Pat. Yes, yes; his presence petrifieth
me.

Mr. Shuffle. I hate him with worse hatred
than thee.

Lady Pat. But have you fleec'd the dotard
of a fum?

Mr. Shuffle. More than will serve us forty
years to come.

Mrs. Flird. I am no prophet, nor a pro-
phet's son, (*aside.*
But she will waste it ere this year be done.

Mr. Shuffle. But to what distant corner
shall we flee?

Lady Pat. Sweet London! London! that's
the place for me!

Mr. Shuffle. Aye, that's the place wherein
a lawyer may,

Lady Pat. Spunge the litigious every hour
of day.

Mr. Shuffle. Well, go and dress, and in a
little space,

I'll bear you off in safety from this place.

Exeunt.

ROBIN'S

ROBIN'S HOUSE

Robin and Isabella.

Isabella. ROBIN, the news gives pleasure to
my breast;
He may repent of all his follies past.

Robin. Ye ken whan I say this, I'm telling
truth,
The poor man's case did ever move his ruth.
Whan times were hard, or country markets
fell,
He pitied us, mair than we did oursel':
An' flang us back dawds o' our yearly rent,
To help to keep our stock upo' the bent.
An' a' the poor, athort the country wide,
Find ay a shelter at his ingle side.
Tho' wildart passions hae him led astray,
Heaven will him lead fou right 'gain his ain
day.

A 2 3

Ye

Ye ken whan his command comes frae aboon,
There's nane on earth can stap it frae bein'
done.

But yonder he is comin' by the burn,
Step ben the house, and feign yoursel' a turn;
An' gif he comes this way, an' spears for me,
I'll watch the canny tid an' speak for thee.

Exit. Isabella.

Laird Patria, Robin.

Robin singing.

It's strange that man 'll nae do right,
But lats wud passions guide him,
An' Folly, like a hag at night,
Owr-hill an' valley ride him.

An' only leaves the paths of Sin,
Tir'd like a poney jadt,
Or till auld eild athort his mien,
Has ilka feature fadet.

An' dinnae bonny Virtue woo,
Till he can do nae better;
Whan owr the grave, wi' lyart pow,
He does sae feeble totter.

Nae

Nae wonder then, at that late hour,
 Gif Virtue fair foud flight him;
 An' leave him i' the gloomy pow'r
 O' De'ils an' Fiends to fright him.

Laird Patria. How calm and tranquil
 glide the hours away,
 To those whose rul'd by Virtue's gentle
 sway!

This aged herd, who plods the weary waste,
 Enjoys the pleasure which I cannot taste.
 The soul serene, is as the placid dawn,
 When golden rays glance to the flowery
 lawn.

When first the sun translucent from on high,
 With locks of waving gold salutes the sky:
 When all the breezes still, and sea waves
 play,

Till wave kiss wave, and placid die away.
 At peace with God—at peace with brother
 man—

How chearful Robin lilteth to the dawn.
 While I, alas!—too late! too late! I see
 The madness of that life pursu'd by me.
 I'll hold converse with him:—I am inclin'd
 To be disburthen'd of a loaded mind.

How goes it, Robin? 'neath your locks so
grey,
You seem as chearful as the first of May.

Robin. I thank your Honour for your kind
enquire;
I cannae say but I am hale an' fere.
I wifs your Honour lang may wear your
walth,
An' ay enjoy as guid a share o' health.
But whan your presence honour'd last this
place,
I think you wore a mickle blyther face.

Laird Pat. Yes; your conjecture's true, I
freely own;
My health and happiness are from me flown.

Robin. I think that happiness sould wait
on wealth,
Tho' baith may be at variance wi' health.
Poor fock, like me, are aften sib to wae,
An' pincht wi' want thro' many a blythless
day:
But fair it pains me, ye may weel believ't,
Whan you I see, an' see sae fairly griev't.
Laugh

Laugh at the warl', as I do,—lat nae ill,
Whate'er it be, your Honour's bosom fill.

Laird Pat. I'll ne'er know peace;—with
grief I'm o'erborne;
I've brought upon myself my evil morn.
My breast upbraids me—will not give me
ease;

And every scene has lost the art to please.
I from an earthly angel did dispart,
And took a stinging viper to my heart.

Robin. Aye, honour'd Sir; fou weel I mind
the day,
Whan ye did pettit tak your flight away.
Gade unto France, an' staid there mony year,
An' brought anither madam glancin' here.
An' fair the country did your Honour blame,
An' ca'd it baith a fin an' burnin' shame.

Laird Pat. Well it might.

Robin. I'm glad ye own ye'resel' it was nae
right,
Your Lady, blefs her faul! the story hears,
An' did her head maist drain wi' fa'en tears.

Laird Pat.

Laird Pat. And fled away to some remote
 recess,
 And pin'd, and groan'd, and died beneath
 distress.
 O wicked deed! ———

Robin. The L—d forbid! I ne'er heard
 she was dead.

Laird Pat. Dead! sixteen years of scorn
 and misery
 Would rend her gentle heart, and make her
 die.

Robin. ——— within my house—
 What wad ye say, foud I the faint produce?

Laird Pat. Robin, forbear! I cannot bear
 a joke.

Robin. It's just as true a word as e'er was
 spoke.
 Your Mistress i' the dorts has fled this plain,
 The filthy jade! it maks me unco fain.
 Come ben here Isabel—try to sooth his pain.

Isabella.

Isabella elegantly dressed.

Laird Pat. My God of Gods! and do I
live to see
My Isabella safe restor'd to me?

(Rushing to her arms.

Dear, injur'd Lady! can you pardon deign
To the base author of your scorn and pain?

Isabella. My penitent shall never sue in
vain.

Laird Patria. O sacred movement of an
heavenly breast!

On it thy God has soft compassion prest.
O how shall I behold that angel face!
So spotless, pure, so lovely 'neath disgrace!
No, no; my Isabel it can never be,
You never can forgive a wretch like me.

Isabella. My Lord, we'll live, and love, and
every hour,

I in your breast some lenient balm will pour.
I'll use you like an infant gone astray,
Will never chide, but kiss your tears away.

(Laughing.

As

As some fond mother o'er her strayed boy,
Who having found, her breast expands with
joy.

Laird Pat. O matchless goodness!—Can I
e'er repay—

Ifabella. My joy o'er-pays me far this very
day.

Robin. I aften thought this day wad come,
whan ye
Wi' dear-bought insight wad your folly see.
To live wi' sic a wast'ry, braisfant jade!
Wha toom'd your ha' o' mony dawd an'
blawd:
An' now run aff!—De'il nor she brak her
leg,—
Fever an' die—an' cease the earth to plague!

Mrs. Flird, in great agitation.

O horrid! horrid! I have tidings here,
But cannot speak, my heart's so full of fear.

Robin.

Robin. Here tak that water, lafs—owr hills
an' ditches,
I doubt ye hae hag-ridden been wi' witches.
(*Giving her a glass of water.*)

Mrs. Flird. My Lady, Master Shffle, went
away
For London yesternight, at dusky grey :
They pour'd into the drivers brandy strong,
To make them sweep the road more fleet
along.
Intoxicate, they lash'd each fiery steed,
That little of such chastisement did need.
A vivid flash of light'ning from the sky,
Made horses o'er the waste mad bounding fly
From the direction of the beaten path ;
And o'er a precipice all met their death.
So horrid and precipitate the shock,
That every bone of men and horse were
broke ?

Isabella. O ! much I'm griev'd.

Laird Pat. O ! wretched mortals.

Robin.

Robin. That lats us see there's ane aboon
does watch,
An' finfou fock i' their ain snares can catch.
An' naething i' the story gies me wae,
But that they had nae time their prayers to
fay.

Laird Patria. We'll in to Robin's room;
your gentle foul,
My Ifabel, I fee, can't hear of dole,

Robin. I hae a pint o' whisky i' my ha',
Will cure us o' our sorrow ane an' a'.

Exeunt.

A ROOM

A ROOM IN ROBIN'S HOUSE.

Laird Pat. IS that the bed, my Isabel, this
the room.

Where ye have suffer'd many an year of
gloom?

Faithful old man! how shall I you requite?

Robin. I think mysel' still i' your Honour's
debt.

I've futtin' 'neath you forty years, an ye
Did ne'er oppress, nor rack the rent to me.

Laird Pat. That is a debt which to in-
dustry's due,

Especially to one so careful 's you.

But tell me all, my Isabel, tho' my shame
Should wound my soul,—Robin's kindness
name.

Isabella. As o'er the waste I fled, my strength
did fail,

Within the windings of a forlorn vale;

My

My servants all, in the afflictive hour,
Wav'd their assistance, and despis'd my power.

Laird Pat. O ! fay no more.

Robin. Within a hut, a shake down on a
floor,
Held Isabella (cauld, forenenst the door.
The roof a' hol'd, thro' whilk the gurly rain
Fell on her fast, tho' rackt wi' child-bed pain.

Laird Pat. O heavens ! have done !

Robin. I heard the tale, an' fast to her I ran ;
Spread sacks an' blankets the house-tap out
owr,
An' wi' rough divots fenc'd the outer-door.

Laird Pat. The Lord reward you.

Robin. An' brought a lade o' coals,—an'
gart the lowe
Heat ilka corner bingly thro' an' thro'.
Till she was free o' skaith—wi' Minnie fair,
I brought them hame wi' me fou hale an'
fere.

Isabella.

Isabella. That is not all: he paid each
charge an' fee,
And never would take a return from me.

Robin. Tak a return frae ane fae crusht wi'
thrall!
Ye coud nae think I had fae mean a faul.
My wife was at that time twa tomans dead,
An' a' fock thought that I had Isabel wed.
An' it has past 'mang neighbours ilka ane,
That she an' Minnie really are my ain.

Laird Pat. It's scarcely possible from gifts
of sence,
To cull for Robin a due recompence.
What's in my power I'll do.—His merit's
great;
He shall be next to us on our estate,
But where's my Minnie? Oft that blooming
maid
Attract my notice in the rural shade.

Robin. She is at Edinbrough, an' disnae
ken,
That she is daughter unto sic a man.

Laird Pat. Now when I think upon 't, I
did her see
There yesterday, I fet her Jamie free.

Robin. L—d bless your Honour! weel I
ken the poor,
Ne'er crav't in vain for mercy at your door,

Laird Pat. He's none so poor.

Robin. Wat weel his gear 's a' poindit on
the muir.

Laird P. His gear's his own.—Good pa-
rents have him own'd.

Isabella. One better born need scarcely
tread the ground.
His mother is my old acquaintance, who
Told me in secret all her hidden woe.

Robin. The Lord be prais'd! My peat-stack
fall be seen
A' in a bleise this day upo' your green,
Minnie

Minnie an' he are twa fock wi' ae heart,
Am fure your Honour ne'er will gar them
part.

Laird Pat. Go call my coach, and we will
both go home ;
Next morn let all my tenants to me come,
When every one shall witness honour paid,
To my lov'd Isabel, Minnie, and her Lad.

Robin. Lord blefs ye a' !—Now that is just
the thing :
I'm baith maist like to greet an' like to sing.
Exeunt.

Geordy and Maudy.

Geordy. Jamie, Minnie, come frae Edin-
burgh, an' they
Are fast preparin' for their weddin' day !
The Laird disown'd Young Patria for his
heir,
Gi'en him an ensign's post—a queer affair !
An' Isabella for his Lady own'd !
Made Jamie, Minnie, heirs o' a' his ground !

I'll gang knit up mysel', or flee the land,
I will be hang'd the morn as sure's I stand!

Maudy. Na; the Laird's mercifou', an'
will forgie
Fock wha unwittingly hae gaen alee,

Geordy. I'll seek out Jamie, on my knees
fa' down,
An' as I see it needfou, truth I'll own.
I ken him weel; he has a leefou heart;
I'll ablins get his pardon e'er we part,

Maudy. An' own nae mair—

Geordy. Than what I see 'll fuit my pur-
pose there.

Maudy. That's what I mean,

Geordy. I'll be as cunnin' as a cat at e'en.

Exeunt.

Jamie

Jamie and Geordy.

Jamie. Geordy, that gies me pain,—ye
bend ower low.

Fock only foud unto their Maker bow:
Nae to a worm! a feckless earthly clod!
Rise up, I say; keep reverence for God!

Geordy. Ye're now the Laird, an' favours
hae to gie.

Jamie. There's nought in reason I'll with-
hold frae thee,
For winsome Minnie's sake. It lang was
thought
Ae parent baith ye to the warl' brought.

Geordy. Lord blefs ye than!—I've naething
mair to say:
Ife dance the foremaist i' your weddin'-day.

Jamie. Then that's the morn.

Geordy. To what grit luck some are, by
ithers born.

Jamie. Luck's nae the thing.—It's a wise
God aboon,

Wha manages ilk thing on earth that's done.
He gae ye riches whan I had nae gear,
Yet I contentit was, an' did nae fear.
An' now, ye see, things are fae brought about,
Whilk I ance thought nae day wad e'er fa'
out.

But O, the Laird is angry fair at you.

Geordy. I'm xext at that.—What think ye
I fall do?

Jamie. Somebody's tauld him a' the hale
affair,

Whilk you and Patria meant to Minnie fair.

Geordy. Curse on that deed!

Jamie. Whisht, dinnae swear; I'll try to
save your head.

He has invited tenants ane an' a',
To dine an' birlie a' mornin' i' his ha';
But you forbids, upo' the highest pain,
E'er to print feet within his house again.

Geordy.

Geordy. Preserve us, hear ye !

Jamie. Come slippin' in when we are a'
fou merry :

When the Laird's heart's expandit wi' guid
wine,
Some orrow corner o't I'll for ye win.

Geordy. O man, that's guid !

Jamie. Mind what I say, an' never fash
your head.

Exeunt.

Jamie and Minnie.

Minnie. Aye; I've my father seen; and
kind was he,
And to his breast fair, sabbin', claspit me.
I coud nae speak, fae great was my solace,
An' ay the tears ran happlin' down my
face.
Till we was a' like starns amang the dew;
An' O, he lang an' mickle roosed you.

B b 4

Jamie.

Jamie. I ay fall strive to merit his esteem,
By my attention to, an' love for him.
But we ne'er thought, when thro' the hazel
shaw,
Frae a' the laive we us'd to steal awa',
That sicen honour wad unto us fa'.

Minnie. Yet we were ay fou happy an'
content.

Jamie. It is to sic that heaven's bounty's
lent.

Minnie. We'll by a wife demeanour lat
fock see—

Jamie. Gear has nae power to alter you or
me.

Minnie. An' wi' humility we'll woo the
shade.

Jamie. An' merit love by mony guidly
deed.

Minnie. Ye'll be the guardian o' our sweet
domain—

Jamie.

Jamie. And ye the happy angel o' the
plain!

Minnie. Th' unhappy ne'er fall peenge to
me in vain.

Jamie. An' gie the virtuous ay a due re-
ward.

Minnie. An' blefs our God, whase shawn
us sic regard.

Jamie. Amuse ourfels wi' books, an' nae
wi' trash,
Whilk gies the gentle spendthrifts mickle
fash.

Minnie. I wonder how that fock can fyke
their brains,
Wi' spatit papers, fit for pleasin' bairns.

Jamie. Nae fit for fock that ken they hae
to die.

Minnie. An' an account o' wastit time to
gie.

Jamie.

Jamie. Your sentiments sae colt agree
wi' mine,
There is nae fear that we our peace 'll tine.
Exeunt.

LAIRD PATRIA'S HOUSE.

*Laird Patria, Isabella, Jamie, Minnie, Robin,
Mr. and Mrs. Moral, and Tenants.*

Laird Patria to Jamie.

HERE, take your bonny Minnie; and my
love
Shall make me kind and gentle to you prove.

Jamie. O precious gift! lang may ye live,
an' be
A friend, a father, unto her an' me.
An' you, Sire, in me shall for ever find
A filial tenderness, a grateful mind.

Laird

Laird Pat. Me and my lovely Isabella, now
With worldly matters have no more ado ;
But with this venerable couple here,
(Looking at Mr. and Mrs. Moral.
We mean devoutly ay to spend the year.
Let you and Minnie govern the estate,
And as you've ever been, be wise and great.
Speak not ; it is our will.

Jamie and Minnie. Then we obedient your
commands fulfil.

Laird Pat. to the Tenants. And you, my
tenants, since the old's away,
Know Robin's factor from this very day.

Tenants. We willin' a' your mild com-
mands obey.

Robin. I fall do justice, as ye war my brither,
While heaven hads my feckless banes the-
gither.

Jamie. But Sir, there's ane unhappy i'
your ha',
An' Geordy's tears for his offences fa'.

Laird

Laird Pat. You're now the Laird yourself,
 young man, this day,
 If you him pardon I have nought to say.
 And since we're going to taste the brithal
 feast,
 You may bid Geordy come among the rest.
 And we'll all live like brothers on this plain,
 Do all the good we can, and banish pain.
 It's only by such ways we can be blest,
 Or by heaven's potent RULER be carest.

Exeunt omnes.

ELIZA,

ELIZA,

DUCHESS OF B——,

A Character.

Thy mind, O Eliza! is pure and untainted, as the
lucid dew on the white bloom, illuminated by the sun-
beams of the morning.

I.

OFT does the moralist advance,
Some lady fair in wild romance;
Yet ever thought the strains
Of these, and those in Pagan tale,
Of men and women free from ill,
The flights of fretted brains.

II.

But where ELIZA chears the vale,
The highest stretch of Fancy's real,
And pleasing to the view;
Her virtues, graces, so prevail,
The astonish'd mind has to bewail,
Good women are so few.

III. Of

III.

Of none avail the finest face,
Or beauty blandish'd with grace,
Red lips, and starry eyes;
With nice proportion, jetty hair,
Which drive the giddy to despair,
And frantic agonies.

IV.

Tho' these are graces men love most,
Yet these are charms that's soonest lost;
See gaudy tulips blow,
And of the gay parterre's the boast,
A transitory fleeting toast,
A lucid hour or so,

V.

Eliza's lustre shall survive,
When beauty's tarnish'd by the grave,
And in oblivion lies.
She's rose superior to birth,
She is allied to sacred worth,
Immortal, 'bove the skies.

VI.

Her mind's elate 'bove world's toys,
Her greatest bliss is giving joy,

She's

She's almoner to God ;
And asylum of poverty,
And banisher of penury
From many little shed.

VII.

Away ye dull, insipid, vain,
Ye votaries of Folly's train !
Ah, little do ye know
The pleasures of benevolence,
Arising from the pleasing sense
Of mitigating woe.

VIII.

Hail, sacred movement of the breast !
O Feelings, known but to the best,
Without thee, What is man ?
No captive fierce in Afric's wild,
Is with such savage violence fill'd,
Or more intent on pain,

IX.

Eliza's bliss'd in giving bliss,
And still enjoys a paradise,
E'en in this earthly sphere :
Her sympathetic, feeling soul,
Has greatest pleasure when the whole
Around her happy are.

X. Benignity

X.

Benignity walks by her side,
And Virtue's ever blooming head
Reclineth in her hall.
The good are cherish'd, while the bad
Do get her tear of pity shed
In silence, for their fall,

XI.

True Piety within her bower,
Displays its heaven all-potent power;
And mocks the flouting voice
Of those to God and Virtue foes,
Or bias'd idiots who propose
A happiness from vice,

XII.

Full well do many a widow's smile,
Set by her above latent ill,
Attest the truth I sing.
No wintry blasts depress her poor,
Beneficence around her bower,
Makes ever blooming spring.

The MAIDS of EDINBURGH.

Chorus.

HOLD, impious scorner ; not a word
Of flattery I borrow,
They've hearts of ice who don't admire,
The Maids of Edinburgh.

II.

Let foreign shores of beauty boast,
And think they have no marrow,
They'd change their mind, if they but saw,
The Maids of Edinburgh.

Hold, impious scorner, &c.

III.

Parisian maids may patch and paint,
And feigned lustre borrow,
But Nature paints your liliated cheeks,
Sweet maids of Edinburgh.

Hold, impious scorner, &c.

C c

IV. The

IV.

The lovers hearts dilate with bliss,
 Or drink the deepest sorrow,
 When they are favour'd, or despis'd,
 By Maids of Edinburgh.
 Hold, impious scorner, &c,

V.

So softly sweet—so debonair,
 Their charms do pierce one thorough;
 Ye have no rivals on the earth,
 Sweet maids of Edinburgh.
 Hold, impious scorner, &c,

VI.

Did swains come from far distant climes,
 And wander worlds thorough,
 They'd find their toil o'er-paid to see,
 The Maids of Edinburgh.

Chorus.

Hold, impious scorner ! not a word
 Of flattery I borrow,
 They've hearts of ice who don't admire,
 The Maids of Edinburgh.

The

The MAN of HONOUR.

Chorus.

O GENTLE Reader, 'twas a fit,
My roving Muse had on her,
The very opposite of that
You'll find the Man of Honour,

II,

He walks with a disorder'd pace,
And gaudily he dresses,
Is seen in every public place,
And vanity caresses.

O gentle Reader, &c.

III.

He sleeps all day—and wakes all night,
Inverts the laws of Nature;
To stab a friend through passion's spite,
He deems a trifling matter.

O gentle Reader, &c.

IV.

He damns the church ;—to pray to God,
 He thinks a vulgar notion ;
 He follows every human mode,
 When Caprice gives the fashion.
 O gentle Reader, &c,

V.

Your daughter fair he will delude,
 And bring infamy on her ;
 Yet he is styl'd, A Man of Blood,
 Nay more, A Man of Honour.
 O gentle Reader, &c,

VI.

He has no trust—nor cares not for
 A God supreme above us,
 Who will each guileful deed explore,
 And candidly will prove us.

Chorus.

O gentle Reader, 'twas a fit,
 My roving Muse had on her,
 The very opposite of that,
 You'll find the Man of Honour !

A POEM

A POEM, or SPEECH, *delivered at the*
PANTHEON.

On the Question, "Whether the SWORD, the PEN, or the
PENCIL, have rendered Mankind more famous?"

LONG 'ere the Arts sublime had polish'd
man,
Or light and shade like real life were drawn ;
Long 'ere the pen had mark'd th' historian's
page,
Or Music harmonis'd the pristine age,
The rustic world conspicuous by the Sword,
And spears innumerable, burnish'd by Discord.
Glanc'd on the plains ; and bloody-featur'd
Mars,
Made mankind famous by the shock of wars,
And but for that, the mighty hero's rage,
None had admir'd him in the classic page.
For war, since letters first were known to
men,
Has furnish'd tragic matter for the Pen.

In ancient days, the Prince of Elam's land,
Seems as the first who rear'd the hostile
brand.

Down to late times the wild contagion ran,
Made cruelty seem congenial to man.

The Jewish sword, what date we e'er espy,
Presents a world of carnage to the eye.
Syria's vales, and Jordan's mighty flood,
Are far renown'd for deluges of blood.
Renown'd in song, renown'd on Syria's
strands,

See David thund'ring 'mong the martial
bands.

Oft to support the Jewish tott'ring state,
See mighty Cherubs head the dire debate :
Flam'd on their foes, till 'longst th' embat-
tled bands,

The swords were blasted in the warrior's
hands.

Bellona's trump thus shook each sounding
shore

With clangor loud, till Judah was no more.

Who

Who has not heard the fall of Ilion's
towers
Arous'd the fire of Homer's lofty powers?
The rape of Helena inspir'd to arms,
And plung'd the ancient world in war's
alarms.

Where Abyſſinia's teeming waters flow,
And make two harveſts in one ſeaſon grow,
The fertilizing, celebrated Nile,
Was oft impurpled with the hero's ſteel.
Here Babylon's prince his legions led,
Till Memphian ſhores groan'd with the
mangled dead.

Now gen'rous Cyrus, beſt of Elam's line,
Who Perſia's ſceptre did to Media join,
Deſeats rich Crœſus, King of Lydian bowers,
And ſackt the throne of Babylon's powers.
Choakt up the plains were with the num'rous
dead,

And Aſia trembled for each ſovereign head.
His potent race ſcarce Grecia could with-
ſtand,

So fierce their millions poured on her ſtrand.

The contest keen—dare ancient Muses tell,
What heroes conquer'd, or what heroes fell?

Here fam'd Leonidas, gloriously brave,
By millions slain, did honour to the grave.

Fierce rag'd the steel—and every warrior's
name,
Was just synonymous with public fame.

The civil sword next smote the Grecian
shore,
And all their pristine grandeur was no more.
Illustrious Sparta, Athens were undone,
And fervile bow'd to Philip's fiery son :
Who turn'd their vengeance on the Persian
name,
And made far distant nations sing his fame.
Flew like a seraph, wing'd with dread career,
And shook the all-trembling world with his
ire.
Strong walled towns to foes no strength af-
ford,
And millions died beneath his conquering
sword.

Fame's

Fame's warlike trump, before him clangor-
 ing loud,
 And Asian plains o'er-ran with seas of blood.

Behold two rival nations view their doom,
 The sack of Carthage, or the fall of Rome.
 Great Hannibal made It'ly's fairest plain
 Shine purple with innum'rous victims slain.
 Rome felt the flock,—round her embattl'd
 wall,
 Each hero trembled for her sudden fall.
 Till noble Scipio heads the martial field,
 And Afric's proudest towers were made to
 yield.
 Earth's bravest nations Rome's ambition
 fought,
 And bravest kingdoms to subjection brought.
 Yet her renown had in oblivion lain,
 If not immortalised by the pen.
 Romedrown'd in luxury—the warlike North,
 Brings all her dread, tremendous legions
 forth.
 A hardy race!—innur'd to deeds of toil,
 Swept desolation o'er the Roman foil.

The

The enslaved world, who groan'd 'neath Rô-
 man thrall,
 With acclamations sounds her frowning fall.
 Proud Rome o'erthrown, when Goth and
 Vandal fought,
 Lent *Gibbons* all his eloquence of thought.

Unletter'd zealots, fir'd with holy rage,
 All Europe's files in hostile strife engage.
 Mad Simeon's letter, mournful read at Rome,
 O'erflowed with blood the Great MESSIAH'S
 tomb.

The insane North soon caught the sad alarms,
 And all her Borean borders shine in arms.
 Flam'd on the shores where Saracens com-
 mand,
 And drench'd with seas of blood the Holy-
 Land.

The Sword and Fame, to give that place re-
 lief,
 Deprived Europe of each useful life.

To Rhodian towers Fame make the war-
 riors hie,
 Where Christians, Turks, 'mong blood and
 carnage die.

Thus

Thus men on hills, or gently sloping dales,
The level plain—or flower-enamelled vales,
Thro' all the earth, by Fate's malignant star,
Have been made famous by the shock of war.

See France convuls'd—and Henry the
Grand,
With flaming sword dye every Gallic strand.
Conspicuous shone this thunder-bolt of war,
O'er fields renown'd, in Honour's golden car.

Illustrious Churchill! shielded with re-
nown!
Shook to and fro proud Gaul's emblazon'd
crown.

Spain arms her sons, and war's convulsing
shock,
With numerous forces circumscribes the
Rock.
Ennobled Elliot! greatest of the great!
With burnish'd sabre quench'd their mortal
hate.

Pour'd on his foes an all-consuming flame,
And in supernal glory wrapt his name.

To

To whate'er place we turn the wond'ring
eye,

The blood-red traces of the Sword we spy.
See Britain's towers sapt by the Roman spear,
From Doffrine hills what multitudes appear.
Make void Britannia's laws,—and sack the
throne,

On which the illustrious Boadicea shone.
View our Britannia turning on her foes,
And round the circling world her thunder
throws.

Ev'n Caledon, the Roman legions here
Fell, deep transpierc'd with mighty Fingal's
spear.

See Kenneth, furious, on the banks of Spey,
Plunge foes hoarse murm'ring unto endless
day.

See Scandenavian bands along the shore,
Sobbing adieu, 'mong fields of clotted gore.
The sword of Edward here his forces led,
When Scotians differ'd, and a Wallace bled.

Great Bruce, triumphant! thund'ring on
the plain,
O'er numerous foes transfixt with mortal pain;
O'er=

O'er-runs South-Britain with his potent
powers,
And Anglia trembles to her inmost towers.

Yet all this dread, tumultuous jar of men
Had scarce been known—but by the writer's
Pen.

The least remove from letters, still we see
The deeds of men wrapt in obscurity.
What feats of war among the Indian throng,
Which ne'er have been immortaliz'd in song;
But had they known the quill's transmitting
powers,
Their swords had shone more bloody still
than ours.

The peaceful kings who lov'd still scenes
of life,
Were seldom heard 'mid the conflicting
strife.
While those who made the rills with blood
to swell,
Had classic sages all their acts to tell.
Their sieges, battles, on the canvas glowed,
And from their bards harmonious numbers
flowed.

And

And thus we find war's the primordial cause
That dictates to the Pen and Pencil laws.

War is the source that gives to men a name,
The Pen's the agent distributing fame :

And with its characters gives men renown,
Or great Apelles never had been known.

It rous'd the powers of British Homer's
mind *,

And taught great Newton Nature's laws to
find.

It gives to men a fame that never dies,
Tells what state falls,—What mighty em-
pires rise.

Has mark'd the path to Virtue and to heav'n,
So great a gift was ne'er to mortals given,

* Milton,

An ENCOMIUM on ALLAN RAMSAY and
ROBERT FERGUSON.

WALK ye by glen or fountain fair,
Gang where ye will, it maks na where,
Auld Allan with assiduous care
Has fought the bowers,
And Nature tirl'd stark-nakit bare
O' a' her flowers,

Whan he unto the warl' was gi'en,
The Muses, with their rural queen,
Superbly clad in buskins green,
Around him flockit,
And Nature simply sweet bedeen,
His cradle rokit.

Whan he could toddling gang himsel',
She led him to her native cell,
Her mystic secrets did unveil,
That hidden be;
And bad him a' Scots fwains excel
In poetrie.

O Rob!

O Rob! thy strains are a' your ain,
 You scorn'd to borrow, whan your brain,
 Was fae resplendent wi' a train
 O' bright ideas;
 Which shed o'er thy spontaneous strain
 Immortal praise,

And had nae Death fae dolefu' dread,
 Ta'en him untimely on the head,
 And laid him wi' the drowfy dead,
 He sweetly liltin',
 Frae fair Parnassian braes wi' speed
 Had tumbled Milton,

Believe me, Sirs, o' thir short hours
 He gat sma' share to shaw his powers;
 But in yon sempiternal bowers,
 Whare seraphs sing,
 He lirts amang celestial choirs
 A sweeter spring,

O! comic Shade, around thy bier,
 May fragrance float the lie-lang year;
 And O! my Readers, drop a tear
 Upon his urn:

Whan ye at yon gowd gates appear,
 He'll thanks return,

Ye'll

Ye'll hear him there lilt sic a sang,
 Amang yon grand etherial thrang,
 Eternity's bright dome shall clang
 Solemn, profound;
 And frae heaven's throne re-echoin' lang,
 Mair sweet resound.

A LETTER to Mr. P—R SL—GHT, *Student*
of Arts, on FRIENDSHIP.

— Cold and averting from our neighbour's good.
 THOMSON.

SEEST thou the paultry cottage stand,
 Expos'd upon the lonely waste,
 While numerous shades on either hand
 Defend the palace from the blast?

While Fortune fair befriends a man,
 And blythsome fleet his days and year,
 Innumeros friends around him fawn,
 Whose faces adulation wear.

The witty jest—the jovial roar,
 Makes hall and splendid dome to ring;
 His every vice they varnish o'er,
 And out of nothing virtues bring.

The man of letters he is styl'd,
 Tho' he's an arrant dunce of Nature,
 Yet up Parnassus' height he's wheel'd,
 And dubb'd the soul of literature.

His wife's call'd pretty—tho' her brow,
 Did ne'er confess a seemly line;
 With nose Mulatian, dreadful shew
 A wild unharmonised mien.

His groves of conic, section'd yews,
 With boxwood cut in Gothic taste,
 Are handsomer than Royal *Kew's*,
 So long as golden guineas last.

But when that flighty Fortune flies,
 (Let none tenacious trust that maid,)
 Away each fawning juggler hies,
 And leave their friend in Misery's shade.

His

His late prais'd taste is whim-me-gary,
 His wife's an ugly clatt'ring goose;
 His yorum wit turns out plagiary,
 His virtue jingling empty fufs.

Thus int'rest leads the sons of earth,
 To bend unto the golden gleam;
 While in the desert wanders worth,
 Or fights against an adverse stream.

Yet happily, scatter'd here and there,
 We find the open, honest man;
 Heaven's viceroy—who with heart sincere,
 Adheres to Nature's social plan.

Adieu, my friend; who hates the guile
 Enwoven deep with selfish art,
 And, O! may anguish never fill,
 Nor woe oppress your gentle heart.

CONCLUSION.

The ways of heaven are dark and intricate ;
 Puzzl'd in mazes, and perplext with errors :
 Our understanding traces them in vain,
 Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search.
 Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
 Nor where the regular confusion ends.

ADDISON's *Cato*.

O GENTLE Reader ! man of woman born ;
 Vain all pursuits ! save that which to
 above,
 Concenters in a bright celestial morn,
 The morn that ushers in supernal love.

The sun ne'er shines with genial rays of gold,
 Ne'er does his radiance gild yon golden
 bow ;
 Ne'er does his beam the fragrant flower un-
 fold,
 Nor makes high noon—cool dawn their
 changes know ;

But

But sees innumerable multitudes of men
 Low bend to Misery's most stern com-
 mand :

Some groaning 'neath the tyrant's pond'rous
 chain,

Rest of the traits of the All-potent's hand,

Thousands confin'd to the ignoble cell,

Thousands devoted to the shock of war ;

Thousands in lone captivity must dwell,

From social sympathy removed far.

Thousands the inhumanity of man,

Lets wander wild to weep in desert air :

A friendly mite might cheer the gloomy span

Of pining Modesty amid Despair.

Here Grief, Disease, and all the race of Pain,

Beset life's avenues in fierce array ;

The gale, pestiferous, on the glowing plain,

Oft plunges myriads in endless day.

Here Envy, Rancour, Scandal, Ghastly train !

That from the darken'd heart infernal
 flow,

Give a dead langour to the fairest scene,

Indulgent Heaven's expanded here below.

Here Avarice, grasping with her irony hand,
Ambition's wild, contaminating breath,
Disseminating Madness thro' a land,
Commixt with Horror, Agony, and Death.

The heart of feeling, and Old Wisdom's eye,
Avert from the dark scenes with languid
mind;
See the fruition of their hopes on high,
And leave the woe-worn, jarring world
behind.

Earth has no competition worth the soul,
That emanation of celestial might!
Wing then thy views above the glowing pole,
Where heaven's high dome beams with
eternal light.



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